

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 362.]

JANUARY 1, 1822.

[6 of Vol. 52.



COWLEY'S HOUSE, AT CHERTSEY.

COWLEY retired to these premises a few years before his death, which took place here in 1667, in his 49th year. The premises are called the PORCH HOUSE, and have for many years been occupied by R. CLARK, Esq., Chamberlain of London, who, in honour of the Poet, has taken much pains to preserve them in their original state, keeps an original portrait of Cowley, and has affixed a tablet in front containing Cowley's Latin epitaph on himself. In the year 1793, it was supposed that the ruinous state of the house rendered it impossible to support the building, but it was found practicable to preserve the greater part of it, to which some rooms have been added. Mr. CLARK has also placed a tablet in front of the building, where the porch stood, with the following inscription:—
"The *Porch* of this House, which projected ten feet into the highway, was, in the year 1792, removed for the safety and accommodation of the public.

Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue."

For the Monthly Magazine.

LETTERS from an ENGLISH OFFICER,
at present in the Service of PERSIA,
addressed to a Friend in London.

Constantinople, June 7th, 1820.

I NOW fulfil the promise made to you on the last evening of our meeting in England, and by correspondence to renew that friendship which, on my part, can never be effaced by time or distance. My anxiety of mind has been

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in a great measure relieved by change of scene, and strict attention to the study of the Persian language; in the latter I have made a very fair progress, the little time and opportunity I have had for that purpose being taken into consideration.

After an uncommonly fine run of twenty-four days from the Downs, we anchored in Smyrna Bay on the 15th of last month. Any attempt by me to

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describe

describe the beautiful appearance of the Archipelagian Islands would fall infinitely short of the reality; a more lovely spot than the isle of Scio (a fortunate dead calm of two days affording us an opportunity of visiting,) I cannot imagine to exist in the world. In this cluster of the Cyclades, I enjoyed the glorious prospect of a Mediterranean sun-rise; a prospect which the pencil of Apelles himself could not even faintly imitate.

Smyrna is a large, populous, and well-built city, situated in a fine bay; immediately over the town are the ruins of an old castle, erected by the Genoese. During our stay here the Persian (whom, you will recollect, took his passage in the same vessel with me,) and I visited the whole of the Turks' quarter, and saw every thing worthy of notice, but the details would be too voluminous for a letter "*en passant*." He, not being of the same sect of Mussulmans as the Turks, did not join in their devotions; but he explained to me the meaning of their chants, prostrations, and other parts of their religion, which were truly solemn.

After remaining ten days at Smyrna, we set sail for this noble, and imposingly grand city; on our way we passed near the isle of Metelin, (where Lord Byron long resided) and on the following day had the pleasure of being within two leagues of the coast of Troy, which I had a great desire to visit, but a fair wind springing up, I was prevented from carrying my wishes into execution.

The approach to this place is very magnificent; on both sides of the Dardanelles the most luxuriant prospects open to the view in rapid succession,—and when the city, with all her towers, domes, minarets, and palaces, burst upon the sight, a stranger, and particularly an European, must indeed be composed of phlegmatic stuff if he can behold it without delight and astonishment. I have made the best use of my very limited time to see the exterior of the mosques of St. Sophia, Sultan Bajazet, Achmet, &c. with the interior (as a great favour, in consequence of the Persian being my friend) of the Sultan's Tombs.

The celebrated aqueduct of Justinian is kept in tolerable repair, and supplies the city with water. I also visited the Hippodrome, or ancient race course, on which are the remains of an immense

brazen serpent, formerly the winning post; and near it is an Egyptian granite pillar, covered with hieroglyphics, and on its base is an inscription to the Emperor Theodosius; besides many other remains of Roman magnificence, and now going fast to decay, being regarded by the Turks as mere heaps of rubbish, and saved only from utter destruction by the occasional money which the foolish Giaours or infidels give them for their preservation.

Nothing can possibly give you an adequate idea of the disappointment experienced by strangers when they land here: the charms of the sea prospects are entirely dispersed, for the dirt and heat are insupportable. The streets in every Asiatic town, are, from necessity, obliged to be built very narrow, to prevent the sun's rays from striking in the centre; but the filth occasioned by this mode of structure is disgusting in the extreme. I leave this on Saturday next, accompanied by a Janizary for Persia; and I have every reason to expect that it will prove a most fatiguing journey. The Persian, in consequence of the quantity of his luggage, is, much against his inclination, forced to wait for the caravan; an English mineralogist, and an officer of the East India Company's army, who are like myself going to Tabriz, also wait with the Persian, neither of them mustering courage enough to trust their persons across the desert in a similar way with myself. I shall write to you again on my arrival at Tabriz.

* * * We are promised the continuation of this interesting correspondence, and shall have pleasure in laying it before our readers. We wish others who have foreign correspondents, particularly in Greece, Spain and South America, would oblige us in like manner.

For the Monthly Magazine.

The NEW STREET from CARLETON HOUSE to the REGENT'S PARK.

THE country readers of the Monthly Magazine, who have not witnessed the progress of the magnificent street, which during the last four or five years has been in course of erection, will do well to consult a map of London duly to understand the great changes which have taken place.

St. Alban's-street which used to face Carleton House, has been taken down together with the houses which intervened between the north end of that street and Piccadilly; and a magnificent

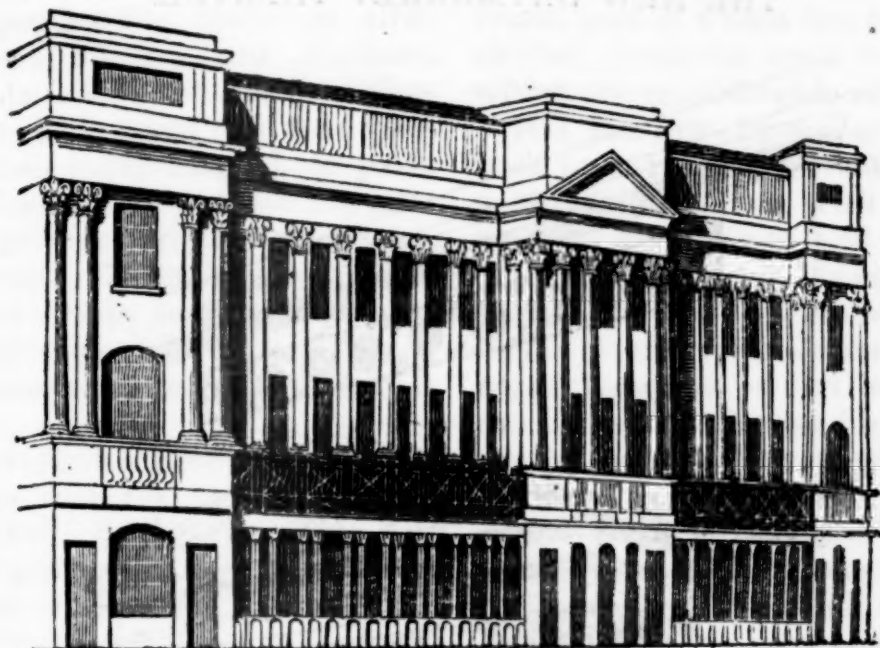
nificent street, equal in width to Pall Mall, now crosses Piccadilly and terminates in the County Fire Office.

We then turn to the left, by a superb Colonnade, to which no description can do justice, but of which in our next we will introduce an accurate perspective view.

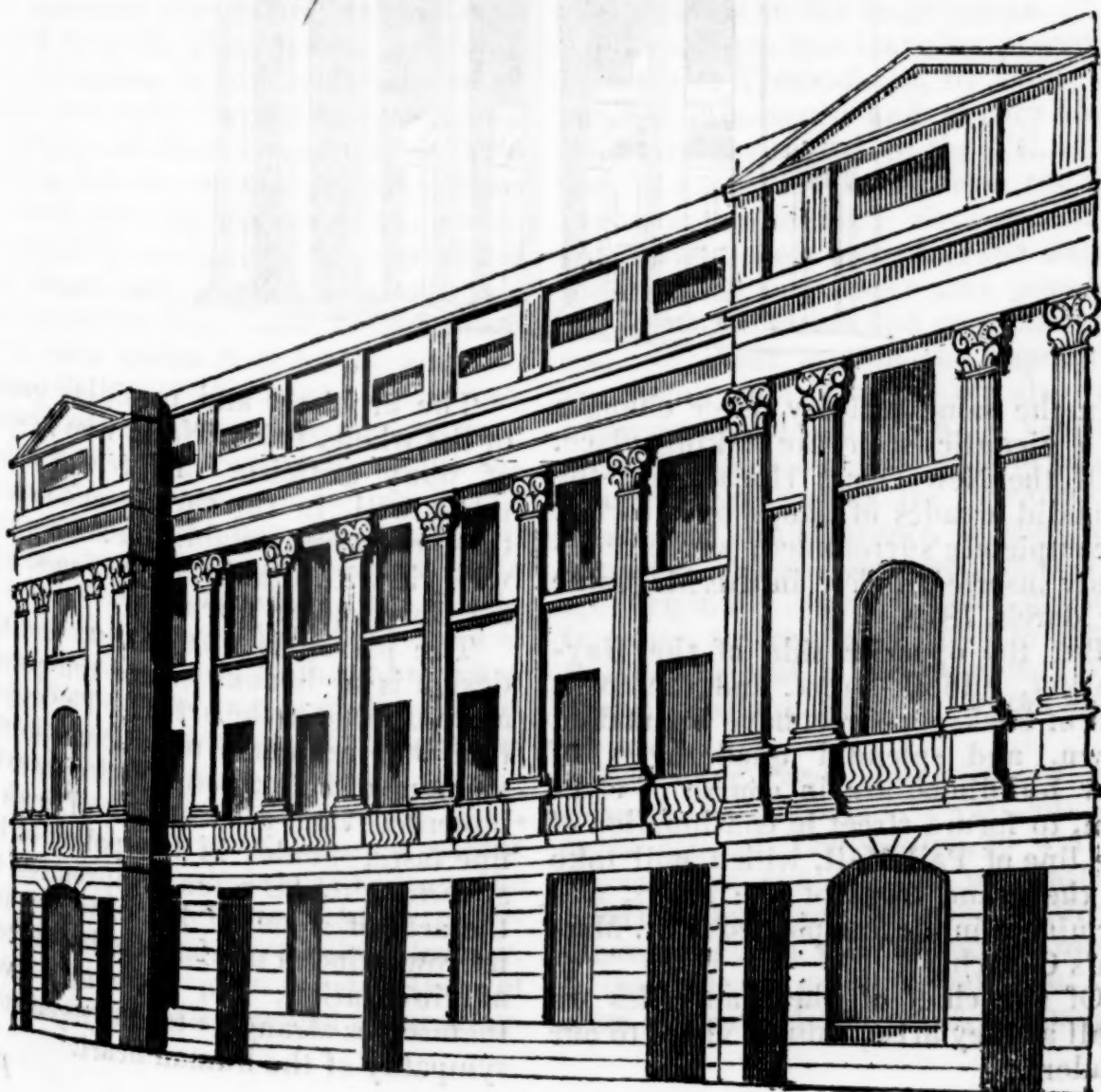
At the extremity of this charming Crescent, the street again takes a northerly direction, on the scite of the ancient Swallow-street, across Oxford-

street, even to Portland Place, and the tiers of houses, which are white through the whole extent, are every where in various styles of regular architecture, often highly ornamented, and altogether magnificent.

We here introduce *specimens of the centres of two of the tiers of houses*, from which our readers may judge of the rest, and in our next number, we purpose to introduce others built in other styles.



Between the Colonnade and Oxford Street.



Between Piccadilly and Pall Mall.

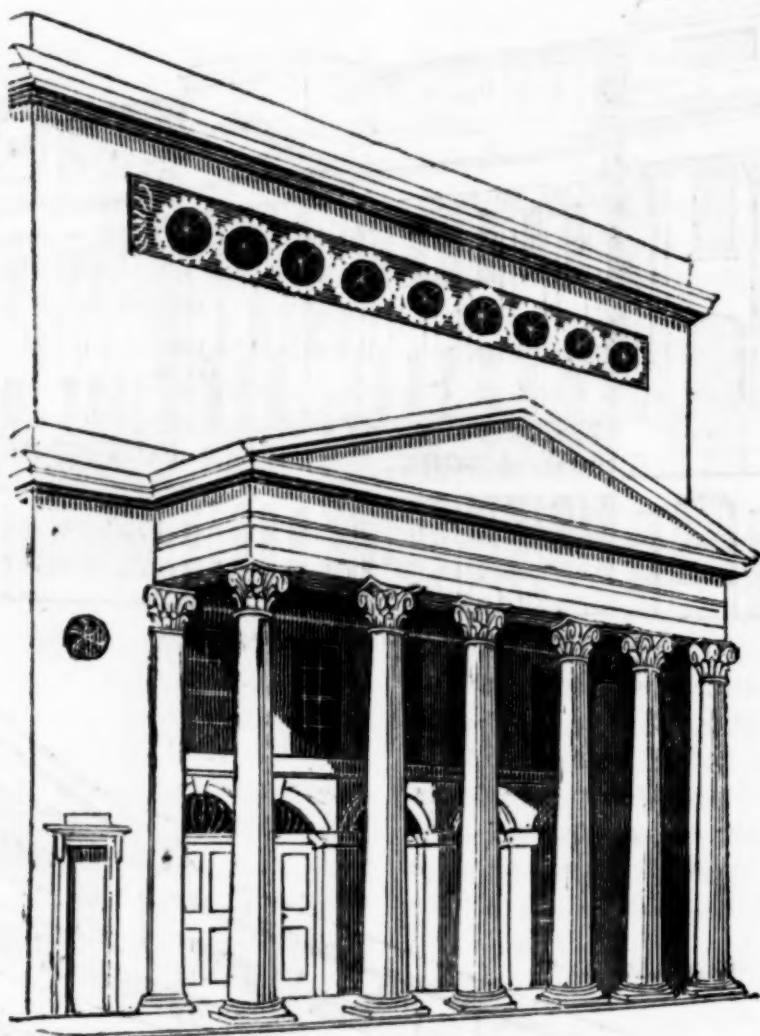
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The width and length of this division of the main street, (from the Colonnade to Portland Place,) corresponds with the general splendour, and when the whole line is finished, and the street paved and passable, it will constitute a continuation of fine buildings and a *coup d'œil* unequalled in the world.

But the plan has not been confined to the new line of street. It has been extended to the improvement of all the collateral streets. Thus Jermyn-

street has been opened at its east and west ends, and Charles-street has been opened into the Haymarket; and to give a finish to this line, the Haymarket theatre has been rebuilt on the eastern side, exactly opposite to Charles-street, and forms an elegant object from St. James's-square. We have annexed a view of this structure, which instead of the barn-like appearance of the old theatre, is now a public ornament.

THE NEW HAYMARKET THEATRE.



In the same vicinity other changes on a gigantic scale are taking place.

Of the New Opera House, and the splendid arcades of shops by which it is completely surrounded, we have already inserted a view in this Magazine for March, 1819.

But the opposite side of the Haymarket, Suffolk-street, and the north side of Cockspur-street have been taken down, and splendid quadrangles of new buildings, are in course of erection, to form a street in continuation of the line of Pall Mall, which will take in the grand front of the Mews, and terminate in the fine portico of St. Martin's Church.

Of the chief of these novelties we shall as they arise, submit views to our readers.

The architect and presiding genius of the whole, is Mr. Nash, who in spite of puny criticism and trivial objections, will, in the variety and taste of these erections, establish a fame which will vie with that of Inigo Jones, and Sir Christopher Wren.

The patron is **THE KING**, and the design is as honourable to the patron as creditable to the artist. The execution will remain a monument to the memory of both; and it is deeply to be lamented that a sovereign of such a fine taste, should, in the policy of his government, be often compromised by the acts of some of his obdurate and narrow-minded ministers, who, in their administration, too frequently prove themselves strangers to every generous sympathy of the human heart.

For

For the Monthly Magazine.

ITINERARY of HADJI BOUBEKER, an African, from SENO-PALEL, a town in the country of FOUA, to MECCA, compiled and edited in 1820, in SENEGAL, by M. P. ROUZEE.

THIS itinerary records a journey traversing Africa from the French possessions on the western coast to the Arabic Gulph in the East; it was undertaken about or during the years 1810, 1811, &c.

Europeans have no authentic accounts respecting the countries situated between Houssa and Darfour. Uncertain data, collected from different quarters, have given rise to different hypotheses concerning those parts of the continent; nor is there any portion of the globe so variously represented in our charts. Where Major Rennell places a vast marshy region, other geographers delineate a desert, others a range of mountains, and others a great lake.

But we have now a kind of solution to this question from the interesting itinerary of Hadji Boubeker. This Pilgrim in his journey to Mecca, traversed Africa from west to east, proceeding from the French settlements to Suakem, on the shore of the Red Sea; of course, he traversed the whole space comprised between Houssa and Darfour. An European, in a similar journey, would not only have illustrated the geography of these countries so little known, but he would probably have resolved some capital problems, undetermined for ages, as to the mouths of the Niger, and whether it communicates with the Nile; also the direction of a river called Nile by the negroes. The relation of the negro Boubeker, though not realising these objects, contains documents leading to useful inferences which will not fail to be observed. Boubeker has the surname of Ansari, from an ancient town of Fouta Toro, called Anzar, whence his family originated. He was born and lives at Seno Palel, a town in the same country; his maternal language is the Foulle, but his communications with the editor were in Arabic.

In departing from his native town, he repaired first to Ojaba, and thence to the city or great town of Tjilogu, the capital of Fouta Toro. After receiving the benedictions of the Almamy, he hastened to pass the frontiers of Fouta, and speedily arrived in the king-

dom of Cagnaga, inhabited by the Ser-racoulis. He remained some weeks at Jawar, one of the principal towns of the country; then slowly traversing the province of Kasso, about three months after his departure from Seno Palel, he reached Jarra, a large town to the NE. of Jawar, capital of the country of Bagona. Jarra belonged formerly to the King of Karta, but is now subject to the Moors, and its population chiefly consists of merchants of that nation. It has a considerable trade, part of which lies in salt brought thither from the town of Tishit, near which are considerable salt pits.

His journey from Jarra to Segoo, took up a month and some days; the country is overrun with forests, with a scanty population, and but few signs of culture. Segoo, the capital of Bambarra, lies east of Jarra, on the two banks of the river Joliba. The country of Bambara is fertile throughout; the districts cultivated by the Foulahs are in general the most productive. The most numerous class in the country is what gives name to it. The Foulahs are the next most considerable, being scattered throughout the kingdom, and in possession of whole provinces: the Moors are seldom met with, except in the large towns.

From Segoo this traveller proceeded directly to Timbooktoo, by land, and reached it in seven and twenty hours. This city is situated to the NE. of Segoo, at a small distance from the Cailoum, a considerable river which he conceives to be a branch of the Jaliba. Timbooktoo is as large and populous as Segoo, but richer and more commercial. A great part of the population are Moors; the Twariks are also very numerous, and are often at variance with the Moors for superiority of power. Boubeker represents the Twariks as oppressive and injurious, in these dissensions. Those seen at Timbooktoo are originally from Twart, an arid territory, the capital of which is named El-Walin, and is the residence of a Twart Sultan who is very much dreaded.

Boubeker had intended to pass through the kingdom of Twart, situated to the NE. of Timbooktoo, to wait in Fezzan for the caravan of Barbary pilgrims that were repairing to Mecca, through Egypt; but having no means of subsistence on his route, but the alms of pious Mussulmans, he changed his

his purpose, when he saw the poverty of the Twarik's country, and how ill they were disposed to charity. They are a warlike wandering race, and almost all profess Islamism, but, in general, are cool in their attachment to it, and according to Boubeker, in their hearts are Kafirs.

He determined therefore to return to the banks of the Joliba, and arrived at Jenné, ten days after leaving Timbooktoo. He considers both these cities as constituting a part of Bambarra, and judges them pretty nearly under the same meridian. Jenné has a great trade; the negroes in it outnumber the Moors, but the latter retain the jurisdiction and authority. From Jenné, in an easterly direction, he travelled in thirty and odd days, to Houssa, a large city, two days journey from the Joliba. The first part was in a canoe on the river, and the remainder on foot, through the kingdoms of Kabi and Noufi.

The country known by the name of Houssa has five or six other states comprehended within it. Formerly the Houssians were the only inhabitants, but now the Twariks and the Foulahs are in possession of the greater part of it, with a certain proportion, however, of Moors. The Foulahs occupy the western part almost exclusively, and on that account, it is frequently called Foullan. These Foulahs, in complexion, features and language, exactly resemble those of Fouta Toro; among themselves they assume the name of Dhomani. The Houssians are black like the Jolofs or the Serracolis; they seem ill adapted for the labours of cultivation or of tending flocks; while the Foulahs, according to Boubeker, are the most intelligent shepherds and labourers in the world. The country of Foulah is one of the best cultivated that he saw; in this respect, he places it immediately after Egypt. The domestic animals are in greater number and better condition than he had observed elsewhere. There are no sugar canes nor any great variety of fruits as in Egypt and Syria, but wheat, barley, and two species of maize are in great abundance. Hemp and cotton are in excellent culture; of these they fabricate their stuffs, and they also grow the indigo with which they dye them. The Foulahs of this country can dye not only blue, but all sorts of colours. The city of Houssan has less trade with

Timbooktoo and Jenné, than with the countries that lie eastward. The Sultan that resides there is the most powerful of all the sovereigns in the western part of Houssan.

Boubeker was informed that a little before his arrival, a foreign merchant had visited the country, who could make himself understood in the Twarik, though it was not his maternal language. He professed to come from a Mussulman country, a great distance to the north. He was in indigent circumstances, but wished to continue his route, and demanded guides to conduct him into Bambarra. The King of Houssa had consented, at first, to let him pass through his country; but finding that the stranger was generally considered as a spy, he altered his purpose, and sent out horsemen in pursuit of him: they overtook him on the banks of the Joliba. He was brought back to Houssa and thrown into prison, but Boubeker does not remember whether the Sultan put him to death or sold him for a slave.

Our pilgrim set out from Houssa, and proceeding in an easterly direction, in about a month, arrived at Kassina, the most considerable town on the banks of the Joliba. It is fifteen or twenty times larger than St. Louis, in Senegal, and is the capital of the eastern part of Houssa, to which it gives its name. He there met with merchants from very distant countries, among others, Turks from Tripoli, who were readily distinguished by their fair complexions and rich apparel. He also noticed a number of Twariks and Foulahs. The Houssians are the primitive inhabitants of the country, and more numerous in Kassina than in the Foullan. From Kassina he advanced to Bornou; the position of this town he places exactly east of Kassina, the river Joliba crossing the whole kingdom, of which it is the capital.

The natives of Bornou are black complexioned, like the Houssians, whom they resemble in manners and customs, but speak a different language, and are reckoned more courageous and adroit. The Sultan is very powerful, and commands a numerous and veteran cavalry.

From the town of Bornou he went on to the country of Wadaé; here he had no longer the river Joliba at a little distance on his right. He made frequent enquiries as to where this river terminated,

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terminated, but was always told that it communicated with the Nile. Its course, according to some, was in a lengthened direction southerly, running far into the interior of Hahesheh, or Abyssinia.

Wadaé is watered by a number of rivers that fall into the Joliba. Boubeker traversed this kingdom from SW. to NE. and reached the country of Begarmé; soon after he arrived at the great lake of Kouk, into which a very great river from the south empties itself. The Sultan of Kouk is often at war with the sovereigns of Wadaé and Begarmé.

In about two months from his leaving Kassina, he had reached the mountains of Four, but noticed no great town between these and Bornou. From the country of Four, he passed on, easterly, to that of Kordofan, inhabited only by Arabs. After coasting for two or three days the western bank of the Nile, he crossed that river opposite Tjondi, a pretty considerable town, whence he entered into the country of Barbara, where he found the inhabitants addicted to tillage, and not unlike the Foulles in features and complexion: they are subject to certain Arab tribes. From Tjondi, in fifteen days, he came to Suakem on the Arabic Gulph, and from that town embarked in a vessel for Djiddah, the port of Mecca, making about fourteen months since his departure from Seno-Palel.

Our pilgrim after his devotions at Mecca, repaired to Medina, Jerusalem, Acre, Cairo and Alexandria. In this last city, he remained a long time, and sailed afterwards for Algiers, where he spent several years. He at length returned to Fouta Toro, through Telem-san or Tremecen, Fez, Mequinez, Morocco, Wadimoux, the Great Desart, and the country of the Bracknas Moors.

Boubeker's long residence in Egypt and Barbary, made him forget a number of particulars, which though unimportant to himself, would have been highly interesting to Europeans. The foreign voyager taken prisoner in Houssa, might perhaps have been Frederick Hornemann, sent by the African Association, in 1808; but admitting the supposition, his fate will be no less uncertain.

The editor subjoins some supplementary notices, derived, he says, not from

books, for he found none of any service, but furnished by his memory.

The Kingdom of Cagnaga is that which Father Labat designates as Goyaga, and Mungo Park as Kataaka. Djarra is the city which Delisle calls Yara, and M. Park, Farra. This name, however, is but little known to the Moors that I have consulted, who in general call it Bagnall, that of the country whereof it is the chief place. The custom of thus naming the capital cities in Africa appears to be general. Major Rennel thinks that Tichit or Tishit, (as the English write it) is the same place as Tgazza, which, according to Padamosta and Leo Africanus, supplied Tombut with salt. Some Moorish sheiks have made mention to me of a town called Tedjagdja, near Waden or Hoden in the maps, where a trade in salt is carried on; this I conceive may be the same as Tegarra. The Moors write the name of the Niger, Djolba, and not Djaliba, as the negroes do. The name of Tombooktoo is frequently written Timbouktou and Tomboukt.

Boubeker's position of the kingdom of Bornou exactly agrees with the account given of it by M. Hornemann, as he had it from a Twarik. The river from the south that falls into the lake of Kouk, seems to me to be the Misse-lad of Mr. Brown. The mountainous country of Four is evidently Dar-Four.

Tjondi is the Shandi or Handi of the maps. The Arab writers make mention of a country called Barbara; the inhabitants have been noticed by Europeans, by the name of Barbarins and Barâtras. Their complexion is a reddish black.

I have frequently interrogated Boubeker as to different towns and countries mentioned by the Arabian geographers and modern Voyagers. He has spoken of Wancarah, a name but little different from Wakoro, and places it south of Bornou. He describes it as a country inundated by Joliba, as Egypt is by the Nile: it yields abundance of gold. He had heard speak of the kingdom of Kano, of Gueburgh (Cano and Guber) but does not recollect their position. As to the word Takzour, he has positively affirmed that it denotes the whole country of the blacks in various negro languages, like the word Soudan in Arabic.

He often heard mention of the Wechabites in Arabia, but recollects little

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little but the name. The French expedition to Egypt was a subject of common conversation.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

BENEATH I send you an exact representation of spots, or maculae, in the sun, as seen at the Little Hermitage, near Rochester, on the days stated.

J. J.

Little Hermitage, 11th Dec. 1821.



Appeared on the 21st Nov. 1821.



On the 23d Nov.



On the 25th Nov.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

NOT long ago, I went, as I had before done, to take a walk in an enclosure on Epping Forest, in the parish of Walthamstow, called *Hale Brinks*, and to my surprise, instead of the gate on the forest side, I found a close paling. On enquiry, I was informed that there had not been a gate for two years (or about that period.) If I mistake not, it has been supposed by some people that the late proprietor of the estate, bought it with a condition that there should be a public way through the grounds for a certain term of years, and at the end thereof the way was to be stopped. As I have reason to doubt the accuracy of this supposition, I shall be obliged to some person resident in the neighbourhood, if he will inform your readers (many of whom it may concern,) whether any such clause was in the deeds; also when

the pathway was stopped. I do not know that there ever was more than a foot-path through the grounds, but of that I am not quite clear. It certainly is to be lamented that of late years numerous paths have been stopped up, which if not absolutely necessary, were at least very convenient. An account of the different modes of stopping up ways *legally*, would much oblige

AN ENQUIRER.

16th November, 1821.

For the Monthly Magazine.

NOTICE relative to the SCOTACKS, a Clan or Tribe in HUNGARY.

AMONG the different nations that inhabit Hungary, the Scotacks constitute one, whereof few geographers have made mention. Their residence may be assigned to 75 towns or large villages in the County of Zemplein. They are Slavonians by descent, and form a sort of medium between the Slaves, the Rasmiacks and the Poles, but differ as to their dialect, manners and customs. Both men and women have almost all white hair, and it is very uncommon to find one among them with black locks. They live, in general, as associated families, and in a patriarchal manner. The father confides the superintendence of his house to one of his sons whom he deems best qualified, and the others respect his orders, should he even be the youngest.

Their industry is chiefly employed in the rearing of sheep; of these they make annual purchases in Transylvania and Moldavia, and after feeding them through the summer, take them for sale to the market of Hannusalva, or else into Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia. Many of them are common carriers, transporting wines and leather into Poland, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. A man of mature age is seldom seen on horseback, leading or driving his voiture; this is reserved for their boys, in order to spare the horses; and white-haired youngsters that cannot see much higher than the saddle, are found guiding with ease a team of six or eight horses. There must always be one white horse among them for the better direction of the guide. The Scotacks rarely intermarry with other tribes or nations, and adhere rigidly to their native dialect, being averse to the introduction of any foreign idioms.

For

For the Monthly Magazine.

THE ENQUIRER.

No. XXXII.

What are the Comparative Pretensions of POPE and BOILEAU?

IT may not be wholly unprofitable, or uninteresting at *this* time—if only in reference to the great BOWLES AND POPE QUESTION—to attempt some elucidation of the poetical qualities of the great bard of Twickenham, by considering the rank they ought to hold in comparison with those of his contemporaries. Among these, none offer themselves with such striking features of resemblance, as Dryden and Boileau, though both may be rather said, in point of time, to have preceded him. With the former he has been so frequently and fully compared that it would be useless to review the subject. Not so with the latter: as with the exception of some incidental remarks of Aire and Warton, the consideration is new to us. Though we are decidedly hostile to that false criticism still in vogue with our old Reviews, which institutes mean comparisons between authors of similar or opposite powers, for the invidious purpose of elevating the character of the one, on the ruins of the other, instead of gratifying and improving their readers by pointing out their varied or assimilating qualities, to shew how the rich chorus of our poetry is made complete; we cannot resist the pleasure of touching on the respective excellencies and singular coincidences we discover in the characters of Pope and Boileau. Indeed, there are, perhaps, no two authors, either of ancient or modern date, who in their genius and pursuits, afford us so complete and happy a parallel. And this surprising similarity applies no less to their peculiar genius and writings, than to the times in which they lived, to the state of literature in their respective countries, and to the high station they both attained, and the reputation they enjoyed while living, in the eyes of nobility and princes, and in the promise of fame opened to their view.

Thus, they both lived in times equally fortunate for their reputation, and their honourable reception in the world. It was truly the Augustan age of England and of France that seemed to have restored other Horaces and Virgils, and other Ovids and Ciceros to the courts of Lewis and Queen Anne. Equally rich in the poetry of love and

passion, as in the comedy of manners and of polished life, a chivalric spirit seemed still to linger among us, and the influence of poetry was visible in the feelings and expressions, if not in the actions of men. If the lyric and dramatic genius of older times seemed to slumber, they still possessed sublimity of sentiment and description, and with high pathetic powers united a keen and humourous relish of satire and burlesque. In all of these, Pope and Boileau must be allowed to have been at the head of their art, among contemporaries of no common qualifications. Their names will be found as highly distinguished above the great writers of their age, as above all those who have followed them.

In the invention and developement of their subjects, in felicity and completeness of execution, uniformity of character and purpose, with an uncommon richness and harmony of language and versification, their poems will stand as models and tests of excellence, terrible indeed to future candidates for fame, and almost affecting the past with an appearance of barbarism. And for this superiority also, they are both indebted, like Horace and Virgil, to an early and assiduous study of the best models of their predecessors, united to a fine taste and genius of their own, in adapting their poetical powers to the wants, character, and humours of their respective countrymen.

In their literary controversies with the critics and dunces of the age, we find them equally enthusiastic admirers and champions of the old writers, against the innovations of the moderns; and especially in that learned attack made by the French academicians on the ancients' want of decency, and Homer's unpoliteness, which was afterwards transferred, by way of sympathy, to the dunces of England. But Perrault appears to have met, from Boileau, with much the same reception as Bentley and his friends, not long after, did from the satire of Dean Swift and Pope. And surely another Dunciad will soon be a desideratum, to commemorate the new labours of the choice spirits, and small gentleman wits of the present day.

In their choice of subjects, as well as in the more important features of their poetic character, and the studies they pursued, the French and English poets will also be found to agree. It would appear that they aimed at the

same objects, for the most part, in their undertakings. In the didactic, the mock heroic, and the satiric, where they are unrivalled masters, and discover a more particular resemblance, we perceive the same study of correct language and expression—the same forcible yet harmonious lines—judicious and very melodious pauses; and a watchful jealousy of admitting any unequal or trivial word or expression which might derogate from the beauty and correctness of the whole.

Though it may at first view bear the appearance of contradiction or a paradox, it is nevertheless true, that this nice care and exact attention to the *nugæ canoræ*, has not in the least impaired their strength, or interfered with the higher objects of their art. We find the same, and indeed often more fire and impetuosity in their writings than in those of more careless and irregular poets, like the founders of the Lake School, who give full swing to their imaginations, and present their loose and disjointed productions—a sort of ricketty offspring—naked to the world.

When we consider that Pope and Boileau invariably sat down to compose in the full reach and vigour of their intellect, and with little art or study gave full play to their imaginations; bestowing afterwards a “world of poet’s pains,” on what they had written, we shall more easily account for that fire and polish which they so happily united in their works. In this respect they are perhaps equally excellent, though Pope has certainly had the advantage of his predecessor’s example, and made that use of him, which both of them made of Horace, in improving on, and infusing the beauties of older writers, with singular refinement, into their own works. Thus, however highly they were indebted to nature for their genius and uncommon parts, they were still more admirable for the talent and fine judgment with which they employed their poetic powers to the greatest advantage and on the happiest subjects. Of all points of resemblance between these unrivalled geniuses of the age and nations in which they flourished, this is the most remarkable. They invaded the property of other writers more like conquerors than robbers, and with a Midas-like faculty, converted at a touch, the dross and ore of other mens’ thoughts into solid gold.

They were indebted for their early fame and good fortune, to the very same qualities of mind, sound sense, emulous and unremitting study, and a rooted love of their art. The same dispositions that attracted the regard and friendship of Augustus and Mæcenas to Virgil and Horace, gave celebrity to the names of Pope and Boileau at the French and English courts. Their superiors in rank became their equals in conversation and good fellowship, and their company was rather sought by, than obtruded upon, the princes and nobles of the land. The reputation of both stood as high in foreign countries as in their own. Most of their productions were translated during their lifetime into other tongues: though in point of good version our author has greatly the advantage, in his translators, over Boileau. The same triumphs that crowned them with laurels and acclamation, brought down upon their heads a shower of hisses and orange peel from the great gallery of dunces and of critics. They seem indeed to have been equally reviled and hated by the minor wits and poets of their respective periods; and a species of *della crusca*, or academical war, neither giving or taking quarter, was eagerly declared, and fiercely maintained against them in both countries. But the only advantage obtained over our authors consisted in their enemies succeeding in having their names transmitted to posterity, and in place of becoming *annihilate*, being damned to everlasting fame. It is singular that both lived to befriend, and to be reconciled to, the very critics and poetasters who had thus unwittingly served to extend our authors’ fame, as the bones of the savage are carefully preserved for a testimonial of the prowess of his victors.

We have now to remark, in honour of our English bard, that of the two, he was always the least attendant upon the great, and not nearly so good a writer of flattering odes and panegyrics on princes and on men in power. He enjoyed no pension and received no bounty from the charity of patrons or of friends. His commendatory verses never appeared until his great friends were known to be unfortunate or out of power; as his satire was only directed at those whom he supposed to be the successful enemies of truth and virtue while in office. The French poet we are afraid was not always so conscientious

conscientious or jealous of his self-respect.

Of Pope it may also be said that he had more true sensibility and native poetic mind in him than Boileau: though it must be confessed that neither possessed that tenderness and depth of feeling, and those imaginative powers calculated to succeed in lyric and dramatic composition. Nor is this the least disparagement of their high and unquestionable excellence; for where is the poet who has mastered every species of writing? Or who has so eminently succeeded in so many various kinds as Pope? Though he has been accused by his enemies, like M. Despréaux, of servile imitation, and even palpable plagiarism both from the ancients and moderns, such accusations are now become worse than frivolous, inasmuch as they are absurd and disgusting. They are indeed "stale, flat and unprofitable" to such as advance them. It is now so well understood by our best critics that invention itself is only a happy combination of incidents, thoughts and feelings, and imagination the form and colouring in which these are expressed, that we cannot countenance even such an ingenious and learned commentator as Dr. Warton, in his attempts to lower the character of Pope, by quoting parallel passages from Dryden and Boileau to shew the imitations of the former. What shall we say of such as this?

"Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose
In various shapes of critics, parsons,
beaus."

Boileau has it:—

"L'ignorance et l'erreur à ses naissantes
pieces
En habits de marquis, en robes de com-
tesses
Venaient pour diffamer un chef d'œuvre
nouveau."

After this discovery of similitude, with so very little likeness of a plagiarism, he observes in his "Essay on the Genius of Pope"—

"It is but justice to add that the fourteen succeeding verses in the poem before us, (Art of Criticism) containing the character of a true critic, are superior to any thing in Boileau's 'Art of Poetry,' from which, however, Pope has borrowed many observations."

In deference to the judgment and feelings of our readers, we shall not multiply instances of this nature. It is quite unaccountable how so learned and enlightened a character as Dr.

Warton should have fallen into the weakness and prejudices indulged by some of Pope's worst enemies, and in discharging the duties of a biographer and critic, have laid the foundation for a renewal of those low and ridiculous charges, disgraceful even to Cibber, and doubly despicable in the writers of the present age. To us the greater part of the Doctor's observations seem written in a spirit,

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;

Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike," but which carried with them sufficient weight and authority to give rise to a new and bitter controversy on Pope's moral and poetical merits, equally ridiculous and disgraceful; and one which we seriously intend to denounce and expose.

But to return to our more immediate question, and in conclusion, we must observe, in justice to Pope, that in regard to variety and extent of genius, embracing almost every species of composition, in more elevated and sustained powers of thought, and a wider play of imagination, his muse mounted on a stronger pinion than that of Boileau. Of this, whoever attentively peruses and reflects on the full extent and nature of their several writings, cannot long remain in doubt; and he will easily perceive how much more plausibly a deficiency of pathos and sublimity may be charged upon the genius of the French, than on that of the English poet. Thus to assert that Pope did not possess, in a very eminent degree, those descriptive, pathetic, and elevated powers, to which his greatest predecessors were indebted for their fame, proves to us how easily envy and folly are led to advance unfounded accusations, with a face of candour and of truth, which they cannot in the least substantiate. But of this his commentators have been guilty towards Pope, while the very proofs in refutation of their opinions must have stared them in the face. With what degree of correct taste, or conscientious feeling could Dr. Warton and Mr. Bowles presume to under-value our author's powers of description, when such lines as the following were to be found among the works they were editing:

"But o'er the twilight groves and dusky
caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled
graves,

Black

Black melancholy sits, and round her
throws

A death-like silence, and a dread repose ;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every
green,

Deepens the murmurs of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the
woods."

Eloisa.

We might here challenge all such
unbelieving critics and commentators to
point out two lines from their favourite
descriptive poets, even from Cowper
and Thomson, at all approaching the
beauty and grandeur of the last.

In Mr. Bowles, and the best of those
whom he admires, we have nothing
more picturesque than such lines as
these :—

"The darksome pines, that o'er yon rocks
reclin'd,

Wave high, and murmur to the hollow
wind,

The wandering streams that shine between
the hills,

The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze,
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid."

Finely descriptive as this is, the
lover of nature and magnificent draw-
ing will be better pleased with the
following beautiful winter-piece :—

"Lo, Zembla's rocks, the beauteous work
of frost,

Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the
coast ;

Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on the impassive ice the lightnings
play ;

Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incum-
bent sky ;

As Atlas fixed each hoary pile appears
The gathered winter of a thousand years."

If we look for pathetic beauty, what
can surpass the tenderness and delicate
sorrow breathed in the elegy on an un-
fortunate lady.

"No friend's complaint, no kind domestic
tear,

Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or graced thy
mournful bier ;

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were
closed,

By foreign hands thy decent limbs com-
posed,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn-
ed,

By strangers honoured, and by strangers
mourned !

What ! tho' no sacred earth allow thee
room,

Nor hallow'd dirge be muttered o'er thy
tomb,

Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be
drest,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy
breast ;

There shall the morn her earliest tears
bestow,

There the first roses of the year shall
blow."

But there is no reason to insist fur-
ther on a subject which so clearly elu-
cidates itself, by a reference to the
poet's works : and we shall merely add
that on more serious and elevated sub-
jects, as well as on the most trifling,
he was equally happy and successful. If
Pope produced the best mock-heroic in
our language, he is still more fairly
entitled to the character of the first
English satirist, who combined the
playful ease and elegance of Horace,
with the fire and vehemence of Juvenal,
and the abrupt boldness of Persius.

In his moral epistles, and his philoso-
phical poem on Man, he discovers a quick
insight into the motives and feelings of
our species, which he explains and elu-
cidates in the clearest and happiest
manner. It is amusing to perceive how
his various editors differ and contra-
dict each other in their opinions of his
defects and merits, insomuch that there
is scarcely any quality, however high,
for which he has not full credit from
one or the other, and no fault of which
he is not acquitted by inference or
recantation in the end. We conclude
with an instance of this from Warton,
who asserted that our author wanted
dignity and elevation of poetic cha-
racter, and afterwards quoted the fol-
lowing lines from the "Essay on Man,"
in order to prove the contrary, and
to admit that he had been mistaken.

"All are but parts of one stupendous
whole,

Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the
same,

Great in the earth, as in the ætherial frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the
trees,

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
part,

As full, as perfect in a hair, as heart ;
As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns ;
To Him, no high, no low, no great, no
small,

He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals
all."

Essay on Man.

To

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
THE improvement recently made in the colour of the covers of your work, recalls to my mind an idea which has sometimes occurred to me, of an improvement that may be effected in paper used for printing. It will be observable to any one making the comparison, that writing or printing of the same strength and body, on a fair white sheet of paper, is less legible, and the eye sooner fatigued in reading it, than on a sheet grown brown by age; and the reason of this is not difficult to discover. A greater quantity of light being reflected from the white paper, the pupil of the eye contracts so much, as to render vision less distinct, and the effort greater. This fact ought to lead us to the practice of tinging paper intended to be printed upon with a slight shade of colouring, which would at once render it more pleasing to the reader, and less subject to be discoloured by age or use.

To this hint permit me to add another. Where hot pressure is to be used, we may avail ourselves with great advantage of the difference of specific caloric that bodies possess; as in the specific caloric of sand and iron, for instance: taking equal bulks of each, raised to the same degree of temperature, the former will contain much more heat than the latter. If, then, we suppose two irons used for the common domestic purpose of smoothing linen, one of which is made of solid iron, and the other of a hollow shell of iron filled with sand, and the two are raised to the same temperature, that containing sand, owing to the difference of specific caloric and conducting power, will retain its heat much longer than the one of solid iron. Sand or stone heaters may also be applied to tea urns, and a variety of other domestic uses; besides their application to hot-pressing in several departments of our manufactures. There is no better means of drying specimens of plants collected by the botanist, than laying them between two sheets of paper, and covering the uppermost with hot sand.

B.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
I BEG leave to offer what appears to me a more probable solution to the fawn's head being found in the body of a tree, than the one given by your correspondent Mr. Welch, although I am

indebted to this gentleman for the idea I suggest.

What Mr. Welch says of the practice of cutting the tops of young trees to make them pollards, I am well acquainted with, as well as another practice, which, coupled with this, may serve to account for the extraordinary circumstance recorded in your Magazine.

I well remember when a boy, a practice very general, and not unfrequent now, for those who had the charge of a flock of ewes in the lambing season, to throw the dead and cast lambs into bushes or pollards, such as Mr. Welch describes, standing a considerable height from the ground, in order to prevent their being eaten by dogs. May it not, therefore, be probable that the fawn might have been thrown into one of these young pollards, of which the top was omitted to be again cut, a circumstance frequently seen; and by the head's resting in the crown of the pollard after the body had decayed, and the leading stem having grown over and completely covered the crown of the tree, account for the head being found in the body after the tree had grown to maturity?

W.

Near Sittingbourne, Nov. 6, 1821.

For the Monthly Magazine.

PRESENT STATE of BAYHAM and PENSHURST.

BAYHAM, the seat of the Marquis Camden, is pleasantly situated on the borders of Sussex, about six miles distance from Tunbridge Wells; and is an object of general attraction on account of the fine ruins of the abbey, a noble edifice of the gothic order of architecture. This abbey was built (as appears by an inscription on a large stone near the altar) in the reign of Richard I. A. D. 1190, by Ela de Sackville, of Buckhurst, for the White or Premonstratensian canons, a religious sect instituted at Prémontré, in France, about the year 1120, and introduced into England in 1146. From the extent of ground which the ruins occupy, this monastery must have been of the largest dimensions. The principal walls and a few arches only are now left standing, but the plan of the interior can be distinctly traced; particularly the chapel, refectory, confessional, cloisters, &c. To the spectator the remains of this stupendous pile present an air of gloomy solemnity and grandeur; nor can the eye repose on

on the long majestic nave, terminating in the distant altar, without the feelings being powerfully interested by the view. The trimmed box, and neat gravel walks, however, which decorate the space within, offend the taste, and certainly appear rather inconsistent with the dignity of a gothic ruin. As a relic of ancient architecture, although it cannot be compared with Tintern and Netley, it possesses many claims to the admiration of the common observer, as well as of the antiquary. This abbey was amongst the number of religious edifices abolished by Henry VIII. and having been dismantled of its ornaments, was abandoned to the destructive effects of time and neglect. The only attention which it now receives, (as the visitor is informed) is by an annual sum expended in the *repair of its ruins*! At a short distance, stand the remains of a large gateway, once surmounted by the papal cross, underneath whose spacious arch runs the road to the monastery. The mansion, which closely adjoins the ruins, and is reflected in a beautiful basin of water in front, is built in the gothic style, and thus preserves a strict uniformity with the abbey. This property was purchased by Lord Chief Justice Pratt, afterwards Earl Camden; and from him has descended to the present Marquis, to whom it gives the title of Viscount Bayham.

PENSHURST PLACE.

This ancient and venerable mansion, the seat of the noble family of the Sidneys, stands within an extensive park at a few miles distance from Tunbridge Wells. It was built in the reign of William the Conqueror, and passed successively through the families of Penchester, Pulteney, Devereux and Fitzwalter, until it was forfeited to the crown in the reign of Edward VI. by the attainder of Sir Ralph Vane. The youthful monarch bestowed it as a mark of his peculiar favour and esteem on Sir William Sidney, (chamberlain and steward of the household of Henry VIII.) in the possession of whose descendants this splendid gift has ever since remained. On the death of Sir William Sidney, the estate descended to his son Sir Henry, the bosom friend of Edward VI. and the father of the gallant Sir Philip Sidney. This illustrious hero, whose untimely death*

* He was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen, in Guelderland, between the

was a source of so much grief to the court of Elizabeth, and to the whole British nation, was born here in the year 1554, on which memorable occasion an oak was planted in the park. From him the domain came into the possession of his brother, Sir Robert Sidney, afterwards created by James I. Lord Sidney, Vicount Lisle and Earl of Leicester. Penshurst was also the birth-place and residence of the celebrated Lady Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland; (the Sacharissa of Waller) and of the Earl of Leicester's son, the patriotic Algernon Sidney, who was beheaded in the reign of Charles II. on a charge of being concerned in the Rye House Plot. The house is extensive and commodious, and is a specimen of the union of the Saxon and gothic orders of architecture. It bears evident marks of antiquity, and some of its outer courts are in ruins; but the whole edifice has, within the last few years, undergone a thorough repair, and received several material improvements, under the inspection of its present proprietor, Sir John Shelley Sidney, bart. The interior is spacious and magnificent, though the splendour of its decorations is now rather faded from the effects of time. Many of the rooms are ornamented with fine pictures and family portraits, by Titian, Guido, Corregio, Teniers, Holbein, Vandyke, Hemskirk, Janssen, Lely, Luders and Kneller. Among those particularly worthy of observation, are an elegant picture of Charles I. on horseback, by Vandyke, and portraits of the Earls of Leicester, Sir Philip Sidney, the Countesses of Sunderland and Pembroke, and Algernon Sidney. Some fine specimens of ancient tapestry are also to be seen in some of the apartments. The park is thickly studded with trees, among which we now in vain look for the oak planted to commemorate the birth of Sir Philip Sidney. The gardens are spacious and beautiful, and extend from the house to the banks of the Medway. The other places in the vicinity of the Wells, which merit the attention of the visitor, are Eridge Castle and Park, the noble domain of the Earl of Abergavenny; Knowle, the seat of the

Flemish and British, September 22, 1586. His noble act of self-forbearance in the hour of intense suffering, and his exemplary humanity to the dying soldier, will ever endear his memory to posterity.

Duchess

1822.]

Duchess of Dorset; Bounds, Somerset, and the ruins of Mayfield palace.

While at Penshurst, I was led to compose the following lines on hearing its

CHURCH CLOCK.

Hark! slowly strikes the solemn midnight bell,

And sudden startles with its awful knell;
Again it vibrates on the list'ning ear,
And breathes around an anxious, pensive fear:

At every fleeting hour its varying chime
Loudly proclaims the silent lapse of time;
The deepen'd sounds, still floating on the wind,

Infuse a fearful horror o'er the mind.

L.

For the Monthly Magazine.

EXCURSION through NORTH WALES in 1819.

Continued from No. 361, p. 360.

AFTER we left the castle we strolled through the town, which is uncommonly mean, dirty and disagreeable. It was once, we understand, the principal town in the county, and carried on no despicable trade with Ireland: it cannot certainly now boast of any such distinction, for it has dwindled into an insignificant village scarcely containing 500 inhabitants. Remounting our horses, we quitted Harlech without regret, and soon found ourselves traversing a secluded tract, on our way to the Vale of Festiniog, in which the beautiful little inn of Tan-y-Bwlch is secludingly situated. We reached it before 3 o'clock, and fortunately found apartments unoccupied, which we engaged for a day or two, that we might leisurely take our fill of the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood. Having dined and rested ourselves, we walked into the vale so celebrated for its beauty, and for the health and longevity of its simple and retired inhabitants. It was a lovely afternoon when we strolled arm in arm down this beautiful valley, and the rich woods with which its boundaries are clothed, glowed brightly in the beams of the glorious sun. The elegant description of the valley of the kingdom of Amhara, by Dr. Johnson, is particularly applicable to that of Festiniog; for all the blessings of nature seem to be concentrated within its limits, and all the evils extracted and excluded. With scarcely a sigh of regret, and with feelings far different from those of the discontented and querulous Rasselas, we could there pass the remainder of

our days, pitying those whom "fate had secluded from this seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery."

Here, in this sweet sequester'd vale,

The philosophic man might find

A calm—a scene—a solitude,

To solace his reflective mind.

Here might his days of study pass—

As softly—innocently too,

As from the polished mirror melts

The breath's warm evanescent dew.

Here many a lesson might be glean'd

To bend the lofty port of pride;

Here tacit monitors might teach

The waves of passion to subside.

And, oh! while low at Nature's shrine.

The incense of man's praise is given,

Its grateful purity might make

His soul a denizen of Heaven!

"With the woman one loves,—the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books," writes the accomplished Lord Lyttleton to his friend, Mr. Bower, "one might pass an age in this vale, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower, and settle at Festiniog. Not long ago there died in this neighbourhood an honest Welsh farmer, who was 105 years of age. By his first wife he had *thirty* children, *ten* by his second, and *four* by his third: his youngest son was eighty-one years younger than his eldest, and *eight hundred* persons descended from him followed his body to the grave!" Mr. Bingley relates another instance of age and fecundity in this vale, which though far short of the above, in point of numbers, is sufficiently great to prove the salubrity of the place. "Jane Price, who died in the year 1694, had at the time of her death, *twelve* children, *forty-seven* grand-children, and *thirteen* great grandchildren." She must have been a very profitable vessel!

We were so much delighted with our ramble, that we did not return to the inn till a late hour, and before we retired to rest, we arranged a short excursion among the hills for the morrow. But the ensuing morning was cloudy and sunless, the heavens were over-spread with gloom, and although no rain fell, we had every reason to anticipate wet. However, as the wind was high, and there was no likelihood of the rain falling immediately, we ordered the horses and determined to ride a few miles up the country, and following the road which winds over the southern extremity of the vale, we soon arrived at two waterfalls of the river Cynfael.

Cynfael. They could scarcely be termed cataracts, as the long succession of dry weather had rendered their streams extremely scanty. However, they were in the road to the principal object of our ride, viz. a large insulated columna rock, situated in the bed of the river, the waters of which *spumea circum saxa fremunt*. This rock is called Pulpit Hugh Llwyd, from a supposed sorcerer of that name, who according to tradition was wont to deliver his nocturnal incantations from this place,—a place, observes Mr. Pennant, fit indeed as the pit of Acheron. In Hugh's time it was assiduously shunned after nightfall by the peasant, who preferred a walk of some miles in extent, to the chance of encountering the magician in his *rostrum*. The wizard's seat

Rough, broken, base, shunn'd by the simple swain,
Whose fancy, darkened by his native scenes,
Creates wild images and phantoms dire,
Strange as his hills, and gloomy as his storms.

Hugh Llwyd, by the way, was no insignificant person in his day. He possessed abilities far above his situation in life, and to a mind naturally vigorous and enthusiastic, he added, a bold, and enterprising spirit. Hence, and from his knowledge so superior to that of the simple beings among whom he dwelt, he was considered a very extraordinary person. Besides, Hugh had travelled, had seen a good deal of the world, and consequently possessed many advantages over his secluded and stationary countrymen.

And he would speak of many a wondrous sight

Seen in great cities, temples, tower and spire,
And winding streets at night-fall blazing bright,
With many a star-like lamp of glimmering fire.

The grey hair'd men with deep attention heard,

Viewing the speaker with a solemn face,
While round their feet the playful children stirr'd,

And near their parents took their silent place,

Listening with looks where wonder breath'd a glowing grace.

The outline of Hugh's life is still preserved amongst the traditionary annals of the remote district where he flourished; and although nearly two centuries have elapsed since he ruled

the stubborn hearts of the mountaineers, he is yet remembered by the natives of Festiniog, as a wise and an awful man, and the grey-headed peasant, as he speaks of him, will shake his head, and murmur a deprecation of his sinful deeds. Hugh, it seems, was a restless young man. The narrow boundaries of his native glen were too circumscribed for his ardent and adventurous spirit. He went to London, and enlisted into the parliamentary army, and was under General Monk at the Restoration of Charles the Second. After having been from home many years, and at length growing old, he returned to his native vale. Arriving at his house one fine summer's evening, he saw his sister's family, seated on an old stone bench which he had in his younger days placed by the side of the house. He asked them in English, if they would give him a night's lodging; but none of them understood a word of that language. They, however, conjecturing what he wanted, divided their humble fare with him, and conducted him to the best bed in the cottage. They knew not that it was Hugh Llwyd who thus solicited this charity, till he disclosed himself; and he was then recognised with the utmost joy. He had acquired a small fortune during his wanderings, which he now shared with his happy relatives; and it was subsequent to this period that he practised those arts which have perpetuated his memory. We reached our quarters about 2 o'clock, and were confined to the house the remainder of the day, by the rain which fell in torrents. There was fortunately a tolerable harper at the inn, who afforded us very agreeable entertainment by his performance. During the summer, there is scarcely an inn of any respectability in North Wales, that has not a harper to amuse the guests. The performance of these wandering minstrels is not confined to the music of Wales; they play the most admired airs of the old masters, and sometimes with variations of their own. Some of them play with much taste and feeling, and the harper at Tan-y-Bwlch, although by no means a first-rate strolling player, was by no means a despicable one.

The following morning was fixed for our return to Dolgelley, and it was with no little delight that we perceived the early sun-beams peering in at our chamber window, unobscured by cloud or shadow. We breakfasted betimes, and

and before 8 o'clock were on our way to Dolgelley, which is more than twenty miles from Tan-y-Bwlch. It was our intention of taking three very fine waterfalls, the waterfalls, as they are called, *par excellence*; on our route, and in about two hours we arrived at the first, which is called Rhaidr-y-Mowddach, or the Torrent of the Mowthach. This noble river, here contracted into a small but rapid stream, rushes down a precipice nearly 100 feet high, into a deep, dark, stony basin beneath, and is thrice broken in its descent by projecting ledges of rock. The spot where it is situated, is surrounded by trees, and not visible from the road, although the roar of its waters may be heard at a great distance. The next fall is called Pistyll-y-cain, or the Spout of the (river) Cain, and is by far the highest cataract. The water here falls down a rock nearly 200 feet in height, whose horizontal strata run in almost regular steps, throughout the entire breadth of its surface, forming a complete mural front, and marring, by their regularity, the picturesque effect which would otherwise be produced. This cataract is not by any means so beautiful as the other, but the scenery around is very fine. Three miles further on we reached the other fall, called Rhaidr du, or the Black Torrent. Here the water dashes with a tremendous and appalling roar down two rocks, each nearly 60 feet high, into a basin hollowed out by the action of the water in the solid stone below, through which it foams for a few yards and is then lost among the surrounding woods, till it joins the Mowthach, about a mile towards the west. This is indeed a magnificent cataract, and the rain which fell the preceding day, had greatly augmented the volume of its waters, which now "thundered down the steep" with resistless impetuosity.

The roar of waters! from the head-long height

Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;

The fall of waters! rapid as the light,

The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,

And boil in endless torture, while the sweat

Of their great agony, wrung out from this

Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet

That gird the gulf around in pitiless horror

set,

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And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again

Returns in an unceasing shower, which sound,

With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald.

The scenery here is highly beautiful and romantic; on the side of the fall are black perpendicular rocks (from which it derives its name) enlivened only by the mountain ash, or a patch or two of pure white lichen. But this sterility is merely confined to their surface; their sides and summits are clothed with a rich mantle of alpine underwood, imbibing perpetual moisture and fertility from the spray of the torrent.

We arrived at Dolgelley before two o'clock, and found rather more bustle in the town than when we last were there. The assizes, we learnt, were to commence the next day, and there was a joyful appearance of life and activity that imparted a cheerfulness to every thing about us. The Lion was crowded, every room was occupied, and had we not directed that our apartments might be reserved for us, we should have found some difficulty in obtaining lodgings. We were informed that the assizes would be exceedingly gay, and well attended, and that there would be no mean display of beauty and elegance at the balls; and, what pleased us more than any thing else, we were given to understand that only *one* criminal was found in the whole county deserving of a trial. Now that our "dancing days are over," we can scarcely tolerate what are termed assize-balls. In many manufacturing districts, where the population is extensive, and where crime consequently abounds, scarcely a session passes without the severe punishment of some unfortunate malefactor; and can any thing then be so unfeelingly incongruous as to spend the time, fraught with so much misery to many, in mirth and gladness? Nothing, surely, can display so much levity and heartless cruelty, as to pass away in gaiety and pleasure the hours which are spent by the unhappy convict in groans and anguish, in 'weeping and gnashing of teeth.' But this charge of unworthy selfishness is by no means applicable to the natives of Merionethshire, and we may say, of North Wales generally. There is scarcely ever a capital crime tried there; and there have been but two men executed at Dolgelley

3 R

during

during a lapse of nearly *twenty years*, their crime was forgery, and they were accomplices.* This therefore indicates that the mountaineers have by no means attained so high a station in the scale of refinement as their eastern neighbours. May they long remain thus happily rude, and enviably virtuous; for

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise!

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

BARILLA, previously to the 29th March, 1819, was subject to a duty of 11s. 4d. per cent. indiscriminately; on that day the Royal assent was given to an act to repeal the said duty, and in lieu to enact a rate similar to an *ad valorem* duty, whereby the mineral alkali or soda, (being the most valuable ingredient in Barilla) was subjected to pay from that day, viz. 29th March, 1819, in proportion to the mineral alkali or soda any cargo should contain on importation—

If 20 per cent. and under, 11s. 4d. per cent. as before.

20 and under 25	. 15s.
25 and under 30	. 18s. 4d.
30 and under 40	. 23s. 4d.
40 and upwards	. 30s.

It must be admitted that an act so very clearly stated, could not very well be misunderstood. How, then, is it to be accounted for, that it remains altogether a dead letter?

Sir, I have heard the case stated as follows: The duty is under the officer of customs, the higher order of whom say this act will occasion us much trou-

* The criminal who was tried at the summer assizes at Dolgelley, was convicted of stealing goods, but to a very trifling amount, so trifling, indeed, that imprisonment for 6 months was deemed sufficient punishment. In Myers's "New System of Geography" there is a table which shews the proportion which the number of persons committed to prison, in each county of England and Wales, bears to the whole population: thus illustrating the influence of local circumstances on the morals of the people. The average of the commitments is taken for 13 years, viz. from 1805 to 1817, inclusive, and the population as stated in the returns of 1811. By this calculation it appears that the greatest number of commitments exists in Middlesex, there being 1 in 588; while the smallest is in Anglesea. Cardiganshire comes next, and then Merionethshire, there being in the latter only 1 in 13,377.

ble, and also our officers, and bring to us a new method to ascertain value. We decline altogether to introduce it; and thus the intended increase of duty is totally lost to the public.

The excise have a similar duty on the inland manufacture of alkali already under a former act, and their officers continue to manage it with perfect ease, and ascertain the proportion of alkali precisely—they are quite competent to it, and are ready and willing to receive a transfer of the duty.

Dr. Henry, of Manchester; Dr. Ure, of Glasgow; and Mr. Brande, of London, concur in recent publications to say that nothing is more simple and easy than to ascertain the proportion of alkali in any sample of a cargo of Barilla, &c. &c.

For the last two years and a half since the passing of the act, the revenue on Barilla imported has decreased several thousands, say about £25,000, although the duty on soap, the article in the manufacturing of which mineral alkali is chiefly used, has very much increased.

Vide government yearly finance account for several years.

This effect is the natural consequence arising from the payment of the duty on Barilla according to the weight, and not pursuant to the act of parliament according to the strength.

There is some mineral alkali imported from France, under the name of *soude factice*, but which has seldom or ever exceeded 20 per cent. and therefore subject only to the former duty of 11s. 4d. But the manufacture of Barilla is chiefly with Spain and Portugal, which have also, as all Europe has, advanced very much in improvements, and particularly in the manufacture of this article; the average alkali contained in which, a few years since, was 12 to 15 per cent., and now is 23 to 25 per cent., being an increase of one-half to the consumer in England, for which he pays no additional duty. Notwithstanding the specific directions in the act of parliament, so very wisely and properly enacted, and before alluded to, a certain loss results to the general revenue of about £10,000 per annum. Also, by finance account, a sum which might go in aid to prevent the discharge of many inferior clerks of office.

The act does not require any oath from the merchant as to the proportion of alkali; and the certainty of ascertaining the strength by sample cannot be more objectionable or difficult than in

in many or most articles, such as spirits, &c., and, indeed, all sort of corn, the most necessary article of our existence, is altogether valued by very small samples of every cargo.

Upon the whole, Sir, it seems incomprehensible why this act should not be strictly enforced, unless it may be imputed to the interference of speculators, jobbers, &c. &c., since the regular consumer would repay himself amply, as they always do, upon the advanced cost of any article of their manufacture.

H.

For the Monthly Magazine.

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. XI.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

THERE are some names in the republic of letters, as in the world of politics, which, from a variety of associations in the mind, seem to have a prescriptive title to public respect, even when all the members have not the fortune to be distinguished by particular pre-eminence over their contemporaries. Among this envied list is that of Edgeworth. And, their own specific merits out of the question, it would almost be a reflection on our taste were it not so, with the chosen friends and associates of Watt, Wedgwood, Darwin, Day, Beddoes, and so many other eminent names in science and literature. To the father of this lady they rendered the regard due to solid and useful acquirements. To herself something more. Her friends have been, not merely warm, but enthusiastic in her praise; and the public in general, sufficiently partial. Even those bulldogs of literature, the reviewers, who guard all the avenues to the temple of Fame with a vigilance that looks as if they thought none but themselves had any right to enter there, have opened their wide and noisy throats to join in the cry of applause. The coarse-mouthed journal of Edinburgh, grown hoarse in abuse, has deigned to take her under its especial protection, and now flourishes the dulcet notes of eulogy over her volumes; the fact covers a multitude of its sins. Nor has the Quarterly ventured strongly to dispraise, though, like the opposite principles of electricity, these two always draw different ways. The British pursues its drowsy way with characteristic indifference. While all the monthly tribe—the mere dog-fish of

criticism, with the form and appetites of the shark, without the same powers of doing mischief—let pass with impunity what their more voracious elder brethren are compelled to spare.

The truth is, she is above them all. She has had in an eminent degree, public opinion in her favour. And this, if it does not elevate an author out of the reach of unjust or petulant criticism, at least destroys much of its point, and all its malice. Something is likewise due to coming out into the world under the wing of a father favourably distinguished in the walks of science and ingenuity; something to her wise exclusion of politics and political opinions from all her works;—something to their uniform aim—utility: most of all, to her undoubted talents as a theoretical teacher of education, as a general novelist, and as a faithful delineator of national manners.

The genius of Miss Edgeworth is peculiar. If good sense can be said to be embodied in any one novel-writer's pen of the day, it is in her's. It is never on stilts—never runs away with her; but by a species of habitual caution, seems pinned down to the steady, the sober, and the practical. She never attempts to astonish or surprise us in the conduct of her stories, to excite the mind by extraordinary or violent means, in order to interest it to a painful degree, but seeks to win the attention by legitimate and more ordinary incidents; and these experience has proved both to require more power in the writer, and to possess more permanent effects on the mind of the reader. Following up this design, we find in her volumes so much of nature and general life, combined with that rational tone of feeling peculiarly her own, that we are often tempted to think her tales of fiction, actual truths. This very adherence to nature, may induce some to think her too tame; they want to see her give the reins to her imagination; to revel in the wild regions of improbability, without any check from reason or reality. We doubt much whether she has any taste for this. We doubt more whether she could accomplish it successfully even if so inclined. For tightly curbed as her genius evidently has been by paternal criticism and admonition, it might now require some whipping and spurring to plunge headlong into the abyss of romance.

With writers of this kind indeed she claims no kindred. All the stories of the

the marvellous, of apparitions, imprisoned ladies, vaulted castles, horrible ruffians, knights, tournaments, all the clap-traps of the circulating library, the hack machinery which writers of inferior genius find it necessary to use, and which even the author of *Waverley* does not disdain, find no favour in the eyes of Miss Edgeworth. Like Fielding and Smollett, she draws largely from actual life; and her sketches being worked up with skill and effect, the finished painting as it is true, so is it likely to be permanent in public esteem. As her subject is modern life, so her great aim seems to be moral improvement. To this every thing else is subservient. And it is a high degree of praise, more perhaps than can be said of most of her contemporaries, who only teach incidentally what, with her, forms the chief design.

She seems to have surveyed mankind, so far as a woman's opportunities admit, with a keen and accurate eye; and in those points which seldom come under female remark, to have been well informed by the extensive knowledge of life and manners possessed by her father. It is not difficult to discover, what in reality she has admitted, that facts have mostly furnished her with models and materials. We might go farther and say, that passing occurrences have been on the instant carefully noted down, serving, like masses of ore, to form the rough materials from which the metal was afterwards to be extracted. This impression is so strong, that we never put down her volumes without feeling convinced we have gained something in experience of the world, as well as much in amusement.

Her *Essays on Education* are ingenious, and display great attention to detail, but they are not, perhaps, what will carry her name down to posterity. Many of her opinions, and her father's opinions, are controverted, and their conclusions denied. They have able and numerous competitors, equally acute, equally philosophical, equally practical in the process of unfolding the latent germ of the human understanding. Of all knowledge upon this extensive subject, that which is derived from experience is the best. We, therefore, question whether one family can furnish sufficient general deductions for the guidance of mankind upon what, as it interests all, must ever elicit various views, opinions, and systems.

As the faithful delineator of the

national character and manners of Ireland she is beyond all rivalry. Though not, we believe, exactly born there, she is nevertheless Irish in education, in connexions, in property, in family, in all the relative associations which, in fact, constitute country; with the advantage of having been so often and so long in England, as fully to appreciate the local peculiarities which prevail in the sister island. For contrast and comparison are essential to all who would correctly describe the manners of a people. That to which we have been always accustomed necessarily excites little notice and no surprise; and were even a wise man to remain all his life in his native village, it is not likely that he would note the manners of those around him as peculiar or strange. To know ourselves thoroughly, it is first necessary to become intimately acquainted with others.

To do this so as to penetrate to the heart; to shew at one view, not merely the language, but the feelings, sentiments, and even thoughts of a peculiar people, requires a moral anatomist of the first-rate order. Miss Edgeworth is second to none of her day. She has displayed for our inspection, with almost intuitive sagacity, the inmost recesses of the minds of her countrymen of every class; the peasantry, indeed, most powerfully and distinctly; but the higher and middling ranks with those delicate shadings which alone distinguish people of education and good breeding in different countries. To quote examples at random, the tale of the "*Absentee*" furnishes samples from the peer to the peasant. "*Ormond*," her last, is equally rich in original portraits. None who are acquainted with the mental constitution of Ireland, but will immediately recognize Sir Ulick O'Shane. His brother, "*King Corny*," a humourist, eccentric, acute, strong-minded, a despiser of rank, yet the king of his companions, is of a higher and richer stamp, very difficult of delineation, but unquestionably true to nature. Such a character, at least in all its leading lineaments, we think we have seen. The scenes in his dominions of the "*Black Islands*" are admirable. To continue them would have been a work of great labour and ingenuity; and we are half inclined to think what has been suggested, that it was necessary to kill "*King Corny*," in order to let the story run more freely.

As a play-writer she has been much less successful, though encouraged to that department of literature by no less a judge than Sheridan. The "Comic Dramas" do not please in the closet, and their fate would not perhaps be more fortunate on the stage. But Miss Edgeworth has little reason to repine; for by a decree of the muses of ancient date, the callings of dramatist and novelist seem to be incompatible in one mind. Excellence in the one almost ensures mediocrity in the other. They demand, in fact, very opposite powers; requiring, in the one instance, condensation of incident and character—in the other, expansion. Fielding is the only novel-writer who has had any material countenance as a play-wright; so little, indeed, that in the latter capacity he is nearly forgotten.

There is, however, a merit of this lady, not yet noticed, we believe, by the public or her friends, but which to the lovers of novel-reading is no ordinary one—that of having drawn forth the author of *Waverley*. If this affects his claim to originality of design, it is, at least, no discredit to follow the footsteps of Miss Edgeworth. She is the undoubted founder and finisher of that species of novel which introduces us to the peculiarities of a whole people. Miss Owenson powerfully seconded the attempt; both long precede the Scottish writer as to time; and both had brought Ireland and Irishmen into fashion, when he at length started up to perform the same good offices for his countrymen. He has, certainly not from poverty of genius, imitated the former lady closely, not merely in the general subject, but even in arrangement; for he, too, tired of writing long stories, turned his attention, like her, to tales. The fact is remarkable. In many of the incidents there is likewise no small resemblance. A striking one of an Irish nobleman conceiving it better to set fire to his mansion at once, than to receive an expensive party of visitors, is adopted in effect in the "*Bride of Lammermoor*." The whole of the scenes in and about the dilapidated castle of the "*Master of Ravenswood*," are familiar to the reader in the pages of "*The Wild Irish Girl*" and "*O'Donnell*," in the ruined habitations, faithful attendants, and family pride of their principal personages.

Miss Edgeworth and her unknown pupil, though of various merits, have no reason to be ashamed of each other.

The latter, in variety of powers, may excel his mistress; but the chief claims of both to public favour, are grounded on the delineation of national character. On this point it would be difficult to say which has the superiority. He writes *currente calamo*; she with more caution and deliberation; he is rapid and overwhelming; she more slow, minute, and accurate; he throws off his pages carelessly, seemingly secure of their being well received by the present generation, whatever they may be by the next; she appears to have her eye more steadily bent on futurity. He possesses greater powers of imagination and displays more stores of knowledge. He deals continually in the bold, the glowing, and the impassioned; but after all, the scenes incessantly trench on the improbable, and the characters, striking as they are, seem too highly coloured. We see in them something beyond the common qualifications of men—too brave, too witty, too learned, too shrewd, too adventurous, too wicked, too good—too much, in short, the characters of a novel to be mistaken for nature; yet all so admirably *done*, that it is difficult to find fault with what is productive of so much amusement.

Miss Edgeworth, with a more cautious, perhaps less vigorous pen—and bold pens commonly get most into such scrapes—has in great measure avoided these extremes. She has not risked so much, and consequently failed less. Her personages are seldom overcharged in the drawing: they are less prurient, sometimes less entertaining, but certainly more chaste in the keeping, than those of the great master of Scottish manners. She has gone into the actual—not ideal, world, to sketch persons whom we have met with there in general intercourse, and know again immediately on seeing thus exhibited. Like some of the paintings of the Dutch masters, if they are in themselves somewhat ludicrous or singular, they are at least not caricatured.

The unknown author having tickled the public into singular admiration, and desirous (very justifiably) to pursue for profit what he perhaps commenced for amusement, has been compelled to seek other game. Being rather hard run for incidents and personages to furnish a good story for the supply of the market, he necessarily draws from imagination what observation cannot supply. He takes a wider range in the worlds

worlds of fact and fiction, than any or all predecessors put together. He grasps greedily at characters and events past and present, public and private, real and unreal; at civil broils, mobs, pageants, and tiltings; at fanatics, rebels, smugglers, outlaws, fortune-tellers, rogues of all kinds; in short, he leaves nothing unattempted by which the stronger passions of the mind are called into action; but the enthusiasm of the moment over, we revolt from improbabilities in every page.

The more subdued key of common life, chosen by our fair author, requires other and peculiar powers of delineation in order to make it interest as highly: much acquaintance with good society and its forms, long observance and nice discrimination of character, intimate knowledge of the human heart, are all necessary to the writer. In a romance, we must take upon trust what is given us, without looking much at proprieties or probabilities. On the contrary, we are fastidious in the details of dinner parties, drawing-rooms, and routs; but surrender our judgment at once to the painter of glens, caverns, inaccessible fastnesses, and impenetrable woods. To draw men skilfully, to give us the lights and shades of character, as we commonly meet with them in the world, possessing a mixture of vices and virtues, but the latter, on the whole, preponderating, is a very arduous task. But to finish bold robbers, or heroes all perfection, requires only a few flourishes of the pen; the former demands the hand of the master artist, the latter may be done by his apprentice. Miss Edgeworth has succeeded admirably in what may be considered the more difficult department of novel-writing. While it is remarkable that the Scottish writer has not once essayed his powers—and it would be literary heresy to doubt them—on the subject of genteel modern life.

For the Monthly Magazine.
NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.
No. XIII.

AMONGST notices of books recently published, in our last number, were introduced some remarks on the volume of *Miscellaneous Poetry of Samuel Bamford, weaver, of Middleton, Lancashire, lately imprisoned in the castle of Lincoln, with specimens*. The homely description of its author on the title page, and the unassuming shape in which this little collection is

put forth to the world, are little calculated to attract the attention and respect of the fastidious and polished readers of modern poetry. To please the present day, nothing less than high-wrought sentiment, and brilliant imagination are demanded, and these lose none of their effect, when published in a costly form, with noble and celebrated names prefixed to them, and a friendly host of critics behind to vouch for their perfections. These considerations will not, however, deter us from doing justice to real merit, however plain its garb may be. We recollect to have heard an anecdote of an inhabitant of New South Wales, wild from the woods, being introduced to a full assembly of fashionable colonists, and without shewing the least symptom of surprise, conducting himself with the greatest decorum and dignity. It is thus that the native force of a manly mind rises above the artificial distinctions of society; and such a mind is so strongly marked in many of the compositions of this humble weaver, that we cannot refuse him a tribute of respect, which the arrogant pretensions of the haughty and the rich endeavour in vain to extort.

It is not our intention to demand the sympathy and aid of the public in favour of a newly discovered bard; and to become the flattering annotators of his beauties. He is no sickly sentimentalist, but an honest mechanic, with a strong head, and a warm heart, and a hard hand, which in times, at least, when the labourer was worthy of his hire, would have been an independence to its possessor. We shall not enter here into any detail of the political occurrences which have been the source of much grievous suffering to Mr. Bamford, and have roused in his breast a strong and irrepressible hatred against the abuses of power, which often breaks out, and sometimes, perhaps, in too coarse a form through his pages. Confining ourselves to his literary merits, we shall content ourselves for the rest with observing that he seems to possess a truly free and fearless English spirit, and a love of liberty which he has shewn in his actions—"Not wisely, but too well."

We are proud of the exploits of our countrymen, in ancient and modern times; and it may be a partial opinion, but it is a sincere one, that no nation possesses at once so ardent and so enduring a courage as the English. In the

the first specimen of Bamford's poetry which we offer to the notice of the reader, there is a spirit of resolution and heroism, not unworthy of the days of Cressy and Poitiers.

ODE to DEATH.

Come not to me on a bed
Of pale-fac'd sickness, and of pining ;
O clasp me close on the battle field red,
Midst the warrior's shouts and the armour shining ;

Let me have no priest, no bell,
Sable pomp, nor voice of wailing ;
The roar of the cannon shall be my knell ;
And tears with thee are unavailing :
Then clasp me close in the hottest strife
Where the cut, and the stab, and the shot
are rife.

May I fall on some great day,
With Freedom's banner streaming o'er
me,

Live to shout for the victory,
And see the rout roll on before me,
And tyrants from their greatness torn
Beneath the scourge of justice smarting,
And catch a glimpse of Freedom's morn,
My soul to cheer before departing ;
O, then my life might melt away,
In visions bright of liberty.

As a companion to this animated ode, we shall select the "Song of the Brave," which is little, if at all, inferior.

O, what is the life of the brave ?
A gift which his Maker hath given,
Lest nothing but tyrant and slave
Remain of mankind under heaven.
O, what is the life of the brave,
When staked in the cause of his right ?
'Tis but as a drop to the wave,
A trifle he values as light.

And what is the death of the brave ;
A loss which the good shall deplore :
The virtues he struggled to save
Are griev'd to behold him no more :
'Tis the close of a glorious day,
'Tis the setting of yonder bright sun ;
A summons that welcomes away—
To a heaven already begun.

And what is the fame of the brave ?
'Tis the halo which follows his day ;
The virtuous examples he gave
Still shining in splendid array.
The blood of the coward runs cold,
The wise and the good do admire ;
But in the warm heart of the bold,
O, it kindles a nobler fire.

Then who would not live with the brave ?
The wretch without virtue or worth ;
And who would not die with the brave ?
The coward that clings to the earth.
And who shall partake with the brave,
The fame which his valour hath won ?
O, he that will fight with the brave
'Till the battle of Freedom is won.

Considering these effusions with only a strict regard to their intrinsic merit, we do not hesitate to pronounce that they give evidence of a highly poetical mind ; but when we recollect that they are the untutored compositions of a humble mechanic, one of the *operative* class, as it is called, or in plain terms, a weaver, we are certainly greatly surprised that he is able to *operate* such verses as these, and should be glad if he could "*spin* a thousand such a day."

In one of his small pieces there is an original and primitive simplicity which renders it, to our feelings, very striking. Without the slightest attempt at ornament, it records "a scene in the King's Bench prison," with a brevity and plainness which go directly to the heart :—

"Good night, the brave man said,
As to the door we passed,
And then he took my hand
And held it very fast ;
And he look'd on me with a steadfast eye,
And there was neither tear nor sigh.

Good night, Sir, I replied,
And did his hand detain ;
Good night, but, O, my friend,
When shall we meet again ?
And then I felt a tear would stray,
And so I turn'd and came away.

They took him on the morn
Unto a prison sure ;
Where the arch enemy
Might hold her prey secure :
But the Patriot's God is with him gone,
And he will not be left alone."

The pieces which we have hitherto quoted, are certainly tinged with a political feeling, and we therefore think it incumbent on us to shew, that when his master passion, the love of liberty, is not in action, Bamford possesses dominion over the tenderer feelings. By the following ballad our readers will probably be reminded of Burns' "Soldier's Return." And when we venture to suggest such a comparison, it is plain that we have no mean idea of the merit of our author's composition. It possesses much of the character of the old ballad.

THE WANDERERS.

The rain beat sore, and the wind did roar,
And it blew November's blast so chill ;
And dreary was the morn, when a maiden all forlorn
Came wandering over the Tandle hill.
Her cheeks were like the rose, and her eyes black
as sloes,
And Oh ! they were streaming with tears so free ;
And as she pass'd by, she heavily did sigh,
And I knew the lovely maiden, but she knew not
me.

"O bonnie

"O bonnie damsel stay, and me forgive, I pray,
For daring to question that pearly tear;
For much I wish to know, the cause of thy woe,
And why a maid so lovely wandereth here."

"My mother dear, is dead, and my father he is
wed

To a hard-hearted jade, from Urgan town;
This morn, by break of day, she turned me away,
And I to seek a home ain for Oldham bound.

"Were this my only woe, my tears would cease to
flow,

For I have heart and hand my bread to gain,
But the lad I loved well, in the field of battle fell,
And he will never more return from Spain."

Then she wept as she spake, as if her heart would
break:

"I can't but think of him when I look on thee;
But Sebastian was strong, and the battle lasted
long,

And he died with the flower of our infantry."

And then adown her face, the tears ran apace,

And I sobbed as loud as sobbed she;

And I doff'd my hat of grey, and my frock I flung
away,

And then my lovely maiden she remembered me.

O, how can I express the gush of happiness

Which burst like a flood on my troubled heart;

For my love remained kind, whom I long had left
behind,

And we now were united never more to part.

O thou bonny green hill, my heart with joy doth
thrill

When I see but a glimpse of thy shady grove;

For then I call to mind, when we sought thy shelter
kind,

How enraptur'd I clasp'd in my arms my love.

We might proceed to extract other poems, which would be equally honourable to the feelings and abilities of their author, but we have only room to observe, that he is as successful in his jocular and satirical attempts, as in his serious pieces. We may instance "The Bard's Reformation," and "The Arrest," as exhibiting a strong genius for this kind of writing. We cannot conjecture whether circumstances will ever allow Mr. Bamford to emerge into public notice with the high pretensions of a poet. He is poor, uneducated, and obscure, but he has given us the sample of a rich vein of mind, which might, if properly cultivated, produce much valuable matter. We have been struck with the appearance of the ore, though unrefined and rude; and shall be happy if it is our fortune to meet with it hereafter in a purer form. But whatever his fortune may be, we perceive that Mr. Bamford possesses a spirit of manly resolution equal to any encounter. To a mind conscious of its own force, and firm in its own integrity, all conditions of life are the same; and though he might be happy in the fame of a poet, he must be one of those who acknowledge a much higher claim to distinction in the character of a patriotic citizen, and of an honest man.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE seen a book just published by Mr. Westgarth Forster, of Alston, being the second edition of a Treatise on a Section of the Strata, from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to the Mountain Crossfell; a district highly interesting, as, besides giving employment to a numerous population, it supplies a considerable portion of the metropolis with fuel; and for its valuable deposits of lead ore it stands unrivalled, having, upon an average of several years, produced near twelve thousand tons of lead annually; besides a considerable portion of silver, upwards of sixty-three thousand ounces being refined in the last year, at the works belonging to the commissioners and governors of Greenwich Hospital only.

This work contains much valuable local and practical information respecting mineral veins, the working of mines, dressing and smelting of lead ores, &c. divested of theory, which, as the author observes in his preface, "has hitherto been the bane of geological science; it has cramped the efforts of enquiry, and paralyzed the exertions of research."

Some examples adduced of the actual crossing of veins, can hardly be reconciled to that part of the theory of Werner, which regards the relative age of veins. Where two veins cross or intersect each other, one of them generally seems, not only to traverse and divide the other, but also frequently to separate the parts of the vein so traversed, to a considerable distance in the direction of the traversed vein. That vein which continues its course uninterruptedly, has, in conformity to the above theory, been considered as of newer formation: but the facts stated by Mr. Forster would seem to lead to an opposite conclusion, namely, that the vein which continues in a direct course (or at least some joint or crack in its place) has existed anterior to the one whose parts appear to have been separated but which I think more probable, were never continuous.

J. OTLEY.

Keswick, Nov. 16, 1821.

For the Monthly Magazine.

The MILITARY SYSTEMS of M. CARNOT
and SIR H. DOUGLAS compared.

THE distinguished rank held by CARNOT in the revolutionary government of France, and his acknowledged talents as an engineer, have conferred

conferred upon his name a high degree of celebrity. His profound mathematical knowledge, and the important use that Bonaparte made of his abilities, impressed professional men with a very exalted opinion of his system of fortification, and proposed plan of defence. Sir Howard Douglas, an officer of intelligence and scientific acquirements, has favoured the public with observations on Carnot's plans of defence, and clearly demonstrated that *vertical fire*, upon which the French engineer relies with so much confidence, as the basis of the defence of a fortified place, is by no means entitled to any very great degree of estimation in repelling the attack of besiegers.

Let us, first, bestow a few words on Carnot's system of *fortification* and *vertical fire*, and afterwards examine the observations of the British engineer. In looking at the plan of Carnot's fortification, there seems to be very little deviation from the established rules of engineering, as laid down in the works of the celebrated Vauban. The revêtement of his polygon consists of bastions and curtains, of salient and re-entering angles—ditch and covert-ways, and the usual out-works found in the plans of that great engineer. In some minor particulars, Carnot has attempted to improve the defence of Vauban's bastion, by a revêtement across the gorge; but that is not a new improvement, as similar propositions have been suggested by several engineers.

In the construction of out-works to cover the body of the place, there seems to be no very material alteration proposed—the counter-guards, and demi-lunes, are not much improved; and the double covert-way, and additional revêtement to protect the bastions, are little calculated to retard the approach of the besiegers. Indeed, M. Carnot seems to be sensible of the inutility of his out-works, as he appears to rely principally for the defence of his fortress, upon vigorous sallies and continued vertical fire.

With regard to sallies, let it be observed, that a garrison must be very strong to defend extensive out-works, and to make numerous and determined sallies. Establishing extensive places of defence and garrisons of great numerical strength, is acting in direct contradiction to the acknowledged principles of fortification; as the great intention in erecting a fortress, is to enable the state to hold an important po-

sition with a small number of men. M. Carnot's fortified place is, therefore, in direct opposition to this fundamental principle, as his out-works are so extensive as to require a strong body of troops for their defence; and the construction of the works is so inefficient as to demand constant and vigorous sallies, to repel the besiegers. With regard to the efficacy of sallies, professional men are by no means agreed. The most effectual one of modern times was that made by the garrison of Gibraltar, under the direction of its veteran governor, the late Lord Heathfield, when the whole of the Spanish batteries and approaches were taken and destroyed.

The other branch of M. Carnot's defence, *vertical fire*, Sir H. Douglas has, by the most satisfactory experiments, proved to be of no importance whatever, as precision in the direction, and effect of vertical projectiles, cannot be attained. The discharge of stones would be useless, and the operation of iron balls by no means so formidable as to impede approaches of the assailants. The defence, therefore, of M. Carnot's works must still depend upon the usual arms and means employed in military warfare.

Having made these observations on M. Carnot's fortification and plan of defence, let us enquire how it happens that so celebrated an engineer has not been able to devise a system of defence better calculated to resist *ricochet* and *enfilading* batteries? Can there be no efficacious deviation from *right lines* and *salient angles*, by which the artillery upon the works of the fortress may be protected? Traverses are clumsy expedients, and occupy too great a portion of the ramparts—and could not such an engineer as Carnot prepare a better remedy? It seems he has not—and the only additional defence which he has adopted for his bastion is the casemated battery behind its gorge. This battery can only be mounted with mortars—cannon would be useless, unless the battery was considerably elevated above the guns upon the bastion, and in that case they would be exposed to the fire of the artillery of the besiegers, who, from the nature of attack and defence, always possess a superiority of fire.

Let us now turn to Sir H. DOUGLAS, who has unquestionably shewn the best manner in which M. Carnot's fortification may be attacked and taken. But

there is nothing new in the plan of operation which he has proposed, and it is to be exceedingly regretted, that so acute and intelligent an engineer, has not fully examined, and remarked with more exactness upon M. Carnot's system for the construction of a fortified place. Is it acknowledged that we have arrived at perfection in fortification, and that no further improvement can be made in the art of defence? The late General Jarry informed his pupils that he had a new system of fortification to propose, but he did not shew it to any of the officers who were under his tuition; and from what is since known, it does not appear that he had any new system to offer, otherwise it would have been adopted by some of our engineers.

The destructive effect of *enfilade* and *ricochet* batteries, is still felt in sieges, and no effectual remedy has yet been prepared. Will Sir. H. Douglas, who seems so well qualified to discuss scientific subjects—or will Colonel Jones, whose history of the sieges in the Peninsula shews him to be an officer of talents and information, favour us with a more perfect system of fortification than what we possess—or, at least, inform us what effectual remedy can be employed against the operation of *enfilade* and *ricochet* batteries, as traverses seem to be the only defence in use at present.

It is in time of peace that the principles of war should be discussed and examined. When hostilities commence, professional men are too much employed to enter deeply into military speculations. Let it be recollected, that in several sieges in the Peninsula, great faults were committed: the right of our approaches at Badajoz was so ill covered as to be open to an *enfilade*; and at Burgos and St. Sebastian, there were several instances of a palpable want of knowledge manifested in the attack of fortified places.

A BRITISH OFFICER.

Nov. 12. 1821.

For the Monthly Magazine.

LETTERS from the SOUTH of ITALY, by a recent Traveller.

(Continued from page 295.)

LETTER V.

Catania, Aug. 27, 1819.

WE set out at three o'clock, P.M. from this city, and proceeding slowly on my mule, I ruminated on the description which I am about to give you of the most celebrated of vol-

canoes, of which you have already heard so much, that I have decided simply to relate to you what came under my own observation. We began our march in frightful roads, amidst rocks of lava which cover the first part of the route. Our mules, habituated to these rough passes, never once stumbled; but an accident happening to mine embarrassed me greatly. I felt my foot wet, and one side of my pantaloons was covered with blood; I alighted, and perceived that my mule had been recently hurt. With a handkerchief and thong we bound up the wound, and continued our journey in a road covered with lava, but bordered with superb Indian fig trees, (this fruit, which is despised in America, is an article of great consumption in Sicily,) ordinary fig trees, and enormous olives: every where else this tree appeared to me paltry, and of a difficult vegetation; but here it grows to admiration. After proceeding five or six miles, we passed through the village of Gravelina; where I was assailed by nearly the whole population demanding charity. The number of poor which you meet with in Sicily and Italy, is sufficient to harden the heart of the traveller, who cannot be expected to supply the wants of such idle mendicants, who languish on a land, the fruitful soil of which affords all that is necessary for subsistence. Some miles further we perceived, and afterwards passed through, another village called Masca-Luscia: it contains two churches; one of which, nearly destroyed by an earthquake, was never very remarkable, and the other is only rendered so, by a steeple fantastically decorated with stones of various colours. We arrived, in fine, at the last village, that of Nicolosi, which appeared poorer than all the rest; this was surely in former times, the Town of Etna, where the inhabitants of Catania took refuge, on the arrival of the Greeks: the environs abound in olive trees and vineyards, which produce excellent wine. All this part was covered with ashes by the eruption of Monte Rosso, a secondary volcano which formed itself at the time of the last eruption. Monte Rosso is one of those mountains by which Etna is surrounded. It appears that when an eruption takes place, the lava making its way on the flanks of the mountains, pierces the ground in the place which offers the least resistance, and there forms a swelling, which it afterwards consolidates

[Jan. 1,
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consolidates by flowing from above. In this village we found the guide, or, as he is called, the Pilot of Etna. After some conversation, he engaged to ascend for three piastres, about twelve shillings and sixpence. From thence to the convent, where we were to rest our beasts, we had no more than a mile to go, which we performed in coasting along Monte Rosso, whose summit was gilded by the sun, and behind which it had already set, when we arrived. This mountain is several miles in circumference. I profited by the last light of the sky, in order to sketch a view of the convent, which although of the common extent, is nevertheless very picturesque. Built against a small hill, long since become cold, and covered with woods, it seems sheltered from the destructive effects of the volcano; from the other side, between superb fir trees, you perceive the sea, the plains of Catania and Syracuse. You are received into the convent nearly in the same manner as you would be at an inn; the best situated room for the view is reserved for strangers; but is very indifferently furnished. We were four hours in coming from Catania, which is, notwithstanding, only a distance of twelve miles. Being provided with a fowl, &c. I supped pretty well, slept in my cloak, and we set out at half past nine by moon light, the guide, servant, and myself, on our mules, the mule-driver always on foot. We first entered into an immense torrent of lava; the uncertain glimmerings of the moon gave an extraordinary aspect to the huge masses by which I was surrounded. I forgot to tell you, that in this convent, which is very convenient for the traveller visiting Etna, as he there dines and rests himself, you also put on winter clothing; in fact, that season was drawing near when we quitted the monastery. You might have seen me then on the 21st of August, dressed nearly in the same manner as in England in the month of December. Soon after, long shadows scattered here and there, and a trembling of the leaves, announced the approach to the forest of oaks, which formerly encircled Etna to the height of several miles; but which an immense torrent of lava had cruelly ravaged. The light of the moon, the huge and broken rocks, the great oaks, whose vegetation surprises the beholder, in the midst of lavas, the silence of my guides, interrupted only by the rust-

ling of the leaves, and by the tramping of our mules, every thing led me to reflection. How can we reconcile the evident primitiveness of Etna with what Moses informs us of the creation of the world? It is true, he does not say that God created the world in infancy; and if He made Adam at the age of thirty years, He might also well create Etna with an open crater, and its flanks covered with lava.

While journeying along, I asked my guide if it was true, as I had read, that the mountain subsisted all kinds of game and wild beasts: he begged me not to be afraid: I repeated the question to him, and received the same reply, he being still persuaded that the fear of encountering ferocious animals caused me to speak in that manner. I should, notwithstanding, be led to believe that the mountain, considering its extent and gradual temperature, might well support them; but it seems to me that Mr. Brydone gave too wide a scope to his imagination, when he described Etna as a general botanic garden, an almost universal menagerie. As for the rest, I had not the pleasure of seeing any of these animals, and we arrived without molestation, at the extremity of their domain, the forest, which may be about six miles in width. We then entered into the most fantastical lavas; they have more of a slope, and the crevices which form there, as soon as they become cold, acquire more extent, and present a more rent appearance. It was one o'clock, and already the wind blew piercingly cold.

I was sorry not to have brought a thermometer, but I had not been able to find one for sale, either at Messina or at Catania. As for a barometer, it would have been almost useless to me; the custom of calculating the elevation with this instrument, is extremely blameable. Some have found the elevation of Etna to be twelve thousand feet, and others twenty-four thousand. Cassini reckons ten fathoms for the falling line of the mercury, by adding one to the first ten, two to the second, &c., but he has never surely made the experiment of his method on very high mountains, where the air is rarefied in a much more rapid progression. Etna might be measured trigonometrically, for it descends as far as the sea, the shore being taken for the base. We may even have an approaching idea of its elevation by the time which the
un's

sun's light takes in descending from its summit to the sea.*

Having arrived near a mass of snow which filled one of the narrow passes of the mountain, a summit which looked black in the sky, made me believe that I was at the end of the journey; an old tower which I took for the *Torre del Filosofo*, confirmed me in my error. I soon after perceived another summit covered with a whitish smoke; I asked if it was much higher than the other: my guide affirmed that it was, and he was in the right, for it seemed to me to surpass the first in the whole height of Vesuvius. The road became more united, and the acclivity gentler, but the wind was very violent, and the cold as sharp as it is with you in winter. We coasted along a torrent of black lava, the more singular, as its elevation was from eight to ten feet, and perpendicular like a wall, which clearly proved to me, that this matter, in flowing, is not in perfect fusion; as a great part of

* In returning from Alexandria to Marseilles in the month of March, I saw Etna covered with snow. A calm having lasted some hours, I profited by it to take the height of this mountain. With the aid of a mariner's compass, I perceived that the Cape Sparti-Vento, in Calabria, reached us by the N.N.E., and Cape Passaro, in Sicily, by the S.W.; I was then sure of the point where I found myself on the chart. (We made use on board of the French charts of the Mediterranean, which are very good.) This point being at a distance of sixty miles from the foot of the axis of Etna, I measured at that time the angle which the summit of the mountain made with the horizon; it was found to be six degrees; which gave me a rectangular triangle of which I knew a side and the three angles, the one right, the other of six degrees, and the third of eighty-four degrees. The base being of sixty miles, there remained for me only to make the following proportion:

$$\text{Sin. } 84^{\circ} : 66 \text{ miles} :: \text{Sin. } 6^{\circ} : 4\frac{3}{4}$$

The result is found to be, for the axis side of Etna, four miles and twenty-four eighty-fourths, above four miles and a quarter, or about twenty thousand, four hundred feet for the total height. This measure is not perhaps perfectly correct, but, at least, it approximates very near to it. If this height appears surprising, we ought to consider that other great mountains have never been measured but with the barometer, and that Mr. Brydone was surprised to see the mercury here, descending nearly two inches lower than on the summit of the Alps.

the substances which it drags along, are sufficiently hard to prevent their melting, and that they are like the basalt, detached from the immense vaults which during many ages supported this natural forge. The sky began to adorn itself in the east, and we perceived the house called *Les Anglais*. You have generally the key of this hut; but not having sent a shilling, with my request, to the person it belonged to, or rather to his domestic, we entered into the stable, where we kindled the charcoal which we had brought, and I can assure you, that I experienced there a pleasure which I had not for a long time enjoyed, that of being cold and feeling the beneficent heat of the fire. After a light breakfast I directed my steps towards the place where, according to custom, the curious go to behold the rising of the sun.

There is no sight in the world which can equal this: the point of Calabria, the sea which separates it from Sicily, the mountains of Southern Italy, even the clouds which covered them, seemed to be at your feet.

The horizon was in a blaze: a globe of fire escaped from the floods, it was the sun appearing in the midst of the fog: it was of a greyish red, and its horizontal diameter was much greater than the perpendicular. The colour became more vivid; a rapid flash of lightning which glided along the surface of the sea, announces the presence of the star of day; its diameter enlarged, and it rose in the heavens. I profited by the moment in which the shadows still lengthened on the plains, to climb up the last summit, at a distance of two miles.

I do not exactly know how it can be explained, why the sun appears lengthened in the fog, if it is not by the pressure which each bed of the latter produces on the one under it; the stars appeared brilliant and numerous, and the moon was small but bright. I have already more than once remarked this effect in the most elevated places, which I attribute to the rarefaction of the air diverging a little the luminous rays.

The mule-driver remaining with our beasts, I bent my steps towards the last summit, which covered with a light white smoke, seemed to move away from the impatient traveller. We walked nearly a mile on an almost horizontal lava, or to speak more correctly, on striated scorice, or dross, which made a cracking noise under our feet, and

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INTERIOR OF THE CRATER OF ETNA.

and soon after on a large swamp of snow, where we found a large round stone, three feet in diameter, of the species of those called volcanic balls, which the mountain throws up in great eruptions; but it is only a grain of metal in comparison with the volcano, which ejected it from its bosom. In fine, we mounted the last cone which supports the crater; the ashes and the stones slipping under our feet. The cold was excessive, but exercise kept us warm; I quitted my cloak, and rolling up in it some pieces of lava, I left it on the mountain. My guide, in order to repose himself, invited me at every moment to enjoy the view which presented itself. At last we arrived on the borders of the crater; but the wind was so violent, that I could scarcely cast a glance over it. I was thrown down, and had it not been for my *ciceroni*, I might have rolled to the foot of the declivity which had given us so much trouble to ascend. Fastened and lying down on the ridge of the crater, I considered it at my ease, and braved the fury of Æolus and Vulcan.

It is a vast aperture having four summits of different heights, rather more than a mile in width, and on account of its inequalities, I should think it about four in circumference. It is divided into two craters, by a cone rising from its centre, and which forms a

crater itself, the slope of which is not very rapid. The antient aperture is united to this cone by a gentle declivity where has probably been formed within a recent period, a small crater, a partial volcano, a perfect truncated cone, from whence issues a great quantity of smoke. The general aspect of the crater is much less dreary than that of Vesuvius; the substances surrounding it are not so black, but have rather the colour of potter's earth. It is now six years since Etna has made an eruption, but it has given concussions which have alarmed the inhabitants of Catania and overthrown some houses. I attribute its silence and its tranquillity, not to the extinction of the fires, for they still rage in its bosom, but to the great vacuum which must necessarily exist under this enormous vault. The whole of the mountain being formed only by what it has seized and driven out of the bowels of the earth, we might reasonably think that an interior vacuum, perhaps equal to the half of the exterior mass, must exist; at least that it is not filled with water as some persons have believed. However this may be, it appears that in great eruptions, all the cones, all the partial volcanoes formed in the crater, are thrown to the outside; which must then make a frightful aperture by its extent and profundity. I don't know whether, when this

cone

cone is considerably enlarged, its weight alone makes it fall into the gulph, the vaults of which have no longer the force to sustain it, or whether the eruption suffices to cause this displacement. This question can never be well decided; for it would then require that chance should place an observer on the borders of the crater, and in that case, he would run a great risk never to be able to relate what he had seen.

How can I describe to you the immense panorama which developed itself before my eyes! The whole of Sicily was encircled round Etna, which its own grandeur insulates from every thing that surrounds it; the other mountains, rivers, woods and plains, are simply traced on a map extended at my feet. Calabria, from which a small canal alone separates us, is only a point of land, which is almost lost between the two seas. Farther off is Greece; but I could not see it. The point which is distinguished to the south, in the midst of the immensity of waters, is Malta, that bulwark of christianity, that rock on which split the glory of the Ottoman arms. I fancied I saw those numerous fleets, and those brave knights who manned them, ploughing the liquid plains; first I admired them, and soon after I made the sad reflection that all were dead, that generations had succeeded them, and that man is as small in time as in space.

I was assured that we might see the coast of Africa; but the weather was very foggy, and I could not perceive it. One thing struck me, although it was only a very simple effect of the perspective, and this was the inclined plane which the sea presented towards me.

In that moment, when the sun rises to render life to so many creatures, so many towns which are only a point in the extent embraced by the eye, I was truly enraptured to find myself in the centre of so vast a panorama. Of how many successive beds of lava and ashes is this mountain formed? How many generations has it seen? With how many eruptions has it alarmed the various inhabitants, of which we have not even an idea?

I could not make the entire tour of the crater on account of the violence of the wind, which prevented me also from descending into the interior, which appeared to me less rapid than that of Vesuvius.

It is when seated on the borders of the crater, that we may look down from

one side into the rugged flanks of the mountain, and from the other, on an immense horizon; it is then, I say, that one is tempted to reason on the nature of volcanoes. I passed in review the various systems with which I was conversant, and I am forced to confess that each of them presents difficulties. I claim your indulgence for the reading of this letter; it is already very long, I shall notwithstanding explain to you the ideas which the sight of Vesuvius and Etna has left on my mind.

Volcanoes are certainly the most surprising objects we meet with on the surface of our globe. Allow me to suppose that one man alone inhabits it; that he walks about in his domains; where will he find fire unless a thunderbolt falls at his feet, or that he arrives near to a volcano, near to Etna for instance? We may judge of his astonishment at the sight of a mountain different from all others. Huge stones, of which the whole is the true image of chaos, would at first appear to him a barrier to his arriving at the summit; but a deafening noise is heard, the entire mountain roars, a thick cloud of smoke rises up and becomes white, a light, of which he cannot conceive the cause, covers the top and escapes in sparkling sheafs; if curiosity has triumphed over his fear, he braves all obstacles, he traverses the snow, and at last he arrives at the summit. Some red hot stones are still strewn under his feet; should he lay hold of one, what will he think of the pain he experiences? Without doubt he will attribute the cause to some evil genius, to some being superior to his nature and inhabiting these places; thus of how many mythological tales has Etna been the theatre! It was there that were found the forges of Vulcan, the cavern of the terrible Polyphemus that monstrous Cyclop. from whose voracity Ulysses had so much difficulty in escaping; the people believe still that Etna is the sojourn of demons—a door of hell.

It was with great regret that I quitted a spot where I breathed, I thought, with more freedom than in any other part of the world. Having arrived at the *Maison des Anglais*, I there finished my breakfast and amused myself in designing. You perceive from thence in the south-east, a tower which is detached in the sky, and which is called the Philosopher's Tower; it is a small square heap of stones and bricks which have been elevated on the ruins of

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of a more ancient edifice, and which was primitively constructed for the philosopher Empedocles of Agrigentum, who wishing to retire from the world and give himself up to reflection, established himself there. He might have chosen, it appears, a place less exposed to the wind, for it was on the top of one of these papillæ, so young in comparison with the mountain, but which have notwithstanding, seen so many generations pass away. It is said, that wishing to have it believed that he had been carried away by the gods, he precipitated himself into the crater, and that the latter, an unfaithful depository of the remains of this madman, vomited his brass sandals, which were found on the borders of the crater. Strabo does not believe in this story; he also relates something very extraordinary, which would seem to prove that the ancients knew less of Etna than we do. He says that two travellers wishing to approach the crater, were driven back by the smoke, and were unable to see it.

In a little time we arrived in the temperate region; we found some verdure, and saw the goats which are brought to drink of the water flowing from a heap of snow, which is preserved by being covered with ashes. It is from thence that the people draw the water which they carry away and sell at Catania. The road became difficult, I toiled, and the fatigue became overwhelming for my beast and for myself. Having arrived at the forest, I set foot on the ground and walked, profiting by the shade of the foliage, for by this time the sun became troublesome. Near the middle of the forest is the cavern of goats; it is a vacant space under an ancient torrent of lava; it is twenty feet wide but very few in depth. I don't know why travellers have spoken so much about it; the names of a number of the curious inscribed on the surrounding trees, is the only remarkable thing which I saw there; I added my own; the proverb only bears, I believe, against those who write on the walls. This forest which belongs to Prince . . . , contains oaks from twenty to thirty feet round, but their exportation is very difficult; I should have even thought it impossible if I had not met with a square piece which was transported on rollers, gliding on two rafters, successively placed on the lava. We afterwards entered into the vast

torrent of lava which flowed from Monte Rosse; the heat became insupportable. Having reached the convent, I dined there with a good appetite, but having been charged somewhat exorbitantly, I took my leave rather discontented. I entered into the torrid zone, and again put on my summer clothing. This Etna is truly an image of the earth; it may be compared to one of the two hemispheres, of the north or of the south; its icy summit resembles the pole, and is not susceptible of culture; its temperate zone, on the contrary, presents the finest vegetation. The superb forest which surrounds it like a covering of verdure, and its base, where the torrents of lava finding less declivity extend the more, resemble the countries situated between the two tropics; some plants are even found there, such as the date tree, which are peculiar to them. If I were to remain longer in Sicily, I should conduct you into the immense valley of Bova, and should exhibit to you the famous chesnut-tree of a hundred horses, which no longer satisfies the curious, because it is separated into five different trunks, which it is said are joined at their roots.

I am about to set out for Syracuse, a description of which I shall give you in my next letter. Adieu!

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE Anglo-Saxon is, I believe, generally acknowledged as the parent stock from which the majority of English words are derived. Consequently a knowledge of that language is altogether necessary to every person who is desirous of a thorough knowledge of the English, and cannot fail to interest the etymologist. If any of your correspondents would therefore give directions for the study of it, and point out what books are necessary, he would, I imagine, confer a benefit on other philological students, besides J.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I SHOULD feel obliged if you, or any of your numerous readers, could inform me through the medium of your useful Magazine, where the *ore of platina* comes from in the greatest commercial abundance, and who imports it into this country, and could furnish a constant supply of it.

A. B.

To

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE just returned to London from a tour in the West of England, and consider it highly proper the public should be made acquainted with the present state of that part of the country, derived either from my own observation, or from information on the spot, on which I can rely. Distresses for rent or taxes prevail over the whole of the West of England. The farmers universally declare they are unable to pay even the taxes, leaving the rent out of the question. An attorney in Cornwall lately issued twenty-two writs for arrests in one day. At Barnstaple, Bideford, and through the north of Devonshire, the best joints of meat were selling for 2d. per pound! and at no place produced more than three-pence. Fowls and ducks from 1s. 8d. to 2s. a couple, geese 3d. per pound. Twenty roasting pigs were last week sold by Mr. Cotton, of Glastonbury, for twenty shillings. New wheat sells at 4s. the Winchester bushel, and the farmer is compelled to put ten gallons to the bushel to make weight, while the same article is selling in the American markets at double that price, though the American farmer has neither tythes, taxes, nor poor rates to pay; in truth, I lament to state that a universal scene of ruin appears to pervade the whole agricultural interest of these counties.

A farmer near Chudleigh, told me that he had lived upon his own estate upwards of thirty years, and that his farm did not now produce sufficient to pay the taxes, and in this particular, several other farmers concurred. A gentleman, possessed of £1000 per annum, living on his own property at Mudford, in Somersetshire, made a similar declaration at a public meeting at Yeovil. Another farmer in Cornwall, who has abandoned a farm of £700 per annum, told me he formerly paid £4 a head for summering his cattle on the moors, but such live stock he cannot now sell for that sum. Fat cattle generally fetch from £8 to £10. As the Serge and other Devonshire manufactures, took their departure during the late war, and have not since been re-established, I can say nothing of the state of manufactures in districts where few or none now exist. Within my remembrance there were fifty-two clothiers at Warminster, and these are now reduced to two! As may be expected, the peace

has produced peculiar effects at Plymouth, where houses let at a fourth of the war rents, and sell for a fourth of the original cost of building.

I am aware that in sending you these facts, I am in danger of being classed among the party of the *grumblers*, and I am sensible that many unthinking persons endeavour to get rid of such facts, by the insulting observation, that the times are always bad for some people, and that there always have been, and always will be, *grumblers*. Such flippant assertions may be opposed to other assertions, but they are wholly irrelevant when opposed by stubborn facts, and by the condition of a whole people.

T. H. B. OLDFIELD.

London, Dec. 11. 1821.

For the Monthly Magazine
L'APE ITALIANA.

No. XXVII.

Dov'ape susurrando
Nei mattutui albori
Vola suggendo i rugiadosi umori.
Guarini.

Where the bee at early dawn,
Murmuring sips the dews of morn.

POLIZIANO.

L'Orfeo.

WE shall conclude our specimens of this writer with a scene from his '*Orpheus*.' This piece is mentioned by Dr. Burney, who quotes the account of it given in the '*Parnasso Italiano*,' observing, that it is unquestionably the first Italian opera ever composed for music. We may add, with equal certainty, that it is the first production of the Italian dramatic muse at all worthy of attention. The rude and injudicious attempts to represent the mysteries of religion by which it was preceded, are at once ludicrous and disgusting: but the classic fable which Politian has chosen, is of itself delightful to the imagination, and will continue to be popular among us so long as we retain any portion of that elegant taste by which it was originally dictated. The scene we have selected represents the "mighty master of the lyre" arrived at the entrance of the invisible world.

L'ORFEO.—Atto Quarto.

ORFEO.

Pietà! pietà! del misero Amatore!
Pietà vi prenda. O spiriti Infernali!
Quaggiù m'ha scorto solamente Amore:
Volato son quaggiù con le sue ale.
Deh! posa, Cerber, posa il tuo furore,
Che quando intenderai tutti i miei mali,
Non

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Non solamente tu piangerai meco,
Ma qualunque altro è qua nel mondo cieco
Non bisogna per me, Furie mugghiare,
Non bisogna arricciar tanti serpenti,
Che se sapeste le mie pene amare
Compagne mi sareste a' miei lamenti.
Lasciate questo misero passare
Che ha il ciel nemico, e tutti gli elementi,
E vien per impetrar mercede o morte.
Dunque m'aprite le ferrate porte.

PLUTONE.

Chi è costui, che con l'aurata cetra
Mossa ha l'immobil porta?
E seco pianger fa la gente morta?
Nè Sisifo la pietra
A l'alto monte preme:
Nè l'acqua più a Tantalo s'arretra:
Nè Tizio lacerato al campo geme:
Ed è ferma la rota
D'Ision falso: e le Bellidi estreme
Si stan con l'urna vuota:
Nè s'ode spirto più che si lamenti,
Ma tutti stanno al dolce canto intenti.

PROSERPINA.

Caro Consorte! piochè per tuo amore
Lasciai il ciel superno,
E fatto fui Regina de' l'Inferno,
Mai non ebbe vigore
Piacere di tanto effetto
Che mi potesse intenerir il core.
Or desiando quella voce aspetto:
Nè mi par ch'altra cosa
Mi porgesse mai più tanto diletto.
Dunque alquanto ti posa.
Si ti debbo aver grazia una volta
Posati alquanto, e l' dolce canto ascolta.

ORFEO.

O regnatori a tutte quelle genti
Ch'hanno perduto la superna luce,
Ai qual discende ciò che gli elementi
Ciò che Natura sotto 'l ciel produce,
Udite la cagion de' miei lamenti.
Crudele Amor de' nostri passi è duce:
Non per cerber legar fo questa via,
Ma solamente per la donna mia.

Una serpe tra fior nascosa ed erba,
Mi tolse la mia donna, anzi 'l mio core:
Ond' io meno la vita in pena acerba,
Nè posso più resistere al dolore.
Ma se memoria alcuna in voi si serba
Del vostro antico e celebrato amore;
e la vecchia rapina in mente avete,
Euridice mia cara a me rendete.

Ogni cosa nel fine a voi retorna:
Ogni vita mortal quaggiù ricade:
Quanto cerchia la Luna con sue corna
Convien che arrivi a le vostre contrade:
Chi più, chi men fra superi soggiorna:
Ognun convien che facci queste strade:
Questo è de' nostri passi estremo segno,
Poi tenete di noi più lungo regno.

MONTHLY MAG. No. 362.

Così ia Ninfa mia per voi si serba,
Quando sua morte le darà Natura
Or la tenera vite, e l' uva acerba
Tagliate avete con la falce dura.
Qual è che miete la sua messe en erba,
E non aspetti ch' ella sia matura?
Dunque rendete a me la mia speranza:
Non vel dimando in don: questa è pres-
tanza.

Io ve ne priego per le torbid 'acque
De la palude Stige, e d' Acheronte,
E pel caos ove tutto 'l mondo nacque,
E pel sonante ardor di Flegetonte:
Pel pome ch' a te già Regina piacque
Quando lasciasti su nostro orizzonte:
Se pur tu, me la nieghi iniqua sorte,
Io non vo' su tornar, ma chieggio morte.

PROSERPINA.

Non creder 'io, Consorte
Che nella nostra corte
Pietà si ritrovasse al nostro regno.
Vedo l' Inferno di mercede or pregno:
Pianger vedo la Morte,
Parendo a lei costui di pianto indegno.
Dunque tua dura legge a lui si pieghi
Pel canto, pel amor, pe giusti prieghi.

PLUTONE.

Resa sia con tal legge
Che mai tu non la vegge
Finchè tra vivi pervenuta sia:
Non ti volgere a lei per questa via:
Ma te stesso corregge,
Se non che tolta subito ti fia.
Io son contento che a sì raro pletro
S' inclini la potenza del mio scetro.

ORFEO.

Ite triumphales circum mea tempora lauri
Vicinus Eurydicem: reddita vita mihi est
Hæc mea præcipue victoria digna corona.
Credimus an lateri juncta puella meo?

EURIDICE.

Ahimè! che troppo amore
Ci ha disfatti ambidue!
Ecco che ti son tolta a gran furore,
E non son or più tua.
Ben tendo a te le braccia, ma non vale,
Che indietro son tirata——Orfeo mio, vale!

ORFEO.

Chi pon legge a gli amanti?
Non merita perdono,
Un guardo pien d' affetti, e desir tanti?
Poichè rubato sono
E la mia gioja in doglia e volta
Convien che torni a morte un' altra volta.

TISIPHONE.

Più non venir avanti!
Vani sono i tuoi pianti, e le parole.
Solo di te Eurydice si dole,
E ben ha da dolersi.
Vani sono i tuoi versi, e vani i canti.
Più non venir avanti: anzi 'l pie ferma:
La legge de l' abisso è immota e ferma.

3 T TRANSLATION.

TRANSLATION.

ORPHEUS.—Act IV.

ORPHEUS.

Infernal Powers! that rule below!
Pity a hapless lover's woe!
'Tis love alone my feet hath led
Down to these regions of the dead.
Peace, Cerberus!—thy fury stay,
For when thou hear'st my mournful lay,
Compassion shall thy breast invade,
And move each ghost that haunts this
shade.

Ye Furies, cease your dreadful roar,
Nor shake your angry serpents more:
Oh! did ye but my sufferings know,
With mine your tears would also flow.
Pursued by all the powers on high,
I come to win the prize—or die.
Seek, then, no more my steps to stay,
But ope these gates that bar my way.

PLUTO.

Who, then, is this, whose golden lyre
Hath oped the adamantine gate?
Hath made the lifeless ghosts respire,
And staid the stern decrees of fate?
"The stone of Sisyphus stands still!
"Ixion rests upon his wheel!"
And thirsty Tantalus drinks his fill!
Tityus, too, hath ceased to mourn
His giant form by vultures torn:
The Danaids rest their empty urn.
No more I hear the tortured ghosts com-
plain,
But all are listening to the dulcet strain.*

PROSERPINE.

Dearest Consort! since thy love
Lured me from the realms above:
Since that well remembered hour
When first I shared thy throne and power,
Unmov'd have I the sceptre held,
And every soft emotion quelled.
But this melodious voice hath stole
With such deep sweetness o'er my soul,
That now, methinks, all other bliss
Were nothing worth compared with this!
Still, still, my fond, expecting ear,
The soft, harmonious notes would hear!
Thy favour, now, if ever, let me gain;
Suspend thy wrath; and hear th' enchant-
ing strain.

ORPHEUS.

Dread sovereigns of th' unnumbered hosts,
For whom the sun hath ceased to shine:
To whom each power that Nature boasts,
Descends at last by right divine:
O deign to grant my humble prayer!
'Tis Love that doth my footsteps guide:
Think not I spread some treacherous snare,†
I seek my lost, my lovely bride.

* The English reader will be reminded
of the "*Ode to St. Cecilia*."

† The poet alludes here to the expedition
of Hercules

A snake, midst flowers and grass con-
cealed,

Hath ta'en my love, my life away:
Nor aught to me doth pleasure yield,
Nor comfort, since that fatal day.
O! if a vestige yet remain
Of what you once were said to be:
If not forgotten Enna's plain,*
Restore my dear Eurydice.

With you, at length, we all must dwell,
'Tis here our transient journey ends:
All mortal things your triumphs swell,
Where'er the moon her crescent bends.
Our time on earth is short and frail:
Our voyage here is fixed, and sure:
We all must enter this dark vale,
And long your empire shall endure.

Let, then, my lovely Nymph enjoy
The fleeting hour by Nature given,
Nor thus your promised fruit destroy,
Unripened by the light of heaven:
Why should you prematurely waste
A harvest that is all your own:
Of that which must be yours at last,
O why refuse the transient loan!

By the turbid Stygian stream:
By the lucid ghastly, gleam
That glares from flaming Phlegethon;
By Chaos, and by Acheron;
By that golden fruit of love†
Thou gathered'st in our world above,
O Queen! Eurydice restore,
Or let me also be no more!

PROSERPINE.

Who that so long had reigned in hell,
And ruled th' unfeeling world of woe,
Such strange events could e'er foretell!
Compassion moves the shades below.
On every side their sobs I hear,
E'en ruthless Death, that tyrant stern,
Spite of himself hath dropped a tear,
And all the spirits round us mourn.
O Consort! do not thou alone
Be found to bear a heart of stone:
Let his just suit thy pity move,
O yield to music and to love.

PLUTO.

Be it so!—th' eternal law
On one condition I withdraw.
See that thou hold in strict controul
The joyful tumult of thy soul:
Nor turn thy fond admiring sight

* Proserpine was carried off by Pluto as
she was gathering flowers in the fields of
Enna, in Sicily.

† Pluto arrested the flight of Proserpine
by dropping a golden apple—as Hippo-
menes did that of Atalanta. Pope has intro-
duced a similar form of adjuration, in the
ode before alluded to.

Until thou pass the realms of night.
For, mark! if once she meet thine eyes
The prize is lost:—again she dies.
Hell's sovereign thus is willing to incline
His powerful sceptre to thy song divine.

ORPHEUS.

Now let the laurel wreath be bound
My victorious brows around.
This triumph well may claim renown:
Eurydice regained deserves a crown—
But am I sure that by my side
Attends my steps my blooming bride?
[*He looks back.*]

EURYDICE.

Ah me! that fond impatient glance
At once hath ruined both our hopes!
Again the Furies round me dance:
Again th' infernal portal opes.
No longer may my feet delay,
To thee I stretch my arms in vain:
See how they hurry me away!
Farewell, my Orpheus, once again!

ORPHEUS.

Who would impose a law on love?
Who would th' enraptured look reprove,
Cast by affliction's ardent eye?
But since my joy is turned to woe,
Again I'll seek the shades below,
Again I'll seek with her to die.

TISIPHONE.

Not a step more!—thy tears are vain:
Vain are thy prayers, and vain thy
songs:
Of thee may well Eurydice complain,
Who now to our dark realm belongs.
Stay thy rash steps! the mad attempt give
o'er,
The laws of hell shall never alter more.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE account of a fawn's skull in the
wood of an ash tree, mentioned in
a late Number of your Magazine, re-
minded me of the following extraordi-
nary circumstance:

Sawyers, of the name of Short, were
employed to saw a fir-tree, raised from
a turf bog, or peat moss, as it is else-
where called. The tree was dug up
six feet below the surface, in the Rev.
Mr. Steward's property, in Tyrone, and
brought to his residence at Grange, near
Armagh, where the Shorts were em-
ployed to saw it. They proceeded in
their task, but having advanced about
half way through the log, the saw was
arrested. They then turned the log,
and continued to saw it in the opposite
direction, when they discovered the
blade of a knife, in a hole in which a

man's fist could lie. The conjecture of
the sawyers was, that the knife had
been stuck into the bark, and that the
hole was occasioned by the rotting of
the handle, as it was enveloped by the
annual coating of the growing tree.

Observe, the blade of the knife was
above six inches within the sound tim-
ber; this tree, then, must have been a
long time growing after the knife was
inserted into it, and after it fell it must
have lain a considerable time, to admit
so many feet of peat to accumulate
over it.

The blade is rude, thus

16 3

It had four figures, the last but one is de-
faced, or rather wholly obliterated. I can
have no doubt of the truth of the saw-
yers; they worked many years for me,
and were, and are, ready to make oath
of their statement. They have been
re-examined by others, and they have
no interest to speak falsely.

GEORGE ENSOR.

Address, Nov. 29, 1821.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

AS the Monthly Magazine has long
been distinguished as the most
useful and instructive periodical pub-
lication in Britain, and as papers relat-
ing to the useful arts and comforts of
life have perpetually been found to
give value to its pages, I am embol-
dened to present this communication to
your notice, to which, if comporting
with the plan of your work, I should
be obliged if you would give a prompt
insertion.

It cannot be far removed from the
remembrance of any, that the season in
which the agriculturist usually cuts
down his corn, dries it and then collects
it into the stack or barn, was this year
peculiarly unfavourable, being mild
and rainy; which not only protracted
the time when these successive opera-
tions would otherwise have been per-
formed, but which afforded those cir-
cumstances in which vegetation is very
apt to arise; this is actually the case
with a large proportion of the grain of
the last harvest—it has grown whilst
lying on the ground for the purpose of
drying, as well as in the layered condi-
tion of the crop.

New

Now it is found that when this injured grain, especially wheat, is reduced to flour and made into bread, the bread is very sad and heavy: a property uncongenial to the sale of the bread, as well as to individuals' stomachs. The reason of this appears to be, that good wheat flour, which by vegetable analysis yields principally gluten and starch, loses by germination the quality of the starch, which is converted into a saccharine matter for the nourishment of the young sprouting plant, and hence the spongy lightness of which starch is known to be the cause, ceases on account of the change which vegetation has effected in it.

Now it must seem evident that, if from among the tuberos roots which afford farina in considerable quantity, and which the season cannot have injured, but rather must have conduced to their finer growth, we can select one which yields starch largely, it will be our advantage to decide on it; and as the potatoe is extensively cultivated for culinary purposes, as well as composed of a principal ratio of starch, so for many other reasons it seems the best.

Accordingly, it has been found that, if potatoes be reduced to pulp, by grating, be worked in cold water, and then if the liquid be strained through a hair-sieve, to separate the p^orenchyma, and be allowed to remain quiet for a short time, the starch which is first diffused through the fluid, will gradually subside to the bottom of the vessel, and there settle so firmly as almost to resist the indentation of the finger; if the supernatant liquor be now poured off, and the sediment be dried by the air or domestic fire, on bibulous paper, it is found to be a very fine white, crystalline starch. If this be mingled in the proportion of one-fourth to three-fourths of flour, injured by growth, and made into dough and baked, the resulting bread will be found not only tolerably good, but possessing the porous consistence to the same degree as ordinary and good bread, the addition of starch supplying the loss which germination had occasioned.

As grating with the hand is found to be particularly slow and operose, as well as giving occasion to the infliction of numerous wounds to the hands from the hand frequently coming in contact with the acuminations of the grater, a machine has been devised, consisting

of a trough elevated on four supports, and left open at the bottom for the revolution of a solid cylinder, with numerous tin grating projections, which covers the whole bottom of the trough. The cylinder at one end is turned by means of a handle, with a fly-wheel placed at the other to regulate the motion of the man who turns it: now the potatoes by their weight are more closely applied to the acuminated cylinder, which presents a large grating surface, and which forces down the pulp between the edge of the trough and the cylinder, into a tray set underneath and filled with cold water.

If the potatoes be already washed and near at hand, two men with this machine can grind a bushel of potatoes, weight about 56lbs. in a quarter of an hour, which is said to yield seven pounds of starch, this will be 28 pounds in one hour. Now, supposing these men to work without hindrance for ten hours in the day, they would produce 280 pounds of farina in this time; however, it must here be noticed that this statement supposes a handle at each end instead of a fly-wheel, that two men may work. Potatoes are obtained here at one shilling per bushel; one-eighth of the weight of potatoes is starch.

I am well aware that it is a common practice with some to introduce into bread a certain quantity of potatoes, that is, of the whole constituents of the potatoe: but the addition of starch or potatoe-flour seems far less objectionable, as adding nothing which good flour should not contain; namely, none of the fibrous matter or albumen which enter into the composition of potatoe.

Since the harvest was generally bad this year, I conceive the plan here recommended as likely to be of some use to the agriculturist and baker.

THOMAS ASPRAY.

Olney, Nov. 30th, 1821.

P.S. The model of the machine which has been constructed in Olney, and which has been worked a good deal, is to be found in the first volume of the last Supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which if it meet the approbation of the editor, the writer of this brief article would like to see represented in a wood-cut accompanying the paper; however, this is hinted with extreme deference to the judgment of the editor. — See *Monthly Magazine*, May, 1817, p. 340.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY.

GRECIAN SONG OF LIBERTY,

BY HUGH CLARKE.

FROM slavery's grasp and the gloom of the prison,

Oh let us arise, and as soldiers unite,
Behold, our stern tyrants have wildly arisen,
To blacken our charter of freedom and right.

By all that is dear to your pride and your glory,
Your firmness of friendship and greatness of name;

By the blush of your vallies, all trampled and gory,

We rouse you to action, and call you to fame.

Come, friends, who remember Thermopylæ's heroes,

Have heated their swords with the blood of their foes—

Behold, how the Sultan's rude swordsmen are near us,
With chains for your children, and hate for your woes.

Come, rush to the field, and as Grecians inherit
The trust of your country, bequeath'd by your sires,

Let noble revenge give your feelings a spirit,
Till liberty triumphs as thralldom expires.

By the deeds of the valiant, who bravely defended,
Their birthright of valour, their country's repose:

By the darkness of power o'er your welfare suspended,

Come, sheath ev'ry sword in the hearts of your foes:

And weaken the poison from tyranny streaming,
Ere, tainting the body, it rush to the mind,
Of high glowing action, in purity beaming,
To brighten the feelings and views of mankind.

As high o'er its ashes the phoenix ascendeth,
Expanding its plumes of the loveliest dyes,
So when our dark night of adversity endeth,
Our morning of freedom may brightly arise.
Shall Greeks, at the frowning of slavery, sever,
And see it debasing their hearts and their souls,
When friendship and freedom are shining for ever,
To cheer us alike at the line or the pole.

THE ADIEU.

O, I must seek my own true love
Ere I cross yon billowy sea:

O, I must steal a kiss to prove,
How dear to my heart is she.

O'er the billowy foaming wave I go,
To a foreign clime and strand;
But the loveliest flow'r of brightest hue,
I leave in my own dear land.

This love of mine is the wildest flower,
In Nature's own pathway seen;
Her tear is the glitt'ring April show'r,
Her smile Hope's brightest beam.

From Afric's pearly wave I'll send,
To my love its rarest gem,
In her silent locks to playful blend,
And form her diadem.

Araby's breeze with its sweetest swell,
Whilst the sails of my bark are spread,
Shall pass to the bower where my love does dwell,
From the realm where they are bred.

But the gem its match will quickly meet

In the pearl from my true love's eye,
And the breeze tho' soft, and the breeze
tho' sweet,

Will be lost when Helen's nigh.

Yet suppose in the deep, my Helen dear,

Your love should find his grave:

Will the gushing drops from those eyes so clear,

Fall silent in the wave.

A spirit shall then o'er the ocean skim,

And alight on thy bosom to rest,

In thy ear a voice, and the voice of him,

Shall lull thee then to rest.

But fear not, love, I'll come to thee,

In mortal mould and form;

Thou'st pledged thine own true love to me,

And I'll brave the raging storm.

Birmingham,

G. F. H.

26th Sept. 1821.

SOLILOQUY OF A WINTER BATHER,

PARODIED from POPE

TIMID mass of flesh and blood,
Plunge, ah! plunge, into the flood.
Swimming, wiping, glowing, stripping,
O the bliss, the pain of dipping!

Cease, my coward soul, to stop me,

Let me under water pop me.

Chilly wind-gusts seem to say,

Dress you, 'tis the shortest way.

What is this absorbs me quite,

Stuns my hearing, shuts my sight,

Stomach-qualming, breath-depriving?

I have triumph'd; it was diving:

'Tis done; the water disappears,

'Tis running out of both my ears,

And that's a lucky thing.

Reach, reach the cloth: I tingle, glow!

O water, where's thy victory now?

O cold, where is thy sting?

AUTUMN.

Now Winter from his throne is hurling

The deep-voiced matron of the year,

And fitful gusts are wildly whirling

Her yellow hair on high; tho' here

In many a fold of beauty streaming,

It lingers still; whilst from her eye

The watery light of love is beaming,

As bright, but, oh! as fleetingly—

Filling the bosom with a sadness,

Tho' born of grief—allied to gladness!

Yet Autumn's gloom to me is dearer

Than Spring, or Summer's sunniest smile,

And speaks a language far sincerer

Than their all cloudless skies;—the wile

Of

Of Hope—life's darkly chequer'd vision—
 Its passions—follies—pains and fears,—
 Its dimness, and its quick transition,
 Methinks are emblem'd in her tears ;
 Her bright, tho' fading, hues, and even
 The tempests that deform her heaven.

And like to life, in bliss beginning,
 But shadowed ere its close, with gloom,
 Till every tint is bright and winning,
 Yields to the winter of the tomb ;
 Such Autumn's birth and wane ; when
 finished

Her course prescrib'd, awhile she sleeps,
 But with her beauties undiminished,
 Fresh vigils with each year she keeps ;
 So Christians 'scaped a life of pain,
 Soar, though they never sink again!

Woburn, Oct.

W.

IMITATION FROM THE PERSIAN.

IN Chin are many men of skill and learning,
 Who show their genius in the painting line ;
 (They have not got their fame without some
 earning,)

And one of these had sketched out a design,
 Which proved he was a wit, shrewd, and discern-
 ing ;

And I will now endeavour to define
 The subject of his picture, in progression,
 'Twas of three men much differing in expression.

The first appeared afflicted and most sad,
 Plung'd like a diver in a sea of thought ;
 And, as if sore oppress'd with grief, he had
 Fix'd his hand on his beard, and beeded not
 Of what was passing round him, gay and glad :
 The portrait of the second seemed o'erwrought,
 For wretchedness was so depicted there,
 He look'd the very image of despair.

He had an aspect as if mourning o'er
 The dead, and in his hand he held a stone,
 And with it beat his breast in anguish sore,
 From which it seem'd peace had for ever flown.
 The third was of another stamp, and wore
 The look of joy and happiness alone,
 Was gay and smiling, free from worldly care,
 As though to him life was both good and fair.

And above each of these was written plain,
 A short description, to tell what was meant,
 That every one who saw might ascertain
 The artist's fancy, and his true intent ;
 (A satire you will find both sound and sane ;)
 Over the first, whose mind to thought seem'd
 bent :

"This was an Arab, forced by cruel fate,
 To ask in marriage one to be his mate,
 And thinking on it with much bitterness,
 Occasions him to look in such distress."

And above him who smote his breast for woe :
 "This man for beauty did espouse his wife,
 But such a dame she prov'd, (like some I know)
 That since he never has been free from strife ;
 And now repentance overpowers him so,
 That he is grown quite weary of his life,
 And beats his breast, and frantic tears his hair,
 And gives his soul up to this deep despair."

Above the third, whose seemed so blithe and gay,
 Was written—"This man is reliev'd from care,
 Because his spouse was lately ta'en away
 By death's embrace, and secret sorrow ne'er
 Will now more trouble him by night or day ;
 This is the reason why his features wear
 Such cheerful smiles ; and now from wedlock free,
 He evermore will prize his liberty."

MARIA.

A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

ON a fine summer's morn as my rambles I took,
 Near a green, shady bank, by a fast falling brook,
 I saw a fair maiden, the fairest that yet
 These eyes in their search after beauty e'er met ;
 Not Angelo's chisel, though full of each grace,
 Ever moulded, I ween, a more soul-witching face,
 O'er her shoulders her locks of pure auburn did
 flow,

And shaded a bosom far whiter than snow,
 Like the sunbeam which gives to the dark storm
 relief ;

Meek patience enliven'd her aspect of grief,
 And her eyes, which yet beam'd with Love's con-
 stancy true,

Like a soft summer's heaven, were light, clear, and
 blue.

Hail sweetness in woman, whose beauty first
 warms,

Whose tenderness melts us, whose gentleness
 charms !

'Tis pity, those charms ye unrivall'd display,
 Like the rose wins the hand—first to pluck, then
 betray :

Such fate was Maria's, ah ! where is that grace,
 That spirit of health, and that bloom in the face ?
 And where are those accents which sounded so
 well

With the dance of her bosom ? Some villain can
 tell ;

For a villain he was who could play such a part,
 As to tear down the fabric of bliss from her heart ;
 Who could steal, like a reptile, each bloom to
 devour,

And soil the white pure tints of modesty's flower.

—Farewell, thou lorn maiden, and soon may
 relief

Proceed from that Being who knows all thy grief,
 May He who, when winter howls bleak thro' the
 skies,

The poor hungry raven with food kind supplies,
 Once more in thy bosom, sad sorrowful fair,
 Plant a new rose of hope, free from thorns of des-
 pair.

ENORT.

A HYMN.

Composed by Dr. HAWKESWORTH in the
 night, about a month before his death,
 which he repeated to Mrs. Hawkesworth
 before he rose in the morning.—Com-
 municated by Mrs. DUNCOMBE, of Can-
 terbury.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely past the silent night,
 At once I see the breaking shade,
 And drink again the morning light.

New born I bless the waking hour,
 Once more with awe rejoice to be,
 My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And springs, my gracious God, to thee.

Oh ! guide me through the various maze
 My doubtful feet are doomed to tread,
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
 When dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade will soon impend,
 A deeper sleep my eyes oppress,
 Yet still thy strength shall me defend,
 Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

That deeper shade shall take away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes,
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love the rapture of the skies.

STEPHENSIANA.

STEPHENSIANA.

No. IV.

The late ALEXANDER STEPHENS, Esq. of Park House, Chelsea, devoted an active and well-spent life in the collection of Anecdotes of his contemporaries, and generally entered in a book the collecting of the passing day;—these collections we have purchased, and propose to present a selection from them to our readers. As Editor of the Annual Obituary, and many other biographical works, he may probably have incorporated many of these scraps; but the greater part are unpublished, and all stand alone as cabinet pictures of men and manners, worthy of a place in a literary miscellany.

An Original LETTER, from a Traveller of Distinction, concerning GENERAL WASHINGTON.

“On my arrival at Alexandria, I was exceedingly desirous to visit Mount Vernon, a seat belonging to General Washington at ten miles distance. After having traversed several extensive woods, and surmounted two hills, I discovered a house built in a style of elegant simplicity, and appearing in every respect agreeable. In front of it, were meadows kept in excellent order; on one side were stables and offices, and on the other a greenhouse and several buildings in which negroes were at work, and a court yard adjoining was full of turkies, ducks, geese, and other fowls. This house which commands a charming prospect of the Potowmac, has a large and elegant portico on the side towards the river; the apartments are admirably adapted to the building, and the outside is covered with a kind of varnish, that renders it impenetrable to the rain.

The general, who did not arrive until the evening, when he came home exceedingly fatigued, had been visiting a distant part of his property, where he intended to open a new road. You have often heard him compared to Cincinnatus; the comparison is exact. This celebrated general is no more at present than a plain planter, unceasingly occupied about the cares of his farm, as he himself terms it.

He shewed me a barn which he had just finished; it is a building about one hundred feet in length, and of a breadth in proportion. It is destined to contain his corn, his potatoes, his turnips, &c. Around it he has constructed stables for his cattle, his horses, and his asses, of which he has multiplied a breed hitherto unknown in that country. The different parts of this building are so skilfully distributed that one man may fill the racks with potatoes, hay, &c. in a very short time, and that without any difficulty; the

general informed me that it was built after a plan transmitted him by the celebrated Arthur Young, but that he had made several alterations in it. This barn, which is of bricks made upon the spot, did not cost above 300l. —in England the expenses would have amounted to 1000l. He has planted 700 bushels of potatoes this year: all this seems very surprising in Virginia, where they neither erect barns, nor raise provender for their cattle.

His asses, his horses, and his mules, were feeding in the neighbouring fields. He informed me that it was his intention to introduce the use of artificial meadows, which are so uncommon, and yet so necessary in that province, for the cattle often want provisions in winter. His mules thrive uncommonly well, and he has a noble stallion which will keep up the race of the finest horses to be found in this part of America. He also possesses two superb asses, one of which came from Malta and the other from Spain. He has three hundred negroes, who are distributed in log houses, scattered over different parts of his property which, in this neighbourhood alone, amounts to 10,000 acres, and Colonel Humphrey, his secretary, assured me that in different parts of America, he has more than 200,000.

The general sent to England for a farmer well skilled in the agriculture of that country, and this person presides over the cultivation of his lands.

Every thing in his house bespeaks simplicity; his table is served plentifully but without any pomp, and every part of his domestic economy evinces uncommon regularity. Mrs. Washington superintends every thing, and joins to the good qualities of a farmer's wife, that dignified simplicity which ought to characterize a lady whose husband has acted so conspicuous a part.

General Washington has nothing very characteristic in his countenance, and it is owing to this circumstance that his likeness is so very difficult to be

be taken, and that so few painters have succeeded in his portrait. The goodness of his heart, seems conspicuous in every look, and every movement of his mind: his eyes possess but little of that brilliancy for which they were so conspicuous at the head of an army, or during some difficult emergency in the field of battle; they become extremely animated, however, and lively, in the heat of argument. Abundance of good sense is discoverable in all his questions and replies, and in his conversation he evinces the utmost modesty and diffidence of his own powers. He speaks of the American war as if he had not directed its operations, and of his own battles and victories, with an indifference that would not become a stranger.

After having given liberty to his country, he is now about to add to her wealth and her respectability, being called by the unanimous voice of his fellow citizens to preside over the civil government of America, and to evince that zeal, discretion, assiduity and public virtue in peace, which he so wonderfully displayed during a long, a bloody, a ruinous, but a successful warfare."

MARGARET NICHOLSON.

I have the original of the following epistle of this famous lunatic to the matron of Bedlam. No other proof is necessary of her insanity.

MADAM,—I've recollected perhaps 'tis neccessary to acquaint you upon what account I continue here yet, *maim*, after making you privy to my great concern, *madam*, I only waite for alteration of the globe which belongs to this house, *maim*, and if the time is almost expired I wish to know it, *maim*. Tho' I am not unhealthy, yet I am very weak, know *maim*, theirfore I hope it wont be long, *maim*,

I am, madam,

Your most obedient,

Wednesday.

M. NICHOLSON.

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT to MR. BONHAM.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Stephens, of Parke house, Chelsea, a literary gentleman and a friend of freedom, who takes Boulogne in the course of a tour on the continent, and from whom you will be able to learn more of what is thought, said and done in England than from perhaps any other one of our countrymen.

You and Mrs. Bonham will rejoice to hear of an Irish apostle in the works of education, who has wrought wonders

in the darkest part of Ireland; but whose labours I understand have been chiefly directed to the teaching of adults to read. The name of this extraordinary man is Thaddeus Donnellan. He has done great things in London and other parts of England. I am soon to see him, and to introduce him to a lady who is much of an enthusiast in his own way.

My wife and niece beg leave to join me in compliments and good wishes to your lady and yourself.

In much haste, dear Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

J. CARTWRIGHT.

ADVICE given by a late MIDDLESEX MAGISTRATE to his SON.

If prosperity be your portion, be thankful for it, but live in constant expectation of a visit from adversity. Observe the manners of the human race—despise those which are frivolous—avoid those which have a tendency to vice—cherish those which lead to virtue. Act always from the impulses of nature, when not opposed to the requisite and beneficial laws of society. A fooling and an erring world have forged fetters to enchain her feet, be it your endeavour to burst them asunder. Allow the silly and the weak to laugh at you, heed them not: the ridiculous laws which fashion enacts, and the absurd restraints imposed by an indiscriminate converse with the idle, the vain, and the imperious, have made them any thing but the offspring of nature. Be assured that the applauses of the discerning few, will amply, oh, how amply! recompense you for the disapprobation of the ignorant many. Reject no principles because they are not generally received; weigh them attentively; if they be good, act in obedience to them, and never suffer yourself to be laughed out of them; remember always that the operation of truth has been slowly progressive; learn that the world accepts not quickly positions that are new, and that tend to destroy those that have been handed down from time immemorial.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

The inclosed is the postscript of a long note from Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope to me, written at the Convent of Mar Elias, near Sidon, in Syria, in the month of May, 1816, and addressed to me at Aleppo. The first portion refers

* See Monthly Mag. June, 1817, p. 385.

an Arab servant of mine, about whom I felt interested, from his having served her faithfully. The latter mentioned "her poor friend," whose death she determines to revenge, refers to a Colonel Buin, of the French engineers, who, after the abdication of Bonaparte, came to travel in the East, and whom I met at Cairo after his return from the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, in Lybia. He passed a day with Lady Hester at Mar Elias, and was advised by her to avoid going into the mountains of the Libanie, near Latikea, which he promised. He broke his pledge, however, and followed the impulse of his curiosity—and was murdered there. The French ambassador caring little about him, and the consuls in Syria having no power, Lady Hester obtained a quota of five hundred men from the Pacha of Acre and Damascus, and after great search the murderers were brought to light and executed.

JAS. BUCKINGHAM.

May 28, 1819.

Written by Lady HESTER STANHOPE, at the Convent of Mar Elias, near Sidon, 1816, addressed to Mr. BUCKINGHAM, at Aleppo.

This is a little P.S. for Sady Achmet. Louis Marron, whom I have just ordered to give some money to his wife, says, that if Sady Achmet could go to Bagdad, he would do well to bring with him some Bagdad common shawls to sell at Seyde; those which are striped orange, and brown for the lower Turks and Mueres, and some smaller ones for the waist, and little square ones which children wear for the turbans, and the women wear for zinars. They sell for seven and eight piastres a-piece here, and he will get them for three or four at Bagdad. Also leifias of a common and fine sort, as there are few to be had here. Bagdad muslin shawls come in plenty by the caravans: Bagdad coal for the eyes also would sell well.

I enter into these details as they may be useful for the poor man whose conduct has delighted me; what he said of Selim is very true, he is the best creature in the world, and the warmest friend. I am very sorry that you have not made his acquaintance; I am sure you would have been quite delighted with him; Achmet can tell you that both he and his father have a real affection for me, and I am sure would do any thing in the world to be useful to me. I hope Achmet takes good care of your horse and his own.

MONTHLY MAG. No. 362.

If you have any letter for your wife, and will send it me by the return of the messenger, I will forward it in the first packet I send to the Horse Guards, and it will cost her nothing however fat it may be. The Pasha of Damascus intends to join in the attack (not in person) upon the Anzorea Mountains. That is the real cause of the delay, but do not say a word of this at Aleppo: what I do, I do completely. "La Reine," as he used to call me, has sworn to revenge the death of her poor friend.

Two FORMS of PRAYER by EMINENT LADIES.

(Printed from the original MSS.)

PRAYER by MISS CARTER.

Accept, O merciful God, of the tribute of my praise and thanksgiving for the continuance of thy goodness to me this past year, which, like all the former, has abounded with such great, innumerable, and unmerited blessings. Mercifully pardon all my sins, and pardon and graciously accept my imperfect endeavours of doing my duty. To thy divine assistance, and to the influence of thy blessed Gospel on my heart, I owe whatever good is in me. To thy name be the glory; to me belong only shame and contrition for my unequal proficiency under the great advantages thou hast bestowed upon me. Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O merciful God! who knowest our frame, and considerest that we are but dust. Sensible of my own frailty and weakness, I intreat the aid of thy Holy Spirit to enable me to pass my remaining days in such a manner as may, from a firm faith in the atonement of my blessed Saviour, make me quit the world in humble hope and joyful expectation of that happiness which thou hast promised to repenting sinners; and I most earnestly intreat thee, O Father of Mercies, to remove me from hence at whatever time thou knowest my soul to be best prepared for appearing before thee!

Fill my heart with constant gratitude, as for thy former mercies, through a long life, so for those which thy goodness continues in my declining age, which is still blest with such an uncommon degree of strength and activity, and such an use of my senses and understanding as allow me every reasonable enjoyment of all the great advantages with which thy favour has distinguished my life.

Accept, O Lord, my humble thankfulness

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fulness for all the blessings of the past year to myself and all my dearest relations and friends, that we are still continued to each other, and for our preservation from all calamitous evils. I bless thee particularly that when my heart was lately sinking with sad apprehensions for one very dear to me, thy goodness has relieved me by more comfortable appearances. Extend thy blessing to us all, I humbly beseech thee, through every period of our lives; and so conduct us by thy Holy Spirit into all piety and virtue, that we may finally meet in that state of everlasting happiness which has, by thy gracious appointment, been purchased for us by our Blessed Saviour and Redeemer, in whose name, and through whose intercession, I humbly offer up all my prayers and praises. Amen.

PRAYER by MISS TALBOT.

Most gracious God, I kneel down before thee at this time, to return thee my most humble thanks for all the mercies and blessings of the day past. I acknowledge with shame and sorrow my many sins and frailties, and earnestly implore thy forgiveness for my Saviour's sake! In his most blessed name I approach thee, to intreat the assistance of thy Holy Spirit through all my future life, that hereafter I may no more offend thee. Alas! I am sensible that, if I have not yet received all the assistance I beg, it is justly withheld for my unworthiness. I know thou art most ready to give to those who ask rightly: cleanse thou me, O Lord, from my secret faults, that henceforth I may so ask as that I may obtain, so run the allotted race of life, as that in the end I may, through thy mercy and bounty, obtain a glorious crown of joy and immortality!

I also implore thy mercy, O kind and bountiful Creator, for all my fellow creatures. We are all, O Lord, thy offspring: preserve us from our powerful adversary, preserve us from our deceitful selves! Through thy goodness our natures are made capable of the highest improvements and noblest attainments: but, alas! without thy grace constantly assisting, they are prone to fall through numberless temptations into the worst excesses. Oh make us all strongly sensible of the frailty and danger of this middle state, and that our whole dependence is upon thee! Have pity upon the wretched ignorance of those who know thee not, but above all, lead sinners to effectual

repentance, and as far as divine justice will permit it, open the eyes of the wilfully or carelessly blind, while yet that last hour comes not when all conviction will be too late!

Look down with compassion, O Father of Mercies, and God of all comforts! upon those who are at this moment in any immediatedistress, anguish, or danger: the sick, the pained, the dying, the afflicted—those who are overwhelmed with poverty or reproach—those who are fighting in a just cause—those whom the sea is ready to swallow up—those who groan in captivity, or under persecution—those who are struggling with any strong temptation!

Be gracious, I beseech thee, to my native country! Preserve its excellent religion and government! Restore its ancient piety and virtue, free from the faults and follies of every age.

To thy good Providence, O Lord, I commend my dear parents, relations, friends, benefactors: all who have ever done me good or wished me well—all to whom I can by thy assistance of my poor endeavours do any real service. Let thy holy angels guard us all during the silence of the night! and permit me to close the day in ascribing to thee, O Father, with the Son and Holy Spirit, all praise, honour, and glory, might, majesty, and dominion. now and for ever. Amen.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

As soon as the death of George I. was known in London, the new Queen addressed the following letter to the younger branches of the royal family; and it deserves to be preserved as honourable to her feelings at a moment when she had attained the highest human distinction.

June 15, 1727.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I write to you after a most troublesome night, with a dead king always before my eyes, and he will never be out of my thoughts; I believe the king, your father, can't give you a greater mark of his love and good intention he has for you, than he did in remembering you before he went to London. I hope the death of your grandfather will be as a lesson to you, of the instability of all human grandeur, and that you will be always prepared to give an account to the great God of all your actions whenever he pleased to call you before him.

Adieu, my Dears,

CAROLINE.
FASCINATION.

FASCINATION.

That serpents terrify birds, and to such a degree that the poor little victims flutter about and fall within their reach, I can readily believe; but to suppose that they possess any charm or power of fascination will scarcely be allowed by those who deserve the name of philosophers, or who search into the reason of things. The following occurrence towards the latter end of 1800, suggests an observation that will explain some circumstantial relations quoted in natural history:—A parrot belonging to my family, was entrusted to the care of a neighbour, during our retirement to a country house, and was placed, as usual, at the window. A dromedary happened to pass by, and stretching forth its long neck towards the parrot, affrighted the poor bird to such a degree that it fell off its perch upon its back, and remained a long time in convulsions. Why give an air of adventure and surprize? why plunge into a maze of inquiries? May not a common incident—a fright—produced by an object of terror, serve as a clue to the judgment? Would not this have been called fascination had the part of the dromedary been performed by the serpent?

LADY ARCHER, formerly MISS WEST, lived to a good age—a proof that cosmetics are not so fatal as has been supposed. Nature had given her a fine aquiline nose, like the princesses of the House of Austria, and she did not fail to give herself a complexion. She resembled a fine old wainscoted painting with the face and features shining through a thick incrustation of copal varnish.

Her ladyship was, for many years, the wonder of the fashionable world—envied by all the ladies that frequented the court. She had a splendid house in Portland Place, with *et cetera* equal in brilliancy and beauty to, or rather surpassing those of any of her contemporaries. Magnificent appendages were a sort of scenery she gloried in—milk-white horses to her carriage—the coachman and footman in grand, shewy liveries—the carriage lined with a silk calculated to exhibit the complexion, &c. &c.

I recollect, however, to have seen the late Mrs. Robinson go far beyond all this in the rich exuberance of her genius; a yellow lining to her landau, with a black footman, to contrast with her beautiful countenance and fascinating figure, and thus render both more

lovely. Lady Archer's house at Barnes Elms Terrace, was fitted up with an elegance of ornaments and drapery to strike the senses, and yet powerfully addressed to the imagination. She could give an insinuating interest to the scenes about her, which other eyes were viewing. Her kitchen garden and pleasure ground of five acres—the Thames running in front as if appertaining to the grounds—the apartments most tastefully decorated in the Chinese style—a fine conservatory opening into the principal apartment, with grapes, slow peaches, &c. at the end a magnificent sofa, with a superb curtain, all displayed with a peculiar grace, and to the greatest advantage. Much praise was due to the arrangements in her collection of green and hot house plants, the appellations of which she was well acquainted with, as also every thing relating to their history.

ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD HUGHES was of an ancient family—ran away with Miss Sloane, descended from the family of Sir Hans Sloane; he was a midshipman with Sir Edward Hughes, who, by some mistake, put out the eye of his friend with a fork, when about to transfix a cock roach. While admiral on the Halifax station, he surveyed the woods of Nova Scotia, and was introduced to the King on his return, and had an audience of two hours in the closet. He then became an admiral in the West Indies. He was a very handsome man, wore a ribbon over his eye, and was at once a poet, a musician, a well-informed man, and a most accomplished gentleman.

The late CAPTAIN HUGHES was the son of an admiral and a baronet. This young man, heir to a good fortune, possessed of wit and humour, and undoubtedly had many of the best requisites for a gentleman. But one fault he had also, but it was a fault that precluded his advancement, ruined his constitution completely, cut his life short, and put a period to the hopes of his family and acquaintance.

Constant and habitual intoxication having at length endangered his life, a physician belonging to the fleet told him that if he persisted he would actually wear away the coats of his stomach. With a *non-chalance* that too strongly marked his character, he replied, "I thank you, Doctor, for your information, but in case of such an accident, which I find it difficult to provide against, it must *work* in its waist-coat."

Letter

*Letter of the late Mrs. GRANT to a
Friend of Mr. STEPHENS.*

Richmond, March 14th, 1804.

DEAR MADAM,

It gave me great pleasure to find any effort, either of my rattling sticks or rambling quill, could afford Mrs. Malliet the least gratification. Both these performances were to me amusing relaxations; they now derive a kind of consequence from having pleased those I sincerely wish to please. The firstlings of the infant year could not have gratified or even decorated you more than your *jeu d'esprit* did our friend; for she was even vain of it, and though Fursorina does sometimes forget that pride was not made for woman, it is not often that she condescends to be vain. I, myself, did verily think you were playful, with singular ease and felicity. I think diffidence and solicitude are unnecessary to those

"Who far from envy's lucid eye
The fairest fruits of genius rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
In friendship's small but genial sphere."

My imagination for your encouragement is visibly on the wane. Your's need have no other fear of approaching it than the fat kine of coming near the lean. If there was any such thing as descending to plain matters of fact after all this, I would tell you how I went to see Mrs. Peochon last Thursday, and how many reasons I had to be glad I had done so. How I thought to see you on Friday, but found it incompatible with returning in the evening to our friend, whom I had left very poorly. How I was, after all, by a disappointment in meeting with Mrs. Tod, and some other people, obliged to stay till Saturday morning in Fenchurch-street; came away in the earliest coach, which was a very shabby one, and only carried me to Kew Bridge, from whence I thought the walk would be a pleasant one, but mark the end,

When o'er the bridge I took my way,
Methought I was right glad,
But there I saw a dog astray,
And feared that dog was mad.

The dog drew near with wagging tail,
And snuffing nose, so kind,
Yet though my fear to pity chang'd,
I left this dog behind.

Then in a grave and solemn tone
I to myself did say,

"Why shouldst thou take the public road
Through Richmond's city gay,

"Thine ancient muff may waken mirth
In Maid of Honour Row,
Thy pockets swelled, may laughter move
In sauntering belle or bean.

"Go seek some lone sequestered walk,
And muse some favourite theme,
Where no rude noise or passing crowd
Will break thy noon-day dream."

Then to a chubby little boy
I soberly did say,

"To Marshgate thro' yon new-tilled field,
O, will you point the way?"

"These are the fields where kingly herds
In peaceful plenty stray,
And through those royal pathways, you
May safely take your way."

O, long and lonely was the path,
"Twixt bowering hedges high,
And long I walked with lofty looks,
Communing with the sky.

Now weary, faint, and hungry grown,
I wistful gazed around,
No trace appeared of Marshgate fair,
No dinner-bell did sound.

When lo! I saw a man in black,
Who seemed a peaceful soul,
And graceful in his dexter hand
He waved a paper roll.

"That man will surely ne'er dismiss
My unprepared soul,
Or rob me of my empty purse,
Or shoot me with yon roll."

He seemed upon more near approach
A gentleman to be,
And gazed and wondered in that path
A matron grave to see.

"O whither tends this lonely road?
O, tell me true, I pray:"

"This lonely road hath led to Sheen
Full many a lady gay."

"Alas! I fear I've wandered wide
From Mr. Wakefield's door;"

"Tow'rds London, lady, you have gone
An English mile and more.

"But I will lead your wandering steps
To Mr. Wakefield's door,
Well known to all the worthy rich,
And all the helpless poor."

With stately march we stalked along
To Furserina's gate,
Then lowly to his protégé
He bowed his powdered pate.

To Furserina when I told
The chances that befel,
She graciously postponed her scold,
And rung the dinner bell.

"Now ponder well," Louisa dear,
How far I lost my way,
Nor let false shame, or needless fear
Ever lead your steps astray.

I have squandered my own time and
encroached

encroached on yours with "screeching out prosaic verse," as poor Burns says. Will you offer my best respects to Miss Malliet, and tell Miss Hume and Miss Douglas that I look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall see them again, though I doubt it will not suit our friends so early as we talked.

I am,

With sincerity and affection,

Very much your's

ANNE GRANT.

CONTENTMENT; *or, if You Please,*
CONFESSION; *by* THOMAS PAINE.

To Mrs. Barlow, on her pleasantly telling the author, that after writing against the superstition of Scripture religion, he was setting up a religion capable of more bigotry and enthusiasm, and more dangerous to its votaries—that of making a religion of love.

O, could we always live and love,
And always be sincere,
I would not wish for heaven above,
My heaven would be here.

Though many countries I have seen,
And more may chance to see,
My little corner of the world*
Is half the world to me.

The other half, as you may guess,
America contains,
And thus between them I possess
The whole world for my pains.

I'm then contented with my lot,
I can no happier be,
For neither world I'm sure has got
So rich a man as me.

Then send no fiery chariot down
To take me off from hence,
But leave me on my heavenly ground—
This prayer is *common sense*.

Let others chuse another plan,
I mean no fault to find,
The true theology of man
Is *happiness of mind*.

T. P.

The AMOR PATRIÆ, *or* PATRIOTISM.
The deficiency of patriotism and the defection of patriots, when all the passions of a corrupted empire figure on the stage of politics, are generally complained of. It should, however, be recollected, that those who maintain the rights of the people, expose themselves to the vengeance of kings and ministers, and that while they are lending their experience, eloquence, knowledge, and capacity, to consolidate the liberties of their country, they have only the prospect of a limited fame (evil re-

* Lady Smyth, with whom Paine was reservedly in love.

port and good) and a remote advantage, of which their fellow citizens participate equally with themselves. The supporters of prerogative tamely submit to the violation of principle, regardless of their honour, and enjoying the prospect or promise of a speedy reward.

MARMION.

The following exquisitely beautiful passage of Marmion was in circulation before the poem was published, and as it varies in some respects from the printed copy, it will be esteemed a curiosity among the devotees of the illustrious author.

Harp of the north! that mouldering long
hath hung

On the witch elm that shades Saint Fel-
lan's spring,

And down the fitful breeze its warblings
flung

Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
With her green ringlets muffling every
string,

O, wizard harp! still must thine accents
sleep

'Mid rustling leaves and fountains mur-
muring,

Still must thy sweeter sounds their si-
lence keep,

Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a
maid to weep.

Not so in ancient days of Caledon,

Was thy voice mute amid the fatal
crowd,

When lays of hopeless love or glory won
Aroused the fearful, and subdued the
proud.

At each according pause was heard aloud
Thine ardent sympathy, sublime and
high,

Fair dames and crested knights attentive
bow'd,

For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy

Was knighthood's dauntless deed, and
beauty's matchless eye.

O, wake once more! how rude soe'er the
hand

That ventures o'er thy magic maze to
stray,

O, wake once more! though scarce thy
skill command

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier
lay:

Though harsh and faint, and soon to die
away,

And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,

Yet if one heart breathe higher at the sway,
The wizard note has not been touched
in vain,

Then silent be no more! Enchantress
wake again!

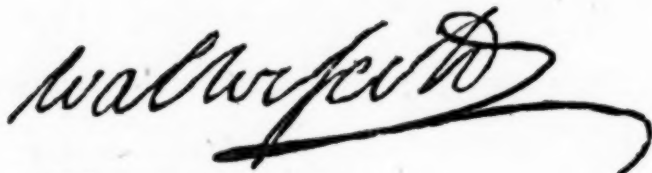
Sweet Teviot on thy silver tide,

The glaring bale-fires blaze no more,

No

No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willow'd shore.
 Where'er thou wind'st by dale and hill
 All, all is peaceful, all is still,
 As if thy waves, since Time was born,
 Since first they roll'd their way to Tweed,
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
 Nor started at the bugle horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,
 Which, tho' it change in ceaseless flow,
 Retains each grief, retains each crime,
 Its earliest course was doomed to know.
 And darker as it downward bears,
 Is stain'd with past and present tears.
 Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
 It still reflects to memory's eye
 The hour my brave, my only boy
 Fell by the side of great Dundee.
 Why, when the volleying minstrel play'd
 Against the bloody Highland blade,
 Why was not I beside him laid?
 Enough! he died the death of fame,
 Enough! he died with conquering Græme.



February 17, 1810.

LORD NELSON.

I visited Lord Nelson relative to my History of the War. On the Neapolitan subject he was as impetuous in language as in gesture, two or three times clapping his hand on his sword, and once drawing it half out. When he had calmed himself on his questionable conduct in that business, I directed the discourse to the battle of the Nile, and becoming tranquil, he drew on a sheet of paper, a sketch of the positions, and entered minutely into a description of his manœuvres. I thought the sketch curious, and begged to be allowed to bring it away.*

A MODERN MAZARINADE.

Cardinal Mazarine retired for a time from the helm of state, but it was only to devise the means of evading odium, and by his underhand encroachments and machinations to render his power more secure. The adroitness displayed by the wily churchman in those, his systematic attempts, seems to have been copied, in some measure, by Mr. Pitt, when he permitted his friend Mr. Wilberforce to move for a specious inquiry into his own conduct!

* Of this curious document we have judged it worth while to present our readers with a *fac-simile*, perhaps the most accurate ever made; and it is just to say, that we are indebted for its perfection to Mr. I. GREIG.

The DUCHESS of PORTLAND

On the proposal of parliament to purchase the Bulstrode papers, her Grace, with characteristic public spirit, addressed the following handsome letter to the Speaker, which is now printed from the original:—

To the Right Hon. Arthur Onslow

SIR,

As soon as I was acquainted with the proposal you had made in the House of Commons, in relation to my father's collection of manuscripts, I informed my mother of it, who has given the sanction of Portland and me full power therein as we shall think fit; she has also been told the expense of collecting was immense, and that if they were dispersed they would probably be sold for a great deal of money, yet as she has been named, and as I know my father's, and is my mother's opinion that they should be kept together, I will not bargain with the public to give you this trouble, therefore, I acquaint you that I am ready to accept your proposal on condition that the great and valuable collection shall be kept together in a proper repository, as an addition to the Cotton Library, and be called by the name of The Harcourt Collection of Manuscripts.

I hope you do me the justice to believe that I do not consider this sale for an adequate price; but my idea is so right, and so agreeable to what I know was my father's intention, that I have a particular satisfaction in contributing all I can to the success of it. I am, Sir, Your most obedient, humble Servant

M. CAVENDISH PORTLAND

mother of the late and grand mother of the present Duke of Portland.

April 3, 1753.

PERSIAN VERSE translated into ENGLISH PROSE.

I saw my moon-like beloved in the garden, gathering roses; she wounded her hands, but she smiled. I asked the cause of her laughter; in answer, she cried, 'I rose from envy of superior charms, which wounded my hands.'

VERSIFIED.

Lovely as the moon my fair
 Cull'd roses bath'd in dew—
 The thorns her snowy fingers tore
 Breathless to her I flew.
 She only smil'd, and yes, she cried
 The triumph of my charms;
 Angry to see themselves outvied
 The roses fly to arms.

NOVEL

apophorese



Horatio Nelson

J. Greig. Lithog. Islington.

18

Sketch of the battle of

Truce of the English Fleet

Sketch of the battle of



drawn by Lord Viscount Melbourn
 (the only remaining one) in my
 this today Feb. 10th 1803
 3 Biscuitly (the horse)
 in Hamilton late
 door at Staples) who was present
 Alexander Stephens

of Aboukir.



Horatio Nelson

J. Craig. Lithog. London

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NOVELTIES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

MS. REMAINS of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, brought from St. Helena, and published by Santini, his Valet.

(Concluded from our last.)

A THOUSAND follies were committed at Berlin at the time of the declaration of war. A few headstrong youths went so far as to sharpen their sabres under the very windows of the French Ambassador: it was probably in order to save us the trouble of putting a fine edge upon them, for a few days afterwards these very sabres no longer belonged to their masters, who came and modestly deposited them at our feet.

My van-guard encountered the Prussians. The king's brother who commanded them, a brave soldier, was killed while fighting sword in hand with a quarter-master; a part of the enemy were cut to pieces; those who remained were our prisoners, and very few escaped. I then put myself as the head of the army, as the Prussians waited for me at Jena. This was one of the most glorious days of my life. The Prussian army was annihilated; and soon after this much boasted kingdom was on the brink of being no longer reckoned among the European powers.

France had now to make up for all the gold which for the last twenty-five years she had lavished in Prussia. I drew large sums out of it; but they were never equivalent to what she had received from us during the time we had the misfortune of dreading her power.

I had great designs on Prussia; and it was not until some days after the peace of Tilsit that I abandoned them, out of friendship for the Emperor Alexander, who nevertheless was ignorant of my intention.

I knew from the best sources that the majority of the Prussians were much inclined towards a less despotic government. I had arranged every thing in a manner so as to offer a constitutional monarchy to Prussia, through the medium of its principal magistrates; I should have left them under no restraint whatever, and without interfering with them in the least; they would thus have chosen that form of government which best suited them.

At the battle of Austerlitz, the Russians were so terribly in disorder, that it was sufficient for me to ma-

neuvre on their left extremity and on their centre, in order to compel them to lay down their arms. I did nothing out of respect for the Emperor of Austria. The Russians were at liberty to withdraw; I was generous, Alexander repaid me with ingratitude; but some time after he made common cause with the Prussians, and again marched against me.

The battle of Eylau was one of the most sanguinary in which I had ever commanded. The Russians there showed themselves worthy of their adversaries; the French performed prodigies of valour. I remained master of the field, but it cost me dear; two more such victories, and I should have been obliged to recross the Rhine and commence a new campaign.

The victory of Friedland was less dearly purchased and much more decisive. It brought on the peace of Tilsit, surnamed by the soldiers "the peace of three Emperors," because in fact three emperors were present to ratify it.

This peace, which saved the King of Prussia, (for whom I was preparing to cut out work in his own states,) I should not have consented to, had I not previously had occasion to captivate the esteem and the friendship of the young Emperor Alexander, and that, with a view to the great designs which I had formed on the Spanish house of Bourbon.

Under the head of the "Spanish war," are some valuable and highly interesting facts; he thus introduces the subject:

I occupied the throne of the Bourbons; nothing was more natural than that all who formed part of this family should continually be disposed to injure me one time or other.

To expel this family from the thrones of Europe, was most certainly the best thing I could do for my own safety and that of my successors. In fact, as long as a Bourbon occupied a throne, that crown which I had received by the general consent of the nation, would always have been in a very precarious state. This is, no doubt, a truth apparent to all; a truth flowing from the sceptre I had acquired, and which all the reasoning in the world will not metamorphose into sophistry. Now, should the impartiality of my contemporaries be joined to that

that of future generations, in order to sanction this truth, what will then become of the vulgar accusation of excessive ambition? It will share the same fate with all the false judgments of the ignorant; the world will despise it, in order to render homage to truth.

Charles the Fourth, it is true, conducted himself greatly to my advantage. Would his son have imitated him? I know not; but even should I have been certain of it, that would not have done away with the necessity of expelling him from the throne. I wished to build for ages, and the very existence of my edifice was menaced by the existence of a Bourbon king.

If I had no reason to complain of Charles the Fourth personally, it was not the same with his government. Far from seeing that the Continental blockade was severely maintained in terms of our conditions, it protected the English smugglers with all its power. This was calculated to afflict me in the tenderest part. However this was, I should have checked my disappointment for some time longer, had not the troubles which suddenly sprung up in that kingdom, imperiously marked the favourable moment for the execution of my projects.

I was at peace with the North. The Emperor of Russia and myself had secret conferences together, but I was not yet sufficiently acquainted, to confide in him. However, I urged him gently, and in a manner calculated to inspire confidence. It was not without success; for he frankly told me, that, had the affairs of Europe permitted him, he wished, once for all, to put it out of the power of the Turks to alarm his dominions. Now, it appeared to me, this was the favourable opportunity for confiding to him my designs on Spain. I communicated to him the motives which determined me: they appeared to him conclusive; and he told me, (these are his own words): "I should act towards them in the same way, (*J'en ferais de même*)."

We then took a mutual oath—he, that he would injure me in nothing respecting my war with Spain; and I, that I would do nothing against him in the war which he projected against the Turks. If it happened otherwise, it is not the less true, that we both kept our good faith.

The ridiculous ambition of Godoy, Prince of Peace, had put every thing

topsy-turvy in the royal family; the Queen, who was the soul of the councils, saw matters only superficially. Charles IV. being old and infirm, subscribed to every thing. The political ignorance of Godoy, and his ridiculous ambition, had alienated all hearts from him. His intrigues and connexions had placed the royal family at drawn daggers with its chief. The opportunity was excellent, and I seized upon it; nevertheless, I had no intention of acting so suddenly against the Spanish Bourbons, who had put themselves in my power; but two memoirs which Savary brought to me from Madrid, on the moral, political, and financial situation of Spain, decided me in placing the royal family in private confinement. My armies then entered Spain; among the generals who commanded them there were great captains, but the eye of the master was required there more than any where else. I never forgave myself for not conducting this war myself: it is a great blot in the history of my enterprizes; for by confining myself exclusively to that great work, by directing it myself, I should have conducted it successfully, and Spain would not have been the theatre of so many horrors. The means which, at this epoch, were in my power, are a guarantee for this assertion.

Napoleon next alludes to his *Brothers*.

Among the causes of the reverses and disappointments which I had experienced, either in Spain or elsewhere, I ought to include the almost entire nullity of my brothers, except Lucien, who might have rendered me great services, had I not, from his ill-will towards me, been constrained to remove him. The other three had neither capacity nor strength to govern the kingdom of Yvetot. The necessary consequence was, that all the labour devolved upon me; this has given rise to the report, that in bestowing sceptres upon them, I only intended to make use of them as my lieutenants. This assertion, whatever may have been the facts to support it, is entirely false. It is true, I transmitted instructions to my brothers, and even gave them orders, but (and the proofs are not wanting,) their incapacity, and, at times, their ill-will, forced me to act thus towards them. A monarch, it will be said, ought only to govern his

his people in the sense of their interests and of their genius. This is morally true for all other princes; but it will not be denied that the case was very different with respect to my brothers. Certainly had the new kings of Spain, Naples, and Holland, wished to govern conformably to the wishes and to the tastes of their people, they would immediately have broken off with me; even, perhaps, had they been forced to make common cause with my enemies. What, then, would have become of their thrones, which they could only have possessed so long as they could be supported by the strength and the glory of mine? It would have experienced the fate of the throne of Naples, when Murat abandoned my cause in order to please his subjects. It is thus that in politics two and two do not always make four.

The war in Spain was prolonged; I thought I should thus tire out the patience of the Spaniards; but I was deceived. This people, (I only render it justice) in its misfortune, showed itself superior to all other nations, ancient and modern; there never was but one opinion on that subject. Among this people an unanimous and natural desperation was diffused into all classes of both sexes. A virgin and a prostitute, an honest man and a robber, all united, without repugnance, in killing a Frenchman: this effected more than ten armies. Had the French, in 1814, only been one half inspired in a similar manner, the allies would never have returned to their homes. This is the more true, as independent of our desperation, we should have had more than what the Spaniards had, viz. an army of old soldiers ready to form itself from the remains of our armies. On the other hand the idea of an invasion had united all hearts among the Spaniards; but the French became disunited at the approach of the allies: this was, it is true, the work of some men whom history will either proclaim traitors or honest men. Perhaps also, and to be just towards the French, power is not given to every nation to arm themselves with equal desperation; to make abnegation of every thing, of their property, of their lives, of their dearest affections, in fine, to burn their houses in order to throw fire-brands at the heads of their enemies; all this has been done by the Spaniards.

Then follows a fragment, entitled "*Josephine and Marie-Louise*." It is

valuable from the tribute paid to the former.

The mortal whom events, and perhaps, also, the eternal decrees, call to the government of nations, is, without contradiction, the man who belongs the least to himself. I was, more than all others on a throne, a man of this character; I owed more to the French than my royal predecessors; I was elected by the people, and not its master, by birthright; I had placed France in the first rank of European powers. This was imposing; but, in order to secure its stability, I required an heir, and, in this respect, Josephine was hopeless.

I do not believe that in the whole universe there was a woman who suited me better than my first consort. She knew how to mingle with my tastes, my habitudes, my principles, my humour, and my will; all this was natural to her; she was the person of her sex with whom I most delighted to live—with whom I have experienced more of domestic happiness. These truths, which our separation would seem to contradict, are not the less as immutable as the light. Had my first consort given me an heir, however important it was for my glory and the illustration of my family, to ally myself with the daughter of kings, that alliance would never have taken place. This acknowledgement I owe to the memory of a woman whom the French have not sufficiently known,* and which my interest, perhaps, has consigned to the tomb.

Had it not formed part of my character to shew myself superior to every kind of disappointment, I would, at the time of my separation from Josephine, have proved to the French that it was on my part a great sacrifice made to their happiness and future tranquillity. I only spoke of it slightly, and this trait of character and of firmness has unjustly placed me in the rank of the ungrateful, by those men who date my troubles from the day in which I divorced my first consort. This is one more reproach from which my conscience entirely absolves me.

My union with the daughter of Francis II. satisfied at the same time my

* Bonaparte had only himself to blame, if the excellent counsels which his consort gave him are not come to the knowledge of the public. He never would permit her name to appear any where.

policy and my personal felicity. The rank of Arch-Duchess, her youth and her candour, promised me many days of glory and of happiness; soon after she bore me a son. As a man, I had no longer any thing to desire; but as a sovereign, and called to great affairs, it was otherwise. I believed that it belonged to my glory and the interest of the French, to secure them and the other nations of Europe from a great future servitude. This project, entirely in favour of the independence of the European states, was reputed the act of an insatiable ambition. The most absurd ideas were attributed to me; and that of an universal monarchy in Europe, was a project impracticable in the age in which we live. Whereas, my object was solely to prevent the Baskirs and the Cossacks from one day giving the *knout* to the inhabitants of Warsaw, Vienna, Berlin, and even Paris. The idea prevailed that ambition alone directed my steps towards Russia. If the other sovereigns did not immediately oppose it, the reason was, that they were not in a condition to do so; but some time later they lifted up the mask.

The observations of this great man on the war in Russia are so doubly interesting at this moment, that we hesitate not in exceeding our usual limits in order to give place to them.

The continental blockade was conceived in the interest of those nations who repulsed it, because they did not understand it; it is the fate of great enterprizes that they are beyond the understanding of the vulgar. My war against Russia, which had no other object but to deliver Europe from the chains which, with a giant-arm, the Czars were daily forging against it, has created me enemies among nations whose friendship I wished to preserve.

Five years have scarcely elapsed since I marched against Russia, when already the enormous increase of her power justifies my motive in wishing to put a curb upon her ambition. Poland is now under the yoke of the Muscovites!

The slavery of Europe will commence with Turkey. I now understand the words which the Emperor Alexander addressed to me at one of our secret interviews: "As soon as the affairs of Europe will permit, I wish to put it out of the power of the Turks to alarm my dominions." The Czar will seize the first occasion to humble the

order of the Crescent. I have had proofs in my possession that the cabinet of St. Petersburg is upon the watch for every thing likely to create embarrassment to the Grand Seigneur. The struggle between the two powers will not be long doubtful: for such is the defects of the Turkish government, that should one battle be lost, Constantinople will become a chapel of ease for the empire of the Czars.

There is only one power which may yet save Europe from the inevitable consequences of the success of the Russians beyond the Bosphorus, and that power is England.

Should this latter power hesitate in opposing the Czars in the dismemberment of the heritage of the Sultans, she will one day run the risk of losing a great part of her maritime superiority. The result will be that England will not suffer the Russian flag to be established in the Ottoman Ports. It is thus that Europe will owe its independence to the rivalry of these two great powers. We may also affirm that by ably starting from this point, the political system of other governments will be found entirely traced out.

The Russians are at this day on the continent what the English are on the ocean; so that the best thing which the other nations can do, is, to encourage these two great powers to cut each other's throats. When two superb lions, the terror of the forests, happen to seize each other by the mane, very ill-advised will the other animals be in wishing to separate them; upon the destruction of the two combatants depends the safety of all.

I believe I have sufficiently proved that I had good reasons for carrying war into the heart of Russia. However I was not entirely decided until I learned that the Emperor Alexander had declared, that before the lapse of two years, Poland should become part of his dominions. I thought to prevent him. A man, who passes for being well informed on the subject, has said, that I committed a great fault in not re-establishing the kingdom of Poland upon a solid basis, by interesting the neighbouring powers in its preservation; but however specious this might appear, I did not think myself bound to do it, and the character of the Poles was the cause of it.

* This passage is the more curious, as it is dated on the 27th November, 1817. My

My arrival in the second capital of the Czars was signalized by a succession of military triumphs, such as there is no example of in the annals of the world. The intrepidity alone of my troops was sufficient to prepare me for reverses. I was obliged to seize the bridle of the horses and the collar of the foot soldier, in order to prevent them from advancing. I decimated forty-five Chasseurs for having sabred, without orders, a squadron of the Russian Imperial Guard. It was a real outrage of valour and intrepidity against an enemy, who on their side, fought well; this is a justice which I must render to the Russians.

Certain political frequenters of public places, have purposely condemned my expedition to Russia. Poor ignorants! who cannot perceive, that at Moscow, the destinies of the world were at stake. It was doing a great deal to have engaged in so great a work for the interests of other men. Had I conquered, the ancient manner of governing nations would have been for ever annihilated, the universe would have taken another form; had I failed, the sovereigns would again find themselves in a situation to govern the people as in times past, provided at all times that the people did not decide to brave the bayonets of the sovereigns. It was the ancient régime in presence of the new. The elements have decided in favour of the former.

Fortune commanded me to die by the side of my soldiers in retreat; but honour and the urgency of saving the empire from total ruin, made it imperative on me to return instantly to Paris, where I arrived only in time to intimidate the traitors, who a short time after, opened the gates of the capital to the allies.

Had I been killed in the retreat from Moscow, the Bourbons would not have reigned in France.

My name would have been wanting in the army; that, perhaps was of some consequence; but would have decided nothing, because there would have succeeded me, a number of good captains brought up under my own eye, and capable of rivalling the best generals of the enemy, who at that time were few in number.

In this state of things and at that epoch, the Bourbons had not even a ray of hope. Some factions might have for a moment troubled the interior; but the Empress Regent and my son were

there: twenty-four hours would have sufficed them to crush the factions, as the army and four-fifths of the nation were devoted to my son. The Empress had still the resource of restoring Italy to her father, who for this consideration, would have risen up against the enemies of his grandson. The interests of Austria were, at that time, different from what they became two years later.

The losses which we had sustained in Russia, were soon almost entirely repaired. The sacrifices of the nation had been worthy of itself. In the month of February I was again formidable in the heart of Germany. There, without doubt, I would have regained my first superiority, had all my enemies been on the field of battle. Unfortunately I had left some at Paris, who being the less conspicuous, were on that account only the more dangerous. England, which in order to consummate my ruin, would have sought out adversaries even in the bowels of the earth, had traitors in her pay in the first constituted bodies of the empire. I perceived this when I was in the presence of the Legislative Assembly.

One of them, seated on bags of English guineas, attacking me in the abuse of his power, dared to point me out to the reproaches of the nation. This man well merited a dungeon: even had his intentions been good, the moment chosen to proclaim them was sufficient to have rendered him culpable in the eyes of his sovereign.

Suppose even that my actions had been in a sense contrary to the constitutions which I had sworn to defend, was the moment in which I was about to present myself before the armies of Europe, the time to publish to the world that I possessed neither the entire esteem of the nation, nor its entire confidence? I appeal to the most indulgent policy, what sovereign would not have called upon the tribunals to pronounce sentence on such a crime? Had I commanded justice to have been exercised towards this traitor, and five or six others who were no better, the Cossacks never would have encamped in the Thuilleries. Every act of misplaced indulgence is generally more dangerous than a political homicide.

My departure for Dresden had enlarged the field for the secret machinations of the traitors concealed in the capital,

[Jan. I,

pital, and in some other great cities of the empire. Soon afterwards false reports and alarming intelligence were circulated among all classes. This state of affairs placed me between two lines of almost insurmountable dangers, those of the interior and those from without. The affair of Leipsic and our retreat on the Rhine, put the finishing stroke to our misfortunes.

France was invaded; affairs however were not yet desperate, and the soil of France would have become the grave of the allied armies, had the French of 1814, been only the French of 1812! But treason had provided for all. Parties were formed under the influence of several chiefs: irresolution and inquietude passed from the citizens into the administration; from thence a homicidal indolence in the supplies of the armies, and effeminacy in the mayors and prefects in the recruiting of them. The government, overcome with stupour, knew not what it did, nor what it had to do; the army alone well performed its duty. These platoons of warriors, whose valour and patience were a prodigy, were at that time struggling against a million of men!

The campaign of 1814 was a masterpiece of the kind: any other general, less broken down than I was, could have made as well as myself, an immortal campaign of it. Could it be otherwise with soldiers who valued neither the number of their enemies, nor fatigue, hunger, reverses, nor even death itself?

Those men are much mistaken who believe that I rejected terms of peace at Chatillon, out of pure obstinacy. I had but too powerful motives for refusing them. Dispatches, seized three months before at Missenheim in the Hunds-Ruck, had informed me of the measure of outrages reserved for me, if after having once submitted to the yoke, I should not have sufficient force to struggle against one of the three northern powers, which England would have protected with its gold.

I was conqueror of Europe during fifteen years, ten of which I had the honour to sway the sceptre of a great nation, and my consort was the daughter of kings. Was it with all these titles that I could accept of disgrace and infamy?

And the allies also had their reasons for offering me peace at Chatillon. The more they advanced into France, the more they feared they would not be

able to get out of it. The fate of my troops in Spain alarmed them in such a way that they marched tremblingly and with the greatest precautions. In that they followed the instructions of Bernadotte, which, had they always been constantly followed, would have given me time to annihilate the allied army. Not that the counsels of Bernadotte were foolish, but they were out of season, as the French were no longer what they had been. I shall give an extract of these very instructions.

"Prudence and moderation ought, as much as force, to direct the operations of the allied Sovereigns on the French territory. Care must be taken not to exasperate the inhabitants. Although not subject to acts of desperation, yet, if in consequence of bad treatment they are reduced to it, the armies of their Majesties will have much to suffer. If the enemies, which Napoleon has in the interior, do not take advantage of circumstances to alienate from him the hearts of the people, it is not unlikely that numerous battalions will join him. However few in number may be the army under his command, the allied sovereigns will not forget to keep themselves on their guard against the boldness and the desperation of his manœuvres."—*Extract from the Note remitted by Bernadotte, Crown Prince of Sweden, to their Majesties the Allied Sovereigns, the 15th of December, 1813.*

In offering me terms of peace at Chatillon, the allies being uncertain of their ground, had no other object in view but to postpone their intentions for a year, in order to have more time for reflection, and then to return to complete my ruin. I knew their intentions and wished to defeat them; the more so, as I had yet the means of doing so with honour. In fact, although it has been obstinately denied, I was on the eve of giving to the world the spectacle of a single power, annihilating on its own territory, all the armies of Europe. I had succeeded, by manœuvres which military men can alone appreciate, in turning the positions of the allies: a few days later and their communications would have been intercepted; all the garrisons of the north were to receive intelligence of the day and the hour for a general movement to co-operate in such a way with my principal manœuvre, that it would have been a miracle for the allies to have escaped: add to this, that a great movement was to have been effected in a part of Champagne and of Lorraine, a movement which, in the position

position in which the enemy would have found themselves, would have been worth an army to me.

Will it now be credited that the man who had combined and arranged all the parts of this great manœuvre, should have been prevented entirely from seeing the execution of it by his own fault? This fact however is established by evidence.

Without any political necessity, but solely to tranquillize the empress, I dispatched a courier to her with a detailed plan of all the operations which I was about to put in force. Unfortunately this courier fell into the hands of the enemy, and with him all my dispatches. This misfortune cost me a throne!

We now hasten to close this interesting volume by a few extracts under the head of "Waterloo."

I began the campaign by successes; the inconceivable battle of Waterloo destroyed all, except what was not permitted to mortals to deprive me of, viz: the great actions of my brilliant career.

Were I not an enemy to fatalism, I should believe that Waterloo was written from all eternity to the advantage of the English and the Prussians. We commenced the battle like warriors accustomed to conquer, but one half of our army terminated it like militia, who stood fire for the first time. Were I to live for ages, when speaking of Waterloo, I should never alter my opinion.

Wellington in that day, passed from one extremity to the other. He had posted his army in such a manner as to have rendered it liable to have been cut to pieces even to the last soldier.

Marshal Ney who immediately perceived it, told me, that probably the English general had betted in London,

that he should be defeated at Mont St. Jean. However, the Prussians came up and circumstances were no longer the same. The allies gained a complete victory. In point of easy glory the English general was fully gratified. He was indebted to the Prussians for his commission of a "great captain;" and it only remains for him to prove his title to it. I ought to have the more credit for what I say in this respect, as I always took pleasure in rendering justice to those generals who fought against me.

It only remains for me to make a declaration to my age and to posterity, and one which I do with the most heartfelt pleasure.

If I have displayed in misfortune a rare firmness, a constancy superior to the evil intentions of my oppressors, these great qualities are not entirely owing to the force of my mind: but friendship comes in for its share in the stoicism of which I have given proof!

Bertrand, the Montholons, Las-Casas, Gourgaud, Marchand, and in fine, generally all those who followed me to the rock of exile, what have they not done in order to render my residence more supportable? What have they not imagined to extend over my misfortunes the veil of hope? They did not always abuse my patience; but from time to time, I took delight in the sweet illusions which they created. These were so many happy moments snatched from the mass of my sorrows. Who will recompence these heroes of fidelity? Mankind? I doubt it. My consort or my son? Will the power be left them? It is then to HIM who governs the universe, to whom I bequeath this sacred duty: if HE be what I love to believe, the incomparable devotion of my generous friends will receive an incomparable reward.

NEW PATENTS AND MECHANICAL INVENTIONS.

To GEORGE SHOOBRIDGE, of Houndsditch, and WILLIAM SHOOBRIDGE, of Marden, Kent, for a Substitute for Flax, or Hemp, and for Manufacturing the same.—Feb. 1820.

THE substitute for flax or hemp here proposed, is the fibrous substance which nature produces between the pith or core, and the outer bark or rind of the hop-bind, and the said fibrous substance is separated from the said pith or core, and from the said bark

or rind, and is manufactured or made fit for the purposes to which flax or hemp are applied, in the following manner:—

First, We take the hop-binds in their green state immediately after the hops have been gathered, and we cut them into lengths of about four feet (or more or less,) and when so cut into lengths, we tie them up in bundles of any size convenient to be handled, and not too large for the depth of the water into which

which they are to be immersed, as hereafter described. The sooner this is done after the hops are gathered the better, as the difficulty of afterwards separating the fibrous part is increased if the hop-binds be suffered to dry before the process commences.

Second, The said bundles, without suffering them to dry, are to be immersed in hot or boiling water in vessels of sufficient capacity, and kept in hot or boiling water till, on the trial, the fibrous or flaxy part is found to separate easily from the pith or core; or, which is a more economical method than that which we usually follow, the said bundles of hop-binds, cut into lengths as aforesaid, are immersed in running or in standing water, the softer the water is the better it answers, and are kept under the same by stones or weights laid upon them till, on trial, it was found that the fibrous or flaxy part can be easily stripped from the pith or core. This is seldom effected in less than eight days, and sometimes it requires two or three weeks, according as the hops have been suffered to remain ungathered for a longer or shorter time by favourable or unfavourable weather, and depending also on the quality of the water in which the bundles are kept immersed.

Third, When the steeped hop-binds are found ready for the process, the fibrous or flaxy substance is, along with the outer bark or rind, separated from the pith or core in the following manner: posts or benches, of heights convenient for the men, women, and children employed, are provided; into these are driven iron nails in pairs, or pieces of iron in pairs, presenting angular edges in such a manner, that the tops of the said nails or pieces of iron shall stand a few inches above the posts or benches in which they are fastened, and be close at the bottom, and a little open at the top of each pair. To these pairs of nails, or of pieces of iron, we give the name of strippers, and they are used as follows: the work people take the pieces of hop-bind by one end, one or two pieces at a time, and, placing them in the strippers, which they enter to a greater or less depth, according to their respective sizes or diameters, the work-people draw them through the strippers more or less often, till the fibre and bark is stripped from the pith or core, drawn up in balls or lumps at the back of the strippers.

Fourth, The said balls or lumps of

fibre and bark are taken off from the back of the strippers as quickly as they are produced, by women or children, whose business it is to draw them out again into length with their fingers, and to lay them down, in order that they may, when dried as hereafter directed, be in a fit state for the subsequent manipulations.

Fifth, When the fibre and bark have been disentangled from the lumpy state in which they are found at the back of the strippers, and brought into longitudinal arrangement, they should be taken up in convenient handfuls and rinsed in water, to separate, as much as can in this way be separated, of the vegetable gluten or mucilage which adheres to the fibre.

Sixth, The fibrous or flaxy material thus separated from the pith or core, and rinsed or washed as has been directed, is to be spread out to dry in the sun and air, or, if the weather be unfavourable, on hurdles or any kind of shelves made under sheds, or it may be dried by stoves or on kilns. The sooner this is done the better.

Seventh, When thoroughly dry, the fibrous material is beaten by the hand with mallets, batons, or rods, or any other means, for the purpose of breaking and reducing the bark or rind that still adheres to it, to a state of powder; a great part of which may then be shaken from the flaxy fibre, which is then to be dressed by hackling, or all or any of the usual means employed to dress and prepare hemp or flax, for the different purposes of manufacture.

Eighth, When we wish to obtain the fibrous substance in its longest state, which is more useful for some purposes of manufacture; then, instead of drawing the steeped hop-binds through the strippers as before directed, we cause the work-people to peel off by hand the fibrous substance with its rind, which is then to be dried, and afterwards beaten and dressed as before directed.

To WILLIAM ANNESLY, of Belfast,
for Improvements in the construction
of Ships' Boats and other Vessels.—
June, 1821.

The improvement in constructing ships' boats and other vessels consists in making the hull of the same of three or more layers of planks, the direction of the grain of the alternate layers proceeding from bow to stern, and that of the intermediate layer passing from one gunwale around and under the vessel to the other gunwale without being cut or

or separated by the keel, the whole of the planks being well pinned, tre-nailed or bolted together, without frame timbers, beams, knees, breast-hooks, or stern. The thickness and number of layers of planks must depend upon the strength required for the tonnage of the vessel, and the service in which she is intended to be employed.

The next improvement consists in making the keel in three thicknesses; the middle, called the core of the keel, being of timber keyed together, and lying horizontally fore and aft, which is to be cased with planks placed vertically on each side crossing the core, together with a horizontal plank under the whole, called the sole, for the purpose of protecting the ends of the cross planking.

The third part of the improvement consists in producing, from a given model on a small scale, a set of temporary frames, or moulds, for the purpose of giving to the hulk of the vessel the same figure and relative proportion as the model. To effect this object a model is made out of a solid piece of soft wood to the shape required, according to the service for which the vessel is intended, upon a scale of not less than a quarter of an inch to a foot; to this are affixed a keel and cutwater, in such a manner as to be capable of being detached from the hull. This model is then cut through at right angles to the keel, in as many places as the builder intends to provide temporary frames for giving the layers of planking their proper support and figure, while building the vessel.

In the third course it is proposed to lay sheathing-paper dipped in tar, the joints being slightly caulked. The fourth course is also to be covered with sheathing fastened by wooden pegs, so that no iron may be in the way of the augur; and the whole of the work may be payed over with hot stuff and the paper put on instantly, so as to adhere without pegs and shew a fair surface to the last course, by which moisture will be effectually resisted, and a considerable expense saved. A composition of quick lime and linseed oil made fine, should be well pressed into the seams each course, and a very thin coat laid over the last planking, would tend to preserve the wood from decay and secure it from damp; or white lead and oil in some cases may be preferred in laying on the wales, bends, mouldings, &c.

To CHARLES PHILLIPS, of *Albemarle Street, London*, for *Improvements in the Apparatus for propelling Vessels; and an Improvement in the construction of Vessels so propelled.*—July, 1821.

This invention consists in a method of propelling vessels on water by means of paddle-wheels which revolve horizontally. It includes also a method of constructing and applying moveable paddles, which are made to descend into the water at that point of the wheel's revolution where the paddle is to be brought into the action of rowing, and to ascend again out of the water when the full effective stroke is given. It is proposed to enclose between decks, all but the paddles in immediate operation; by which contrivance, it is conceived, that vessels may be propelled in high or rolling seas with greater effect, and will hence, be more safe and generally suitable.

LIST OF PATENTS FOR NEW INVENTIONS.

To James Gardner, of Banbury, ironmonger, for his machine preparatory to melting, in the manufacture of tallow, soap, and candles, and which machine may be used for other similar purposes.

To John Bates, of Bradford, machine-maker, for certain machinery for the purpose of feeding furnaces of every description, steam engines, and other boilers, with coal, coke, and fuel of every kind.

To William Westley Richards, of Birmingham, gun-maker, for his improvement in the construction of gun and pistol locks.

To William Penrose, of Sturmmorgangs, Yorkshire, miller, for his various improvements in the machinery for propelling vessels, and in vessels so propelled.

To Edward Bowles Symes, of Lincoln's Inn, esq. for his expanding hydrostatic piston to resist the pressure of certain fluids, and slide easily in an imperfect cylinder.

To Joseph Grout, of Gutter-lane, Cheapside, London, crape manufacturer, for his new manufacture of crape, which he conceives will be of great public utility.

To Neil Arnott, M.D. of Bedford-square, for his improvements connected with the production and agency of heat in furnaces, steam and air engines, distilling, evaporating, and brewing apparatus.

To Richard Macnamara, of Canterbury-buildings, Lambeth, esq. for his improvement in paving, pitching, and covering streets, roads, and other places.

To John Collinge, of Lambeth, Surrey, engineer, for his improvements on hinges, which he conceives will be of public utility.

To Henry Robinson Palmer, of Hackney, civil engineer, for his improvements in the construction of railways, or trainroads, and of the carriage or carriages.

VARIETIES,

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL,

Including Notices of Works in Hand, Domestic and Foreign.

THE revived art of Engraving on Wood, is about to be extensively and effectually applied to the illustration of Bibles, Testaments, and Common Prayer Books. In February will be published, in all the usual sizes, and varied bindings, at an advance of only four, five, or six shillings each, on different sized editions, the *HOLY BIBLE*, with *Three Hundred Engravings*, copied by W. M. Craig, esq. from the designs of the great masters in the different schools of painting, and engraved in a style of superior effect and beauty. Whatever may have been the attempts hitherto made to illustrate Bibles in a pleasing and popular manner, this undertaking will unquestionably be the cheapest, most comprehensive, and complete that has ever been submitted to the world. For Pocket Bibles, impressions of one hundred and fifty, or upwards, of the best subjects will be taken on India Paper as proofs, and this edition, at the same extra cost of five Shillings, will form the most exquisitely beautiful edition of the Bible ever offered to the world. *Ornamented Testaments* of all sizes may in like manner be had, each illustrated by one hundred engravings, at two shillings above the usual price; and the cheapest School Testaments will be prepared at only one shilling extra. *Ornamented Common Prayer Books* will also be prepared of every size, from the large octavo to the small 32mo, illustrated with sixty engravings, and may be had at one shilling and sixpence, or one shilling extra in every variety. By changing the inscriptions the engravings will be adapted to Bibles and Testaments in all languages. Foreign booksellers and Missionary Societies, may be supplied with sets of the engravings with inscriptions in any language for the ornament and illustration of Bibles and Testaments, whatever be the language in which they are printed. The English editions into which the engravings will be introduced, will be the best that are produced at the *authorised presses* of the United Kingdom; and the Bibles, Testaments, and Common Prayer Books, thus offered to the world, will, in consequence, unite every point of perfection.

Illustrations of Shakspeare, are at this time in course of publication, from

pictures painted expressly, by ROBERT SMIRKE, esq. R.A. and engraved in the finest style by the most eminent historical engravers. The editions having for the most part been published without embellishments, or encumbered with engravings so indifferent, as to make their possessors consider them "when so adorned, adorned the least;" it is to supply such editions that the present work has been undertaken. Each play will furnish subjects for five elegant engravings, in addition to a vignette: the aggregate number, therefore, of the plates will be two hundred and twenty-two!

We are happy in having occasion to notice as being in the press, a Tour through Belgium, by his Grace the Duke of Rutland, embellished with plates after drawings by his accomplished Duchess. The riches and capabilities of Belgium deserve to be better known to the world, and it is pleasing to see the task undertaken by a Noble Author.

An interesting volume is printing in square duodecimo, Brevier type, under the title of the Anecdote Library. It will contain a Selection of the best Anecdotes that ever have been printed; and constitute a volume of universal gratification and use. Close printing has enabled the editor to include as much letter-press as is contained in Andrews, Rede, Adams, and Seward united, and at a sixth of the expense. It will comprise above 2000 anecdotes.

The Miscellaneous Tracts of the late W. WITHERING, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. with a Memoir of the Author, by W. Withering, esq. F.L.S. &c. &c. embellished with a portrait of Dr. Withering, in 2 vols, 8vo, are nearly ready.

The Miscellaneous Works of HENRY GRATTAN are preparing for publication in one volume, 8vo.

Travels multiply so fast, and are also so expensive, that it has been determined to compress the really valuable substance of the best Modern Travels in all parts of the World, into a single volume in duodecimo, under the title of *the Universal Traveller*. To add further to the intrinsic interest of the work, it will be enriched with 100 engravings of the principal objects which arrest the attention of travellers, and excite the curiosity of readers.

Mr.

Mr. CAMPBELL having finished his Survey of the Districts in Ireland and Scotland, which were the scenes of the events in OSSIAN, will immediately put to press an edition of those immortal Poems, with such notes, illustrations, additions, and improvements, as will command the respect of the literary world.

Mr. PEARSON, F.R.S. F.L.S. M.R.I. will shortly publish the Life of William Hey, F.R.S. late Senior Surgeon of the General Infirmary at Leeds, in two parts; Part I. will contain the professional Life, with remarks on his writings, and Part II. the moral and social Life, with appendices.

A work is preparing for publication, in one vol. 8vo. called Europe; or, a general survey of the present situation of the principal powers, with conjectures on their future prospects; by a citizen of the United States.

As some Teachers of Youth prefer the form of Simple Question with Answer, to the principle of Questions without Answers; Mr. MITCHELL, author of several Elementary Works, has prepared a general view of every important branch of knowledge, in a volume which he calls *the Universal Catechist*. To give it greater effect, the subjects will be illustrated with 200 engravings, and it will be printed in a new manner, according to the invention by which Messrs. Applegath and Cowper proposed to confer so much beauty on Bank Notes. In matter, manner and form, it will constitute an unique volume.

Dr. J. C. PRITCHARD, F.L.S. &c. has ready for publication a Treatise on the Diseases of the Nervous System, vol. I. comprising convulsive and maniacal affections. The design of this work is to illustrate, by numerous cases of epilepsy, mania, chorea, and the different forms of paralysis; the connection between affections of this class and a variety of disorders.

Dr. FORBES is preparing a Translation of a treatise on the diseases of the Chest, in which they are described according to their anatomical characters, and their diagnoses, established on a new principle, by means of acoustic instruments.

An edition is printing in London, with certain national variations of the celebrated *Leçons Françaises*, which Messrs. Noel and La Place recently prepared for the schools and universities of France, and which has received the highest sanctions in France. The Paris edition is in two volumes, octavo, MONTHLY MAG. No. 362.

but the London one, will, with a view to economy, be printed in one duodecimo.

The great French work on Egypt is to be continued under the sanction of the King of France, and agents are appointed in London to receive subscriptions for twenty-five monthly volumes of text, at 7s. 6d., and for 180 parts, of five plates, at 12s. 6d. It will constitute the greatest literary production that ever appeared.

We have been assured that the sale of Scottish novels has been unduly exaggerated, and that not more than 12,000 of one novel has ever been sold. The profits, therefore, are not more than a third of our late estimate.

A new edition of Mr. YOUNG's Farmer's Kalendar being called for, and the world being deprived by death of his further labours; Mr. JOHN MIDDLETON, author of the Middlesex Survey, liberally volunteered his services to confer on this national volume every possible perfection, and the edition thus revised, will appear in a few days, in duodecimo, with engravings.

Mr. JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, will shortly publish in 3 vols, the Perils of Man; or War, Women, and Witchcraft.

Early in the ensuing month will be published Conversations on Mineralogy, with plates engraved by Mr. Lowry, in 12mo.

The next part of the Monthly Journal of New Voyages and Travels will consist of a *Walk through the Maritime Provinces of China*, by an Officer of an English Ship, wrecked on the Coast. Similar opportunities for viewing that secluded people never before were presented to any European.—The next part of the same Monthly Journal will contain the *Narrative of a late Wreck of the Sophia on the Coast of Africa*, with the extraordinary adventures and discoveries of the crew, in their march through the interior. It is accompanied by fine drawings, and forms the most interesting original work on Africa which has lately appeared.

Illustrations are announced of the History, Manners, and Customs, Arts, Sciences, and Literature of Japan, selected from Japanese manuscripts and printed works, by M. TITSINGH, formerly Chief Agent of the Dutch East India Company at Nangasaki; a gentleman well known in India and Europe. This work will be accompanied by many coloured engravings, faithfully copied from original Japanese paintings.

That delightful writer, Miss OPIE, has in the press *Madeline*, a tale, in two vols.

An alabaster sarcophagus, which lately arrived from Alexandria, has been uncased and deposited in the British Museum. It is nine feet long, and about four feet high, apparently of a single piece of very fine alabaster. It is shaped like a modern coffin, and is more than large enough to hold the mummy, with all its envelopes, which is presumed to have been deposited within this costly repository. But its chief value are the innumerable hieroglyphics which cover the sides, interior and exterior, from top to bottom. They are small. The human figures, of which there are long processions in various circumstances and attitudes, erect, linked together, towing galleys, bending as if in worship, &c. are from an inch to an inch and a half high. Between them are compartments of symbols, the eye, the ibis, the lotus, &c. The serpent occurs frequently, and in some instances of considerable size, and with much exactness of detail. This noble work is supposed to be the coffin of *Psammis*.

The New Society of Practical Medicine of London intend to publish quarterly a Report of their Transactions, with original communications, &c. &c. in which practice will be preferred to theory.

Early in January will be published *The Annual Biography and Obituary*, for the Year 1822, containing Memoirs of celebrated men who have died in 1820-21.—The present volume will contain, Napoleon; the late Queen; Lord Sheffield; Mrs. Piozzi; Mrs. Inchbald; Lord Malmesbury; Mr. Hayley; Sir Home Popham; Admiral Hunter; Mr. Hatsell, Clerk of the House of Commons; Mr. Rennie; Mr. John Scott; Mr. Keats; Mr. Harris; Dr. Knox; Mr. C. Stothard, &c.

An Atlas of Ancient Geography, by S. BUTLER, D.D. author of *Modern and Ancient Geography*, also an Atlas of Modern Geography, by the same, are in considerable forwardness.

Mr. THOMAS GILL, Chairman of the Committee of Mechanics, in the Society for the Encouragement of Arts Manufactures and Commerce, Adelphi, is about to commence a Technical Repository; containing practical information on subjects connected with discoveries and improvements in the useful arts.

Miss SPENCE will shortly publish a new work, entitled *Old Stories*, in 3 volumes.

The Rev. JOSHUA MARSDEN, author of the *Amusements of a Mission*, has nearly ready for publication, *Forest Musings; or, Delineations of Christian experience*, in verse; to which are prefixed Sketches of the early life of the author, with a portrait.

We have to record a most extraordinary abuse of the liberty of the press in Edinburgh. A malignant newspaper was commenced under the title of *The Beacon*, and soon discontinued; but a libel having appeared on a Mr. Gibson, that gentleman has commenced a suit at law against the parties concerned, who appear to be one Mr. DOUGLAS CHEAPE, Advocate; Sir WILLIAM RAE, of St. Catherine's, Baronet, his Majesty's Advocate for Scotland; JAMES WEDDERBURN, Esq. his Majesty's Solicitor-General for Scotland; JOHN HAY FORBES, Esq. Advocate, Sheriff-depute of the county of Perth; JOHN HOPE, Esq. Advocate, and deputy under the said Lord Advocate; Sir WALTER SCOTT, baronet, principal clerk of Session, and Sheriff-depute of the county of Selkirk; the Right Hon. WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT, Lord Provost of the city of Edinburgh, and secretary to the trustees for fisheries and manufactures in Scotland; HENRY HOME DRUMMOND, Esq. Member of Parliament for the county of Stirling; and JOHN WAUCHOPE, Esq. writer to the signet, and keeper of the register of Hornings and Inhibitions; all charged with "combining, by contributions in money and otherwise, to support the said newspaper in its most wicked and nefarious attacks upon the pursuer." The action concludes for 10,000*l.* damages, &c.

Mr. ROOTH's Letter to Mr. Malthus, on the subject of Population, will be published in the course of the ensuing month.

A Critical Dissertation on the Nature and Principles of Taste, is in preparation, by M. M'DERMOT, author of a Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, on his two Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Byron, in vindication of the Defence of the Poetical Character of Pope.

The Choir of Westminster Abbey during the Coronation of George IV. engraved by CHARLES TURNER, from a picture by FREDERICK NASH, is just finished, and will be published in a few days.

Part 8 of Views in Paris and its environs, engraved from drawings by FREDERICK NASH, is in great forwardness.

Mr. BRITTON'S History and Antiquities of Canterbury Cathedral, consisting of 26 engravings by J. Le Keux, &c. and an ample portion of letter-press, will be finished in March next. About the same time will be completed the fifth volume of the Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, by the same indefatigable and tasteful antiquary. This volume is in chronological arrangement: it classifies the architecture of this kingdom in 80 superior engravings, mostly by S. Le Keux; and it is prefaced by an historical and critical essay on the rise, progress, and characteristics of ecclesiastical architecture.

The Genuine Remains, in prose and verse, of Samuel Butler, with notes by ROBERT THYER, are preparing for publication. This edition will comprise many original pieces never before published; and will be carefully revised, with additional notes and illustrations, forming 2 vols. 8vo. It will be embellished with a portrait of Butler, from the original picture by Sir P. Lely, and a portrait of Thyer, from a painting by Romney, with numerous vignettes on wood, from original designs.

A work called Stories after Nature, is in the press, in one volume.

Eight Ancient Mysteries, founded on the Apocryphal New Testament, described; with copious extracts from the original MSS. in the British Museum. Also some account of the Brethren of the Holy Trinity, a Guild of the City of London, from their Chartulary in the author's possession, are the titles of a work written by Mr. HONE, and which will appear early in the present month, together with his refutation of the Quarterly Review, and a detached pamphlet of the Superflux of his Reading and Remarks.

The Rev. RUSSELL SCOTT has in the press an Analytical Investigation of the Language of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, concerning a Devil: delivered in a Series of Lectures at Portsmouth, during the last winter.

The Rev. THOMAS FINCH, of Harlow, has in the press, Elements of Self-Knowledge, or a familiar Introduction to Moral Philosophy, principally adapted to young persons entering into active life.

Miss HILL, author of The Poet's Child, has in the press Constance, a tale.

Tasso, La Gerusalemme Liberata, 48mo, is printing, by CORRALL, uniformly with Horace, Virgil, and Cicero de Officiis, &c. recently published.

In the press, Cases illustrative of the treatment of Diseases of the Ear, with practical remarks relative to the Deaf and Dumb, by JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, Aurist to the King, &c.

Speedily will be published, Instructions for Civil and Military Surveyors, in Topographical Plan Drawing; forming a Guide to the just conception and accurate representation of the surface of the earth, in Maps and Plans. Founded upon the system of Major John George Lehmann, by WILLIAM SIBORN, Lieut. H. P. 9th Infantry. The plates will be engraved by Lowry. Lehmann's System of Topographical Plan-drawing, has met with the unanimous approbation of civil and military surveyors upon the continent; has been adopted in almost all topographical bureaux and military schools in Prussia, Saxony, Austria, and Russia; and, above all, received the highest encomiums from the Emperor Napoleon, the great Captain of the age, and most competent judges of such subjects.

In the Arctic Land Expedition Lieutenant Franklin, R.N. proceeded from York Factory towards their wintering ground at Cumberland, a distance of about 900 miles from the coast.—Lieutenant Franklin, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Back, and Mr. Hood, attended by the Orkney men, who had been engaged to man the boats in the rivers of the interior, had worked in the Company's service several years, and understood the language of many of the Indian tribes, left the factory on the 7th of September, 1819. As the travellers advanced, the mild season not having yet begun to disappear, vast herds of grey deer were observed passing the rivers towards the Esquimaux lands. They entered upon Lake Winnipie, at the farther side of which they had to encounter the grand rapid, extending nearly three miles, and abounding in obstructions quite insurmountable. Here they were obliged to drag their boats on shore, and carry them over the land. The woods along the banks were all in a blaze, it being the custom of the natives, as well as of the traders, to set fire to the trees, for the double purpose of keeping off the cold and the wolves.

wolves. The expedition passed several other rapids and falls, along a flat, woody, and swampy country, across five miles of which no eye could see. After a tedious journey of forty-six days, (the dangers and distresses of which rather increased than diminished as they advanced,) the expedition arrived at Cumberland, a post situated on the banks of a beautiful lake, and stockaded against incursions of savages, the attacks of wolves and bears, and the more ferocious assaults of rival traders. Here the winter of 1819 was passed. In June 1820 they set forward in canoes manned by Canadians. On the 29th of July they arrived at the north side of Slave Lake. A party of Copper Indians were engaged to accompany them, and they commenced the work of discovery. On the 1st of Sept. they reached the banks of the Copper Mine River, in lat. 55. 15. N., long. 113. W., a magnificent body of water two miles wide. They had penetrated into a country destitute of wood, and the men were exhausted with the labours of carrying canoes, cargoes, &c. amounting to three tons, from lake to lake. Their broken spirits were revived by success; but the season was too far advanced to make farther progress. They returned to a small wood of pines, and erected their winter residence of mud and timber, which they named Fort Enterprise. By Indian report this river runs into the Northern Sea, in west longitude 110, and in lat. 72. In June, 1821, they proposed to re-embark, and it was supposed that the river would enable them to reach the sea in a fortnight.

Mr. J. R. BRYCE is printing a second edition of the *Elements of Latin Prosody*, with considerable improvements. The first edition of this work, published last year, has obtained the approbation of some of the most distinguished scholars and teachers of the day.

Dr. WILSON PHILIP has just ready for publication, a second edition of his *Treatise on Indigestion*, and some additional observations.

A novel, called the *Village Coquette*, is printing, in three volumes, 12mo, by the author of "*Such is the World.*"

Mr. MACKENZIE, author of the *Thousand Experiments*, a volume which has acquired for its author a great reputation among the European and American chemists, is preparing *First Lines of the Science of Chemistry*, for the use of Students, with engravings.

Blighted Ambition: or, the Rise and Fall of the Earl of Somerset; an Historical Romance, by Maurice Brantome, will soon be published in three volumes, 12mo.

On the 1st of February will be published, handsomely printed, in royal quarto, and dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty, a *Celestial Atlas*, comprising projections of the planispheres, and particular constructions of the Signs of the Zodiac, and the Constellations in each hemisphere, exactly as they appear in the heavens, in a series of thirty beautifully engraved maps, which are illustrated by scientific descriptions of their contents, and by catalogues of the stars, from the first to the sixth magnitude, by ALEXANDER JAMIESON, A.M.

Mr. ROBERT STEVENS, of Lloyds', is about to put to press a fourth, and improved edition of his *Essay on Average*, and on other subjects connected with the contract of Marine Insurance, to which will be added the practice and law of mercantile arbitrations. It is not his intention to proceed at present with his proposed work on the *Practice of Lloyds'*.

The Obelisk of red granite, brought home in the *Despatch*, for Mr. Banks, jun. which had previously been removed down the Nile, from the island of Philoe, on the borders of Nubia, was safely unshipped last week at Deptford, and is now lying on the deck of the sheer-hulk there, till it be ready to be removed to Mr. Banks's seat in Dorsetshire. It is the first ever brought to England. Artists have already been making drawings from it, for the purpose of engraving; it being supposed that it may very probably furnish a key to the interpretation of the hieroglyphical characters; since the Greek, upon the pedestal, which records its first erection under Ptolemy and Cleopatra, is very probably a translation of the hieroglyphics with which all the four sides of the obelisk itself are richly covered.

A *Mother's Portrait*, sketched soon after her decease, for the study of her children, by their surviving parent, is preparing for publication.

Proofs and Illustrations of the Principles of Population, by Mr. FRANCIS PLACE, are preparing for publication; and the known talents of the writer may be expected to set at rest many disputed and idle questions on this subject.

The

The Rev. J. DAKINS, Editor of a Selection of Tillotson's Sermons, in two volumes, just published, has in the press, a second Edition of his Selection of Beveridge's Sermons, which will appear in February.

The Chronology of the last Fifty Years, including the year 1821, will be published on the 5th of January. This useful volume within two years, has been several times at press, and appears likely to become a permanent work.

In a few days will be published in 8vo, the second edition of Views of America, in a Series of Letters from that country, to a Friend in England, during 1818-19-20, by Mrs. FRANCES WRIGHT, whose name as the authoress of this ingenious work, we are gratified in being able to present to the world.

DOCTOR ROCHE will publish on the 1st of February next, the first number (containing fourteen songs) of a New Series of Ancient Irish Melodies, with appropriate words, and accompaniments for the Piano Forte, &c.

Mr. W. H. IRELAND will shortly publish France for the last Seven Years, containing many facts, and much valuable information hitherto unknown, with anecdotes, jeux d'esprits, &c. &c.

According to advices dated September, from Capt. DUNDAS COCHRANE, of the British navy, he had reached the chain of Mount Altai, on the confines of Chinese Tartary. His object is to explore the straits which separate Asia from America, and if possible, proceed by land to Hudson's Bay. A passport and other facilities have been provided for him by the Russian government.

The Society of Arts, of London, have adjudged a silver medal to Mr. COOKE, for the discovery of a substitute for alcohol now used for the preservation of anatomical objects. It consists of a saturated solution of muriate of soda or common salt, taking about three pounds of salt for four pints of water. Where spirits of wine are dear, this discovery is likely to be of great utility.

FRANCE.

The lighting of Paris costs, for the year, £19,811. 8s. and the cleansing of the streets, bridges, &c. £16,110. 4s.

M. Henry, an engineer of the French Royal corps of roads and bridges, has presented to the Academy of Sciences a plan for a new hydraulic machine; the object of which is to weigh loaded

boats in the same manner as carriages are weighed, by means of loaded scales. The machine, it is said, will operate under water without preventing the boats from continuing to float.

The Zodiac of Tintira has arrived at Marseilles. Besides this monument, M. Lelorrain has sent some boxes of mummies, and a great number of objects of antiquity. The planisphere has been skilfully detached from the vaults of the ancient temple, and is no less interesting to the history of the arts than useful to astronomy and geography.

M. LENORMAND, Professor of Technology in Paris, author of several valuable books, and M. DE MOLEON an ancient élève of the Polytechnic School, who has likewise published several works upon the useful arts, are conducting, in Paris, a very interesting periodical publication, under the title of *Annales de L'Industrie*. This work has already given many details upon the last public exhibition of French industry, and it contains a description of several of the discoveries and improvements which have taken place either in France or in other countries.

M. GAMBA, banker, of Paris, has terminated his journeys through the provinces of Caucasus and Georgia, undertaken by order of the French government in 1820 and 21. The numerous documents and articles which he has collected, are valuable in their relation to science as well as to commercial and manufacturing interests. He was constantly attended in his travels by his son, M. J. Gamba, lieutenant of dragoons, who has just arrived in Paris from St. Petersburg.

ITALY.

Canova's Statue of Washington represents him as writing his farewell address. He is seated in an ancient Roman chair, with his right leg drawn up and his left carelessly extended; holding in one hand a pen and in the other a scroll; at his feet lie the baton of a field marshal, and a sword like that of the ancient Roman. The costume is also Roman, the head and neck bare, a close vest and braceæ, with a girdle round the waist, upon which are displayed Medusa's head and other classical emblems. The statue is of white marble of the finest kind, as is likewise the pedestal; upon the four sides of which are four bas-reliefs, commemorating important circumstances in the life of the hero.

The

The Lancasterian system has been introduced into many of the principal towns and cities of Italy, as in Naples, Milan, Brescia, Valenza on the Po, Rivoli, &c. and schools on this plan are establishing in Genoa and Rome. The Abbate Cesola and M. Caupin have employed themselves in forming similar ones in the city and environs of Nice. Nor has this method of instruction met with less encouragement in Florence, in which city is the "Florentine Institution," a very remarkable establishment, being, in fact, a combination of several schools. It is under the immediate patronage of government, and is superintended by Zuccagni Orlandini, the first projector of the plan. He is assisted by Borcini, Pierrotini, and Giuliani, young men who zealously co-operate with him in a design so patriotic, and tending so greatly to ameliorate the condition of their fellow citizens. This institution does not confine its instruction to the mere elements of reading and writing; in the preparatory school, are teachers for elegant penmanship, arithmetic, drawing, geography, and history.

SPAIN.

In the beginning of August, the Conde de Toreno, said to be the most influential man in the Spanish Cortes, addressed a letter to Mr. Bentham, from Paris, requesting his observations on the draught of a proposed penal code for Spain, as prepared by the legislative committee; and in that view towards the close of the month, caused a copy of that work to be transmitted to him. The subject, embraced in its whole extent, would have drawn upon Mr. Bentham for much more of his time than could be spared for it. But in deference to an application coming from so respectable a quarter, we took occasion to communicate his thoughts on a few of the most prominent points, in a series of seven letters. A Spanish translation of them, as they were sent over, has been for some time making at Madrid, under the inspection of another leading member of the Cortes, who had declared, and probably has, before this time, manifested his intention of holding them up to the view of the august assembly to whom those of Mr. Bentham's works that are in French, are so well known. Before the consignment of this article to the press the discussion on that proposed code has commenced, and before this Number of our Magazine is published, will not improbably

have been concluded. On this occasion it is most gratifying to discover so much mind in the Spanish public, and to find that so much of it is applied to a subject of such prime importance. Between forty and fifty paeluts of observations were sent in from different quarters—bodies, and individuals together—in consequence of an invitation that had been made public. It is, at the same time, interesting to see so much notice taken, on the opening of the discussion, of the works of our illustrious countryman; the reporter of the committee thinking it necessary to make an apology for not having followed *exactly* the plan traced out by him; though he did not state any thing in the shape of a reason in support of it; also, on the other side of the question, the like apology was made, but still without any more attempt at reasoning than before.

GERMANY.

The monument erected at Wittenberg in honour of Martin Luther was installed with great solemnity on the 31st of October. The statue by Mr. Schadow, is a masterpiece. Before the statue was uncovered, the ancient and celebrated hymn "*Ein feste Berg ist unser Gott*," was sung in chorus, and had a sublime effect. Dr. Nitsch then delivered a suitable discourse, at the conclusion of which, a signal being given, the covering of the monument fell, and disclosed this noble work. In the evening a bright fire was kindled in iron baskets placed around the monument, and was kept up the whole night. All the houses, not excepting the smallest cottage, were illuminated; the town-house, the lyceum, the castle, and the barracks, were distinguished by suitable inscriptions, and a lofty illumination between the towers of the town announced the sense in which the inhabitants of Luther's native place honoured his memory.

UNITED STATES.

Mr. Ralph Buckley, of New York, has invented and obtained a patent for a fire shield. It is intended to protect firemen whilst employed in extinguishing fires, but particularly designed to prevent fire from spreading. It is made of a metallic substance; thin, light, and impervious to heat; it is of a length and breadth sufficient to cover the whole person, and it may be used in several different positions. For example: when used in the street, it is firmly fixed on a small platform, with wheels, and a short

short elevation from the ground. The fireman takes his stand on this platform and behind the shield; he is drawn by ropes near the current of heat and flames, without being scorched or feeling any inconvenience; and with the hose pipe, or leader in his hand, he directs the water to the part where it is most required. In this way a line of shields may be formed in close order, in front of a powerful heat, behind which the firemen may stand with safety and play upon the houses with their water pipes.

AFRICA.

A remarkable animal has been discovered in South Africa, by the Rev. John Campbell, of the London Missionary Society. The Hottentots who shot the creature never having seen or heard of an animal with a horn of so great a length, they cut off its head, and brought it bleeding on the back of an ox to Mr. Campbell. Mr. C. would gladly have transported the whole of it with him to Europe; but its great weight, and the distance of the spot (the city of Mashow) from Cape Town (about 1200 miles,) determined him to reduce it by cutting off the under-jaw. The head measured from the ears to the nose three feet; the length of the horn, which is nearly black, is also three feet, projecting from the forehead, about ten inches above the nose. There is a small horny projection of a conical shape, measuring about eight inches, immediately behind the great horn, apparently designed for keeping fast or steady whatever is penetrated by the great horn. This projection is scarcely observed at a little distance. The animal is not carnivorous, but chiefly feeds on grass and bushes. It is well known in the kingdom of Mashow, the natives of which make from the great horn, handles for their battle-axes. The animal appears to be a species of rhinoceros; but judging from the size of its head, it must have been much larger than the common rhinoceros of South Africa, which has a large crooked horn, nearly resembling the shape of a cock's spur, pointing backward, and a short one of the same form, immediately behind it. Mr. Campbell was very desirous to obtain as adequate an idea as possible of the bulk of the animal killed near Mashow, and with this view questioned his Hottentots, who described it as being much larger than the rhinoceros, and equal in size to three oxen or four horses.

EAST INDIES.

The establishments of the English East India Company, have been detailed in a French journal, as follow: Their commercial operations commenced originally about 200 years ago, with a capital of £72,000 sterling; and now the commercial capital in shipping, merchandize, &c. is estimated at twenty-one millions. The territorial possessions comprehend 380,000 English square miles, with a population, more or less subject, of 80 millions, and a revenue of about 17 millions sterling per annum. The military force consists of 150,000 men, of which 118 battalions are infantry and 16 regiments cavalry, native troops; also three regiments of infantry, with six battalions of artillery, Europeans.

In the civil establishment the company has judges, governors, ambassadors with Indian princes, and a vast number of other subordinate characters. These immense colonial establishments are under the immediate direction of twenty-four merchants resident in London: subject, however, to the controul of a council or board *ad hoc*, composed of ministers of state, and depending on the Parliament, from which the company received its privileges.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

On the 23d of March, 1820, Governor Macquarie, (New South Wales) laid the first stone of a school for the education of poor children. It is to contain 500, and adopt Lancaster's method. There is another school in the colony for orphans (male,) another for ditto, (female,) and a third for indigent children of both sexes. In these are taught the elements of the Christian religion, reading, writing and arithmetic, the principles of drawing and practical agriculture. Their progress, as reported, is very satisfactory. Civilization is making advances among the savages, many of their children being in these schools. The ulterior intention is to intermarry the young persons, when of age, and to grant them farms, cattle, ploughing implements, &c. On the 1st of Dec. 1820, Governor Macquarie laid the foundation of a new town, to be called Campbelltown. The situation is in the district of Aird, within a larger level territory of the same name. This will make the seventh town erected in that part of the world. The others are Sidney, Parramatta, Windsor (late Hawksbury,) Liverpool, Newcastle, and Bathurst.

REPORT

REPORT OF CHEMISTRY AND EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

M. BERARD has been engaged in a course of experiments to determine what chemical changes take place during the maturation, ripening and decay of fruits of various kinds, in the *Annales de Chimie*: his general results are as follows: "Fruits act upon atmospherical air in a different manner to leaves. The former at all times, both in light and darkness, part with carbon to the oxygen of the atmosphere, to produce carbonic acid, and this loss of carbon is essential to ripening, since the process stops if the fruit is immersed in an atmosphere deprived of oxygen, and the fruit itself shrivels and dies. This occurs equally to those fruits which when gathered green are able to ripen of themselves, though separated from their parent tree; but in these the ripening process may be by this means delayed for a certain time, and be completed on restoring them to an oxygenized atmosphere. In this manner peaches, plums, apples, pears, &c. may be preserved unspoilt for from three to ten or twelve weeks, inclosed in an airtight jar, with a quantity of lime and sulphate of iron worked up into a paste with water, which has the property of abstracting oxygen from the air that is in contact with it. The passing from ripeness to decay in fruits is also characterized by the production and evolution of much carbonic acid, and equally requires the presence of an oxygenized medium. The internal changes produced in fruits by the ripening process are particularly distinguished by the production of sugar, which hardly exists in any notable quantity in immature fruits; and it appears to be produced at the expense of part of the gum, and especially of the ligneous fibre. Lastly, the change which the woody fibre experiences during maturation continues during the decay of the fruit. It becomes brown; much carbonic acid is given out, and part of the sugar again disappears."

M. BERTHIER has lately been engaged on the alloys of chromium, iron and steel, and has given much interesting information respecting them, in a paper published in the *Annales de Chimie*, xvii. p. 55. Chromium has so strong an affinity for iron, that the presence of the latter metal very much facilitates the reduction of the former, and the combinations which result are, according to M. Berthier, more analogous to sulphurets and phosphurets than to alloys. The oxide of chrome also has so strong an affinity for the oxide of iron, as frequently to prevent its reduction, an effect that is not observed with any other substance.

Oxide of chromium heated very intensely, in a crucible lined with charcoal, was completely reduced, and gave a button

that had suffered hasty fusion, was brittle, hard, grey in some places, grey-black in others, perhaps containing carbon in combination.

Mixtures of oxide of iron and oxide of chromium, in various proportions, were heated in crucibles lined with charcoal, and reduced, giving perfect combinations of the two metals. These alloys are generally hard, brittle, crystalline, of a whiter grey than iron, and very bright, less fusible, much less magnetic, and much less acted on by acids than iron, and these characters are more marked in proportion as more chromium is present. An alloy, resulting from an equal mixture of peroxides of iron and oxide of chromium, gave a rounded button, full of cavities, lined with prismatic crystals, its fracture crystalline. Its colour whiter than platinum, and hard enough to scratch glass like a diamond. It was easily reducible to powder in a mortar, and its powder was metallic. Strong acids, and even nitro-muriatic acid, scarcely acted on it.

Chromate of iron, being heated in a crucible lined with charcoal, the iron was only reduced into a minor state of oxidation, and acted on the magnet. Without the presence of the oxide of chrome, the iron would have been reduced.

On heating chromate of iron with an equal quantity of glass, containing 16 per cent. soda, there was reduction of part of the metals, and a loss of 10 per cent. which M. Berthier thinks is iron and chrome volatilized, because a metallic scoria appeared on the surface of the crucible: and this loss was greater on adding borax, and increased with its quantity.

The best method of obtaining the alloy from chromate of iron, is to fuse it in a crucible lined with charcoal, with 30 of lime and 70 of silica, or with 1 of alkaline glass, or better still with 40 of borax; and to obtain as much chromium as possible, a portion of oxide of iron should be added.

M. Berthier was induced to try the effect obtained by adding a portion of this alloy to steel. Two alloys of cast-steel and chromium were made, one with 0.01, the other with 0.015 of chromium. These both forged well, the first better than cast-steel. A knife and a razor were made from them, and both proved very good; their edges were hard and solid, but their most remarkable character was the fine damask they took, when washed over with sulphuric acid. This damask was composed of white silvery veins, and nearly resembled that given by the alloy of steel and silver. The white parts are probably pure chromium, on which acids have no action.

action. There is room to suppose that chromic steel will be found proper for the manufacture of damask blades, which will be solid, hard, and have a fine appearance,

and also for many other instruments. It was prepared by fusing together cast-steel and the alloy of chromium and iron.—*Brande's Journal.*

BRITISH LEGISLATION.

ACTS PASSED in the FIRST YEAR of the REIGN of GEORGE THE FOURTH, or in the SECOND SESSION of the SEVENTH PARLIAMENT of the UNITED KINGDOM.

CAP. LXVI. *For regulating the Fur Trade, and establishing a Criminal and Civil Jurisdiction within certain Parts of North America,*

VI. Courts of Judicature established in Upper Canada to take Cognizance of Causes in Indian Territories. Actions relating to Lands not within the Province of Upper Canada to be decided according to the Law of England.

XI. His Majesty may issue Commissions under the Great Seal empowering Justices to hold Courts of Record for the Trial of Criminal and Civil Offences.

XII. Court to be constituted as His Majesty shall direct, but Power of the Court not to extend to Capital Offences; nor to Civil Actions where the Amount in Issue exceeds 200*l.*

XIV. Not to affect Rights of Hudson's Bay Company.

CAP. LXVII. *For extending the Drawbacks on Coals used in Mines and Smelting Works within the Counties of Cornwall and Devon, and for allowing a Drawback of the Duties on Coals used in draining Coal Mines in the County of Pembroke.*

CAP. LXVIII. *To repeal so much of several Acts to prevent the excessive Price of Coals, as relates to Coal Yards established at the Expence of the Public in Dublin and Cork.*

CAP. LXIX. *For vesting all Estates and Property, occupied for the Ordnance Service, in the principal Officers of the Ordnance; and for granting certain Powers to the said principal Officers.*

CAP. LXX. *For raising a Loan of Thirteen Millions from the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt.*

CAP. LXXI. *For raising the Sum of Twenty-nine Millions by Exchequer Bills, for the Service of the Year One thousand eight hundred and twenty-one.*

CAP. LXXII. *To establish an Agreement with the Governor and Company of the Bank of Ireland, for advancing the Sum of Five hundred thousand Pounds Irish Currency; and to empower the said Governor and Company to enlarge the Capital Stock or Fund of the said Bank to Three Millions.*

CAP. LXXIII. *To permit, for Three Years, the Transfer from certain Public Stocks or Funds in Ireland to certain Public Stocks or Funds in Great Britain.*

CAP. LXXIV. *To repeal an Act, passed in the Fifty-seventh Year of His late Majesty King George the Third, for regulating Payments to the Treasurer of the Navy under the Heads of Old Stores and Imprests, and to make other Provisions in lieu thereof.*

CAP. LXXV. *To continue and amend certain Acts for preventing Frauds and Depredations committed on Merchants, Shipowners, and Underwriters, by Boatmen and others; and also for remedying certain Defects relative to the Adjustment of Salvage in England, under an Act made in the Twelfth Year of Queen Anne.*

CAP. LXXVI. *To continue and amend certain Acts for preventing the various Frauds and Depredations committed on Merchants, Shipowners, and Underwriters, by Boatmen and others, within the Jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports; and also for remedying certain Defects relative to the Adjustment of Salvage, under a Statute made in the Twelfth Year of the Reign of Her late Majesty Queen Anne.*

CAP. LXXVII. *To abolish the Payment, by Prisoners in Ireland, of Gaol Fees, and all other Fees relating to the Commitment, Continuance, Trial, or Discharge of such Prisoners, and to prevent Abuses by Gaolers, Bailiffs, and other Officers,*

CAP. LXXVIII. *To regulate Acceptances of Bills of Exchange.*

Bills accepted payable at a Banker's or other Place deemed a general Acceptance. Bills accepted payable at a Banker's or other Place only, deemed a qualified Acceptance.

CAP. LXXIX. *To repeal certain Bounties granted for the Encouragement of the Deep Sea British White Herring Fishery, and to make further Regulations relating to the said Fishery.*

CAP. LXXX. *For raising the Sum of One Million British Currency, by Treasury Bills in Ireland, for the Service*

rice of the Year One thousand eight hundred and twenty-one.

CAP. LXXXI. To amend so much of an Act of the Twenty-eighth Year of His late Majesty as requires a Registry of Wool sent Coastwise.

CAP. LXXXII. For allowing to Distillers of Spirits for Home Consumption in Scotland, a Drawback of a Portion of the Duty on Malt used by them; and for the further prevention of smuggling of Spirits on the Borders of Scotland and England.

CAP. LXXXIII. For further reducing, until the Fifth Day of July One thousand eight hundred and twenty-two, the Duty on Malt made from Bear or Bigg only, for Home Consumption in Scotland.

CAP. LXXXIV. To Grant Duties of Customs on certain Articles of Wood imported into Great Britain, in lieu of former Duties; and to amend an Act made in the Fifty-ninth Year of His late Majesty, for granting certain Duties of Customs in Great Britain.

CAP. LXXXV. To explain and amend several Acts relating to the assessing, levying, and collecting the County Rates.

CAP. LXXXVI. For amending an Act passed in the First Year of His present Majesty, for enabling William Blackall Simonds, Esquire, to sell or mortgage his Estate and Interest in the Improprate Rectory of Caversham, in the County of Oxford, free from the Claims of the Crown.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED IN DECEMBER,

With an HISTORICAL and CRITICAL PROEMIUM.

•• Authors or Publishers desirous of seeing an early notice of their Works are requested to transmit copies before the 18th of the Month.

MR. WILKS'S *Memoirs of her Majesty, Queen Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, Consort of George the Fourth, King of Great Britain*, in two volumes, is an interesting work, divided into eleven chapters; to which is added, a copious appendix, containing, besides the celebrated defence of the Princess of Wales in answer to the charges on the Delicate Investigation by Mr. Perceval, numerous and important documents from many respectable persons in Italy, relative to the conduct of the Princess of Wales. The whole abounds in curious, important, and novel information. The *first* chapter contains some account of her late Majesty's ancestors, the Dukes of Brunswick. The *second*, the early history of the life of her late Majesty. The *third*, the life of the Prince of Wales from his infancy to the period of his marriage with the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, in 1795. The *fourth*, a narrative of events which transpired from 1795 to 1800, including particulars of quarrels between the Prince and Princess of Wales, their separation, correspondence, &c. The *fifth*, a history and developement of the Douglas conspiracy. The *sixth*, memoirs of the private and public life of her Majesty from 1806 to 1814, including the history of the celebrated Book, &c. The *seventh*, travels of her Royal Highness on the continent, the Holy Land, &c. from 1814 to 1820, including the particulars of her return to England. The *eighth* includes the period from the Queen's landing at Dover to the termination of her trial before the

House of Lords. The *first* chapter of the second volume contains observations on the trial, and the character of the witnesses, together with a tabular analysis of the trial, and the ulterior proceedings in the House of Lords, &c. The *second* includes the period from the withdrawing of the Bill of Pains and Penalties to the interment of her Majesty at Brunswick. The *third*, and last chapter, contains concluding moral and political observations. The author of this work has been indefatigable in his researches, and in obtaining the most authentic information relative to the illustrious lady, of whose life he has here drawn an interesting, though lamentable portrait. He has had, too, the rare good fortune to have access to persons and documents, on whose veracity undoubted reliance may be placed; and, therefore, this life of the late Queen is entitled to peculiar regard. The secret history of the first year after the marriage of the royal parties; the motives, here for the first time distinctly developed, which prompted the Douglas conspiracy; the documents relative to the Milan commission; the tabular view of the charges made by the Attorney-General against her Majesty, with the answer to these charges; and the documents in the appendix No. 2, are those parts of the work which will unquestionably attract the most attention. The whole will, however, be perused with an intensity of interest and of feeling, which the history of oppression and misfortune never fails to excite.

We feel a pleasure in directing the attention

tion of our readers, to a little volume, from the pen of Mr. RICHARD RYAN, whose critical knowledge of Irish literature is well known to the public, entitled, *Eight Ballads on the Fictions of the Ancient Irish, and other Poems*. They are marked by a rich and elegant vein of playfulness and humour; and, in many instances, exhibit great depth and energy of feeling. At the same time we feel ourselves bound, as impartial critics, to observe, that the Eight Ballads with which the volume opens, though the most prominent, are by no means among the happiest efforts of the author. They appear to us deficient in spirit and animation; the fourth, in particular, can only be regarded as a very feeble imitation of the hacknied English song, "*How sweet are the flowers that grow by yon fountain!*" It likewise strikes us, that from so fertile a field as that of Irish tradition, a much more interesting and judicious selection of fictions than the present might have been made. Of the poems annexed to the ballads, we can speak in terms of more unqualified approbation. They are at once lively and tender; and are evidently the offspring of a vivid imagination and a feeling heart. The writer is of the school of Moore, and he does not dishonour the model he has chosen. We subjoin a small piece extracted from Mr. Ryan's volume, which will, we have no doubt, in the opinion of our readers, justify the praise we have bestowed upon it.

Forget thee!—in my banquet hall,
Go ask my fellow men,
Or ask the tear that secret falls,
If I forget thee then.
The midnight hours with song and wine,
I ever shar'd with thee,
The midnight hours, they still are thine,
And fatal memory!

Forget thee!—in the mirthful dance,
There steals some eye's bright ray,
Like thine—that makes me with its glance
Turn swift in tears away.
Go ask my minstrels, when they breathe
The verse, the poet's pen
With each Parnassian sweet hath wreath'd,
If I forget thee then?

Forget thee!—Oh, there is but one,
Could from my mem'ry chase
Each sweet charm I have gaz'd upon.
Each softly winning grace.
To be that one's, my first, first vow,
I pledg'd with infant breath,
And he comes to demand me now,
Thy rival, love—is death!

Forget thee!—when my funeral urn
Thy tearful gaze shall meet,
And censers of aroma burn,
Exhaling at my feet:
When winds and storms careering sweep
Unheeded o'er my breast,
And cyprus waves—then turn and weep,
And own my love's at rest!

A pamphlet of considerable interest has just been published, under the title of *War in Greece*, in which the writer draws the following picture of the respective forces, &c. of the Turks and Greeks:—

Greece at this moment is full of men highly endowed, and a powerful and general thirst for knowledge has filled the universities of Europe with Greek students, supported by the patriotic aid of their countrymen.

I do not say that the Greeks are pre-eminently industrious, brave, learned, patriotic, or religious; but I do say, that to possess these qualities at all, is a strong proof of their force of character, to those who know what the Turkish way has been, and that it still is, with regard to civilization, an exterminating principle.

It is said that the Greeks lie—that they steal—that they assassinate—be it so; but let it be asked what can men do that have no protection against conquerors, who at pleasure take from them their wives, their children, their fortunes, and their lives?

They will lie, whose destruction follows the truth; they will steal, from whom all has been stolen; they will assassinate, who have no other protection against murderers. There was but one reproach against the Greeks: "Why do you not rise upon your tyrants?" and this reproach they have wiped away; let it not be said that a great people, struggling sword in hand for freedom, are a debased people; say, rather, that those surrounding nations who withhold their aid are debased.

The writer gives the following estimate of the advantages possessed by each of the contending parties:—

What is then the state of the Greeks?

1st. They are far more numerous than their enemies.

2d. They possess equal courage.

3d. They possess the greatest part of the country, and many large tracts, and some islands where the Turk, even in the day of his strength, never could penetrate; and these form so many impregnable fortresses from which to draw supplies.

4th. The Greeks have sailors; the Turks have none.

5th. The machine of Turkish government has, in all its subordinate parts, been worked by Greeks, and will go on badly without them.

6th. The Greeks are better informed on all subjects than the Turks.

7th. They fight not for civil and religious freedom alone, but for existence; extirpation is certain, if they are defeated; whereas the Turks have Asia Minor to retreat into, and only fight for a province belonging to their sovereign.

8th. The best troops the Sultan had in his army are amongst those Greeks now in arms against him; and

9th. The Turkish army may have courage and arms, but nothing else, and is not entitled to the name of an army; it is a numerous banditti, so bad, that the last Emperor lost his life by an attempt to restore discipline and introduce the European system among the Janizaries.

Against these nine advantages may be placed these on the side of the Turks:—

1st. They have an established government.

2d. They hold most of the fortresses.

3d. The Sultan may have great command of money if he acts wisely.

4th. He has greater means of forging arms and making gunpowder. A total ignorance of the art of war, and a complete want of discipline, is a disadvantage common to both Greeks and Turks, but the former have the advantage of being aware of their ignorance, and eager to remedy the deficit. This feeling is a host of strength on their side.

With respect to the manner of arming the Greeks, he proposes the *pike* as the best weapon they can adopt. It can be made by every peasant; it is cheaper than any other; it needs no ammunition but courage; it is used without any instruction; it is terrible in attack, and offensive war is the game for Greece to play: it is termed by Montecuculi the *queen of weapons*. He does not assert that it is superior to the musket and bayonet generally, but it is superior to the Turkish musket that has no bayonet. In retreating, a musket is a superior weapon, and he proposes that one-fourth of the army should carry

carry them. The cavalry should be armed with swords and lances; and pistols, which abound in Greece, might be given to both services.

At a time when it appears to be the object of government to emulate the military establishments of the continent, and to give to that description of force a decided preference over the other branches of the service, we observe with pleasure the appearance of a work calculated to recal the public attention to the merits of our NAVY, which, whilst it forms an effectual defence against foreign attacks, is free from the objections which render a standing army so obnoxious at home. Mr. JAMES is already known as the author of "An Account of the Naval Occurrences of the late American War," and he has now presented us with two volumes of *The Naval History of Great Britain, from 1793 to January, 1820*. These two volumes form only part of the intended work, and embrace the transactions of the war commenced in 1793, and terminated by the peace of Amiens in March, 1802. We are surprised at the mass of information which Mr. James has been enabled to collect, and which render his work of the highest value to those who are professionally interested in naval matters. In a series of tabular abstracts, which he asserts to be the only documents of the kind ever published, Mr. James exhibits the state of the British navy as it existed at the commencement of every year from 1793 inclusive. After taking an introductory view of the gradual progress of our naval force, the author divides his subject into four annual heads, consisting of the state of the British navy, encounters of fleets, encounters of detached ships, and coast and miscellaneous occurrences. These details are drawn up with a minute and scrupulous attention to impartiality and truth, and from the peculiar sources of information to which Mr. James had access, he has been enabled to correct many exaggerations and mis-statements. The reception of this part of the work, will, we have no doubt, excite the author to the speedy completion of an undertaking, which is at once of great importance to the politician and historian, and by no means devoid of interest to readers of a different class.

Mr. W. FRIEND has published his annual volume, called *Evening Amusements*, for the year 1822. These pleasing volumes have effected more for astronomy than all the works ever published, and have also done much towards dispelling numerous errors. The liberal mind of Mr. Friend, superior to the prejudices engendered by university education and dignities, has led him to become the first public advocate of the simple and palpable system of nature promulgated at different times in this Miscellany; and as the accession of such

an advocate to the cause of truth is a very important circumstance in the future history of science, we shall quote several passages of Mr. Friend's work, as opinions meriting general circulation, and as authorities entitled to the respect of the public.

A considerable length of time must necessarily elapse before men can get rid of the errors and prejudices engrafted on them in the long series of the dark ages. Yet the time will come, and the errors of the present generation will be no less a matter of wonder to our posterity, than the ignorance and superstition of the dark ages are to us. We have seen, in the instance of Galileo, the folly of attempting to darken the light of philosophy; yet how many are there, even in this island, who labour under a similar prejudice with the priests in those days. In the same manner the Newtonian dream of attraction will share a similar fate, and its end is much nearer than its advocates imagine.

The opinions maintained in one age, upheld by authority, by force, or by fraud, are in another age justly stigmatized with the name of delusion and imposture. It has been objected to me, that, in opposing the atomick system of attraction set up by Newton, I have advanced no theory of my own to supply its place. The fate of the system-makers in preceding ages is assuredly no great encouragement to such a task. Where are now the cycles and epicycles of Ptolemy? the vortices of Descartes? the atoms of Boscovich and Newton? Each has had its supporters for a time; but Newton himself is not likely to retain much longer his sway, even with the French philosophers.

Sir Richard Phillips has published a work on the Proximate Causes of Material Phenomena, and the true Principles of Universal Causation. This is by no means an inglorious attempt to lay down a system that shall solve the phenomena of the universe; and in this we must do Sir Richard the justice to allow, that he has surpassed his predecessors Sir Isaac; for he derives his principles from an actual survey of the phenomena in the universe, instead of laying down a system upon paper, and then bringing the real world to an imaginary one, formed on an hypothesis which has no basis in nature. But before he gives us his own system, he has very properly, and in a very judicious manner, pointed out the errors into which his predecessor had fallen.

I shall select a few of his objections to the Newtonian system, which have long appeared to me incontrovertible. Newton assumes, that matter is made up of indefinite small particles, each of which has a power beyond any distance that we can name; and this power is of such a nature, as to diminish with the distance, according to a certain law. This is a gratuitous assumption; as no one would have dreamed of it, if it had not been gravely repeated by high authority, that the parings of his nails were exerting an influence on the Moon, the Sun, and the Planets. On this idle supposition, now so generally adopted, and pretended to be believed, Sir Richard properly observes,

Matter is not itself an agent or source of power. It has no consciousness of any distant matter to be moved or attracted.

It has no means of knowing the relative quantity, and of moving accordingly.

On the supposed projectile force, which first directed the motion of the planets, he observes with great propriety,

It is a gratuitous assumption, that the Deity hurled the planets into space at their creation, and a draft on faith beyond what the worth or necessity of the gravitating hypothesis justifies.

The doctrine of vacuum is a great point with the Newtonians, but Sir Richard contends, that

A vacuum is impossible on the principle of elasticity; and, if it could exist, all elastic bodies would expand and fill it.

It is impossible, on the principle of motion; as, without resistance, every impulse would carry bodies through infinite spaces in the smallest time.

It is inconsistent with the phenomena of the planet

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nets, which find similar matter, and make similar appearances every where.

It is inconsistent with the propagation of light, and other known communications in space.

It is inconsistent with the notion of an omnipresent Deity, who is at the same time omnipotent.

My limits permit me to extract only a part of the objections to the dreams of the Newtonian school; but I agree entirely with Sir Richard, that "each of these features of the Newtonian school is to the last degree improbable, gratuitous, and visionary."

Matter having been thus divested of the imaginary qualities attributed to it by Newton, and reduced to an inert substance, incapable of acting till it has been acted upon, our system is surveyed; and, first, we find an Earth moving with a double motion, one round its axis, the other in its orbit; a Sun in the centre, round which several planets revolve in a similar manner with the Earth, the Sun itself having a two fold motion, the one round its axis, the other in, comparatively speaking, a very small orbit. The space between these planets and the Sun is filled, according to Sir Richard, with a gaseous medium, on which the Sun is continually acting, and the impulse is felt by all bodies in the system, according to the squares of their distance from the central body.

We have to notice a small work which we think extremely well calculated for the instruction of youth in the principles of the indispensable science of Arithmetic. We allude to *The Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Arithmetic*, by H. WHITE. It contains all the fundamental rules, illustrated by the clearest examples as far as compound division. One material difference between this and all other works of the kind we remember ever to have fallen within our notice, consists in introducing decimals in each rule throughout the work.

We can with confidence assert that a clearer and more interesting account of that noble and useful science, architecture, in so reasonable a compass, as *Lectures on Architecture, comprising the History of the Art from the earliest times to the present day*, by Mr. JAMES ELMES, Architect, has never before been published. The lectures were delivered at the Surrey and Russell Institutions, London, and the Philosophical Institution, Birmingham. The author displays great research and knowledge of his subject in his accounts of the various eastern architectural styles and their comparative features. He has not entered too fully into the practical part of his subject, so that to a general reader this book loses none of its interest, by conveying instruction suited only to a student of the art. The style of the work itself is not so good as might have been expected from one of Mr. Elmes's literary attainments.

The Life and Adventures of Guzman D'Alfarache or the Spanish Rogue, are too well known to require any remarks from us. We are led to advert to them, at this moment by a new translation, from the French edition of Le Sage, by Mr. JOHN HENRY BRADY, which is executed with considerable spirit, and great fidelity. To render acceptable the work of the divine Spaniard, as the author of Guzman was

called by his countrymen, retouched by the exquisite pen of Le Sage, nothing more than a plain and faithful version is required; and for this, freed from the inaccuracies with which former editions have abounded, we are indebted to the present translator.

We are happy to observe a second edition of Mr. MAWE's *Travels in the Interior of Brazil*, the merits of which have been duly appreciated by the public. Since the publication of Mr. Henderson's elaborate account of these regions, noticed by us in a late number, there is little occasion to refer to any other work for general information on the subject. Mr. Mawe's previous work, however, is rendered particularly interesting by the minute description which it contains of the gold and diamond districts, and of the mode in which they are worked, illustrated by very striking engravings. These precious stones are found in considerable numbers in the beds of rivers, which are partially laid dry, and the soil subjected to a close examination. The river Abaiti is particularly celebrated for its rich productions. The workmen are negroes, who labour in gangs of two hundred each, under an administrator and other officers, amongst whom are a clergyman and a surgeon. Diamonds of uncommon magnitude are occasionally met with. Three offenders, who had been banished into the desert interior, employed themselves in this search, in the hopes of meeting with a prize which might purchase their pardon. They were so fortunate as to discover a fine stone of near an ounce in weight in the Abaiti, which easily reconciled them to justice. It is singular that in a country abounding in real gems, Mr. Mawe should have been the first person to undeceive the government respecting an immense stone, supposed to be a diamond, and weighing almost a pound, but which he proved to be merely a chrystal. There is a great deal of interesting matter in this portion of his work, and we think the author has done well in dwelling on a branch of natural history, in which this part of the world so far surpasses all others, and on which Mr. Mawe, by his various publications, has proved himself so well qualified to treat.

May You Like it, by a Country Curate, we like very well, with the exception of the title, which is a foolish one, and the affected and mysterious way in which its publication was announced, in imitation of the advertisements of Don Juan. We were rather prepared not to like the reverend author at all; but a few minutes perusal of his pages, which form a very neat little volume, altered our feelings. It turns out to be a series of very pretty and simple stories, intended chiefly for the use of young grown up persons, and well adapted to

to interest their feelings, and to form their principles. The author has purposely thrown a strong infusion of religion into his work, having interwoven it, as he says, with every tale. But we have not the happiness of going along with him in the faith that all the thirty-nine articles of the church are founded on Scripture, as a house upon a rock; and we believe it is generally admitted, that those articles are at the present day, rather matter of subscription than of conviction.

Amongst the crowd of new novels we may mention *The Priest*, as a work indicating no inconsiderable powers. The scene is laid in the reign of Edward the Sixth, when the contest was at its height between the Catholic and Protestant Creeds. From this cause a schism exists in the house of the Earl of Arding, from which the interest of the piece is drawn. There is some very good description to be met with, and some strong delineation of character; but the plot is too improbable and forced, to be pleasing.

With the return of this period of the year, we have to notice the appearance of the recurring volume of *Time's Telescope*, for the year 1822; for the character of which it might be sufficient to refer to our remarks on the previous volumes. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with observing, that conchology forms the prominent feature of natural history in the present number, to which is prefixed a well written treatise on that science, with a reference to the best works on the subject. We find the same industry and ingenuity displayed in the selection of anecdotes and facts appropriate to particular days, and the same good taste in the choice of the poetical pieces, thickly interspersed through the pages. It is unnecessary to say more of a work which has now passed several times under our notice, and whose merits are so fully substantiated as to leave the critic no further duty to perform.

The Welsh Non-conformist's Memorial; or, Cambro-British Biography, by the late Dr. WILLIAM RICHARDS, edited by Dr. EVANS, is a work which undeservedly, but not designedly, has hitherto escaped our critical notice. It principally consists of sketches of the founders of the Protestant dissenting interest in Wales; besides which, it contains essays on various subjects, with some of which we must confess ourselves much pleased.

*** Lord Byron's new Poem will be fully noticed in the Supplement, and "The Pirate" in our next Magazine.

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To these attractions are now to be added *Don Giovanni in Ireland*, which contains a delightful assemblage of Irish melodies, and some correct and beautifully-executed scenery. As a *Spectacle*, the procession and installation of the Knights of St. Patrick, and the concluding allegorical vision, might have entitled it to popular favour; but the author has exhibited neither plot, wit, or taste; and the partiality of all the friends of the theatre has been unable to save it. How wretched must be that composition, which could not be saved by the singing of Vestris, Fitzwilliam, Povey, and Cubit, and by an expenditure of several thousands, in dresses and scenery!

MEDICAL REPORT.

REPORT of DISEASES and CASUALTIES occurring in public and private Practice of the Physician who has the care of the Western District of the City Dispensary.

It has before been remarked in one of these monthly communications that an endemic character is often perceived in respect to the prevalence even of affections which would be thought not under the influence of atmospherical changes, or any external circumstances. During the few preceding weeks there has been an unusual number of disorders, which implicate especially the heart and circulation, without apparent reference to any irritating cause in the first passages,—and, at the same time, without the organ just mentioned being absolutely the seat of structural derangement; the affection has seemed to be one of pure irritability. In some of these cases digitalis, in others hyoscyamus, has appeared best calculated to allay the induced disturbance. Small bleedings have been required in some, in all, rest and quiet have been enjoined as necessary.

Rheumatism still continues to prevail, but not in the same measure as in some of the preceding months—the pains, indeed, which are now complained of, and which might, without discrimination, be registered under the head of rheumatism, have recently proved rather periosteal, if they may be so named, than absolutely rheumatic, and affect the membrane which lines the bones more than the fascia which invests the muscular fibre. In the writer's practice large doses of Peruvian bark have been more radically operative upon these

distressing irritations than any other single medicinal; but to be effectual the quantity given must be large, and continued for a considerable length of time. Half-grain doses of the stramonium extract are not seldom useful in allaying the urgent pain in cases where opium is objectionable.

What would be called typhus fever has not latterly been a very common disease, but inflammatory affections of the brain have occasionally assumed such a typhoid character as almost to justify the assumption of Dr. Clutterbuck respecting the identity of phrenitis and fever. In these cases elaterium, administered in an early stage of the complaint, immediately after bleeding, and in some instances, even to the exclusion of bleeding, proves a most valuable medicine, since it not merely acts as a purgative, but by pervading the whole system with its influence, induces that state by which the febrile irritation is suspended, and often entirely subdued. The writer has before remarked, and he may here repeat the statement as one of great practical value—that small doses of the drug now referred to will often arrest the course of those irritable movements which end, if not interrupted, in water on the brain.

Many cases of porriginous affections have lately fallen under the writer's notice. Unguents are still perhaps too copiously and indiscriminately had recourse to in these affections of the skin; cleanliness is one of the great cardinal points necessary in the

the treatment of them, and very small quantities of the citrin ointment, or some stimulant lotion, will prove for the most part abundantly more serviceable than large masses of tar ointment, or other greasy application, with which the practitioners were formerly wont to plaster scalled heads. A small treatise, by a friend of the reporter, Mr. Plumbe, of Russell-street, will be found to contain some valuable hints on the disorders now referred to, both as it respects their pathology and remedial demands.

Scarlatina has lately been rather frequent, and the reporter has just had under his care a case of small-pox after vaccination, which in the first blush of the business assumed a most formidable aspect, but which, as is almost universally the case, became mild and favourable at the precise period when, had the disease been unmitigated by vaccination, death would have claimed the subject of it as his victim.

D. UWINS, M.D.

Bedford Row, Dec. 20, 1821.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather has continued, almost invariably, since our last, in the same course of wind and rain, the former often approaching to hurricane, and the latter inundating all the low grounds. The damage, by sea and land, has been unusually great; and the floods and water-sodden state of the soil, in many parts, have prevented wheat sowing or fallowing the land at the regular season. In the meantime, the mild temperature of the whole autumn has pushed forward all the early sown wheats to a height and luxuriance scarcely ever before witnessed. The grass and every green production have increased in an equal ratio, and all kinds of live stock have been kept at a cheap rate where the land would bear them. There is an universal great crop of turnips, reckoning the foliage; and also of *mangel wurzel*, which the farmers, after many years deliberation, have of late condescended to make trial of in most parts. They form an excellent substitute for the turnip, on soils unfriendly to that root; and Mr. Gibbs, seedsman, of Piccadilly, gained great credit at the late Cattle Show, by the exhibition of fine and weighty specimens of his *yellow mangel wurzel*, which is the most nutritious and valuable of the species. There is nothing new to be reported of the state of the country. From the mere excess of our own native products, both the corn and flesh markets have been in all parts still gradually declining in price, and that even at the festive season of Christmas, in the metropolis. The case of too many farmers, in every county, is actually desperate, irretrievable; but as every measure which bears the semblance of being remedial, ought to be circulated as extensively as possible, we make the following quotation from the Farmer's Journal, of Dec. 17th:—
"To consume as much of the corn we grow as can possibly be kept out of the market, by fattening with it cattle and pigs; to feed our own families, servants, and labourers, with the produce of our farms; to use the greatest economy in our expenditure, and not

embark a shilling in draining, limeing, or in any other permanent improvement; to confine ourselves entirely to the cleaning of our lands, and to be satisfied with such manure as our yards will afford; to lay down with grass seeds all lands of inferior quality, and at a distance from home." It is said, that in Devon, Cornwall, and some parts of the principality, between ten and fifteen thousand acres of corn land have been thrown up this season, and are now lying in a state of waste. As to effectual remedies, our agriculturists, grossly misled in the first instance, have, for some time past, began to open their eyes to the true state of their case. Their distress and ruin have originated, neither in importation, false averages, return to cash payments, nor in any of those numerous effects which have been so currently mistaken for causes. *The original, the fundamental cause, was the late unjust, unnatural, and libticide war, and consequent burdens of taxation, too great for the country to bear.* Proof?—the state of the country, previous and subsequent. For a real, national remedy, the country must look to the advice and exertions of Sir Francis Burdett, *the landlord who raised no rents*; to Mr. Hume, Mr. Coke, Mr. Ricardo, and that band of patriots, who are so nobly struggling to regenerate Old England, and to give to every man his just share of the common property." Complaints, from various parts, are made of landlords, who, slighting the general example, and indeed their own ultimate interest, refuse any relief to their distressed tenantry. In the peculiar poachy state of the lands, vast damage is said to have been done in all parts by the *hunters*, and more especially in the vicinity of the metropolis. Pulmonary and catarrhal affections, the consequence of a moist and variable state of the atmosphere, have prevailed generally among the horses in the western counties.

The present has been altogether a wet half year; in the first half of the year the depth of rain was below the average,

rage, but the last three months have swelled the annual fall in Middlesex to an excess of nearly *double* the annual average. In the last two months the fall has been 13 inches, ($6\frac{1}{2}$ per month,) flooding all lowlands, and destroying the agricultural and gardening crops. On Christmas-day the barometer presented a phenomenon which has not occurred these 35 years—it fell to 28.05, and on the 25th, at 7 A.M. was at 28.17, while the day was clear, the wind SW., and the thermometer 47.5, between which and 53, the latter has ranged through the month, the

prevailing winds being SW., with very slight morning frosts, and no snow.

Smithfield.—Beef 2s. 4d. to 4s. 0d.—Mutton 2s. 4d. to 3s. 8d.—Lamb 0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.—Veal 3s. 8d. to 5s. 0d.—Pork 2s. 6d. to 5s. 0d.—Bacon 3s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.—Raw Fat 2s. 8d.—Wheat 32s. to 72s.—Barley 17s. to 28s.—Oats 16s. to 28s.—The quartern loaf in London 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.—Hay 60s. to 84s. 0d.—Clover do. 36s. to 105s.—Straw 24s. to 36s. 0d.—Coals in the Pool 36s. 0d. to 48s. 0d.

Middlesex, Dec. 24, 1821.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

PRICES OF MERCHANDIZE.

	Nov 27.				Dec. 28.			
Cocoa, W. I. common	3	0	0	to 4 0 0	£3	0	0	to 4 0 0 per cwt
Coffee, Jamaica, ordinary	4	4	0	.. 4 14 0	4	5	0	.. 4 14 0 ditto.
Coffee, ———, fine	5	4	0	.. 5 7 0	5	4	0	.. 5 7 0 ditto.
—, Mocha	12	0	0	.. 18 0 0	0	0	0	.. 0 0 0 per cwt
Cotton, W. I. common	0	0	9	.. 0 0 10 $\frac{3}{8}$	0	0	8 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 0 0 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ per lb.
—, Demerara	0	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 0 1 0 $\frac{1}{8}$	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 0 1 0 ditto.
Currants	5	15	0	.. 0 0 0	4	16	0	.. 5 14 0 per cw.
Figs, Turkey	2	6	0	.. 2 5 0	2	10	0	.. 3 15 0 ditto.
Flax, Riga	55	0	0	.. 0 0 0	58	0	0	.. 0 0 0 per ton.
Hemp, Riga Rhine	42	0	0	.. 43 10 0	52	0	0	.. 0 0 0 ditto.
Hops, new, Pockets	2	0	0	.. 4 4 6	2	0	0	.. 4 4 0 per cwt.
—, Sussex, do.	2	0	0	.. 3 0 0	2	10	0	.. 4 4 0 ditto.
Iron, British, Bars	8	15	0	.. 9 10 0	8	15	0	.. 9 10 0 per ton.
—, Pigs	5	0	0	.. 7 0 0	5	0	0	.. 7 0 0 ditto.
Oil, Lucca	10	0	0	.. 0 0 0	39	0	0	.. 0 0 0 per jar
—, Galipoli	66	0	0	.. 0 0 0	65	0	0	.. 0 0 0 per ton.
Rags	1	18	0	.. 0 0 0	1	18	0	.. 0 0 0 per cwt.
Raisins, bloom or jar, new	4	0	0	.. 4 8 0	4	0	0	.. 4 3 0 ditto.
Rice, Patna kind	0	14	0	.. 0 16 0	0	0	0	.. 0 0 0 ditto.
—, East India	0	9	0	.. 0 10 0	0	9	0	.. 0 10 0 ditto.
Silk, China, raw	1	1	0	.. 1 1 4	1	0	1	.. 1 1 4 per lb
—, Bengal, skein	0	14	6	.. 0 17 1	0	14	6	.. 0 17 1 ditto.
Spices, Cinnamon	0	7	3	.. 0 8 0	0	7	3	.. 0 8 0 per lb
—, Cloves	0	3	6	.. 0 3 9	0	3	9	.. 0 0 0 ditto.
—, Nutmegs	0	3	8	.. 0 0 0	0	3	8	.. 0 4 8 ditto.
—, Pepper, black	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{4}$.. 0 0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{4}$.. 0 0 0 ditto.
—, ———, white	0	1	1	.. 0 1 2	0	1	2 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 0 0 0 ditto.
Spirits, Brandy, Cogniac	0	4	4	.. 0 4 10	0	3	10	.. 0 4 4 per gal.
—, Geneva Hollands	0	0	0	.. 0 0 0	0	1	4	.. 0 1 9 ditto.
—, Rum, Jamaica	0	2	0	.. 0 2 9	0	0	0	.. 0 0 0 ditto.
Sugar, brown	2	13	0	.. 2 8 0	0	0	0	.. 0 0 0 per cwt.
—, Jamaica, fine	3	15	0	.. 4 1 0	0	0	0	.. 0 0 0 per cwt.
—, East India, brown	0	14	0	.. 0 16 0	0	14	0	.. 0 16 0 ditto.
—, lump, fine	3	15	0	.. 4 0 0	2	0	0	.. 2 4 0 per cwt.
Tallow, town-melted	2	6	6	.. 0 0 0	2	7	0	.. 0 0 0 ditto.
—, Russia, yellow	2	3	0	.. 0 0 0	2	5	0	.. 0 0 0 per lb.
Tea, Bohea	0	2	5	.. 0 0 0	0	2	5 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 0 0 0 ditto.
—, Hyson, best	0	5	9	.. 0 6 0	0	4	0	.. 0 0 0 per pipe
Wine, Madeira, old	21	0	0	.. 40 0 0	22	0	0	.. 33 0 0 ditto
—, Port, old	30	0	0	.. 48 0 0	24	0	0	.. 55 0 0 per built
—, Sherry	25	0	0	.. 65 0 0	25	0	0	.. 60 0 0 per built

Premiums of Insurance...Guernsey or Jersey, 20s. 0d.—Cork or Dublin, 20s. 0d.—Bel-fast, 20s. 0d.—Hambro', 40s. 0d.—Madeira, 20s. 0d.—Jamaica, 30s.—Greenland, out and home, 6gs. to 12gs.

Course of Exchange, Dec. 27.—Amsterdam, 12 12.—Hamburgh, 37 6.—Paris, 25 60.—Leghorn, 47.—Lisbon, 50.—Dublin, 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies.—Birmingham, 560l.—Coventry, 1000l.—Derby, 135l.—Ellesmere, 63l.—Grand Surrey 59l. 0s.—Grand Union, 201 0s.—Grand Junction, 222l.—Grand Western, 31l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 325l.—Leicester, 290l.—Loughbro', 2600l.—Oxford, 649l.—Trent and Mersey, 1810l.—Worcester, 24l.—East India

India Docks, 164l.—London, 104½l.—West India, 180l.—Southwark BRIDGE, 13l.—Strand, 5l. 5s. Royal Exchange ASSURANCE, 250l.—Albion, 50l. 0s.—Globe, 131l. 0s.—GAS LIGHT COMPANY, 62l. 0s.—City Ditto, 105l. At the Office of Wolfe and Edmonds'.
The 3 per cent. Reduced, on the 27th was 77¼; 3 per cent. consols, 87¾; 5 per cent. navy 110½.
Gold in bars 3l. 17s. 10½d. per oz.—New doubloons, 3l. 14s. 3d.—Silver in bars 4s. 11d.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES announced between the 20th of Nov. and the 20th of Dec. 1821: extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES. [this Month 114.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

- A**RMISTEAD, J. Clapham, Yorkshire, cotton spinner. (Buck and Startifant, and Norris, attorneys.)
Atwood, A. Lymington, surgeon. (Capes, & Guy.)
Aydon, S. and Elwell, W. Halifax, ironmasters. (Walker, and Alexander.)
Baker, W. and Baker, N. Portsea, grocers. (Shelton, and Poulton.)
Bamford, R. Pontefract, maltster. (Lake.)
Barker, W. Welch Whittle, Lancaster, victualler. (Stock, and Chippendale and Co.)
Barratt, A. Newport Pagnell, Buckinghamshire, farmer. (Spence, and Desborough.)
Beale, W. Newbury, timber-merchant. (Ashfield and Co. and Hedges.)
Beaumont, J. D. Maidstone, upholsterer, iron-monger, &c. (Dickinson.)
Bellott, H. Manchester, cotton manufacturer. (Wiglesworth, and Woodburne.)
Bell, J. and Bell, G. Berwick-upon-Tweed, coopers. (Bennett.)
Bingham, R. Gosport, banker. (Montagu.)
Boulton, J. and Cole, J. W. Peterborough, Northampton, bankers. (Anderson.)
Box, T. Buckingham, banker, &c. (Evans.)
Brander, J. and Barclay, J. Size-lane, merchants. (Brackenbury, and Hurd and Johnson.)
Bray, D. Plymouth Dock, victualler. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, and Bevan and Brittan.)
Brown, J. Canterbury, linen-draper. (Reardon, and Davis.)
Bunkitt, W. Beverley, Yorkshire, miller. (Shaw, and Richardson.)
Callanan, D. and Walsh, T. Wapping, soap-makers. (Thompson.)
Calvert, J. Covent Garden, merchant. (Lavie, and Oliverson.)
Campart, W. H. Croydon, hatter. (Saunders, and Bailey.)
Cavey, J. Beckley, Sussex, dealer. (Egan, and Waterman.)
Cella, P. Minories, wine-mercht. (Annesley & Son.)
Chamberlin, J. Bristol, merchant. (Poole and Greenfield, and Pallin.)
Clarke, J. Commercial-road, ship-owner. (Simpson.)
Clarkson, J. Gracechurch-street, hatter and coal-merchant. (Osbaldeston and Co.)
Cleaver, W. Chelsea, grocer and cheese-monger. (Dawson and Co.)
Cooper, C. Gray's Inn-road, grocer. (Amory and Coles.)
Court, H. Fish-street Hill, straw hat-manufacturer. (Reynolds.)
Cropper, J. Westminster, brewer. (Magnale.)
Dentith, J. Liverpool, silversmith and common brewer. (Mawdsley, and Wheeler.)
Dewzilye, M. K. Bridport, Dorsetshire, bookseller. (Murley, and Hopkinson.)
Dobell, J. Cranbrook, currier. (Alliston, and Hundlely.)
Dobson, T. and Thompson, G. Darlington, merchants. (Perkins and Frampton, and Raisbeck.)
Durrant, W. Castle-st. Finsbury, tailor. (Clarke.)
Eastwood, R. Leeds, draper. (Atkinson.)
Eastwood, H. Eastwood, Yorkshire, fustian-manufacturer. (Hampson, and Ellis.)
Edwards, W. Chatham, linen-draper. (Rippon.)
Elliott, T. and Haslock, Northampton, boot and shoe-manufacturer. (Carter.)
Else, S. Tredegar Iron Works, Monmouthshire, shop-keeper. (Gregory.)
Epps, J. Holborn, ham and bacon-merchant, (Hervey, and Wilson.)
Evans, T. Mackynlleth, Montgomery, inn-keeper. (Philpot and Stone, and Madox and Burley.)
Fisher, F. jun. Leicester-square, surgeon dentist. (Budel, and Hayes.)
Fowler, J. Mark-lane, tea dealer. (Hodgson.)
Fuller, J. M. Worthing, linen-draper. (Jones.)
Gale, Q. Newgate-market, butcher. (Wilmot.)
Garrick, J. L. Mitcham, merchant. (Grimaldi, and Stables.)
Gayter, T. Brinsyard, merchant. (Raybett and Mayhew, and Alexander.)
Gleave, S. Warrington, Lancashire, shop-keeper. (Hurd, and Johnson.)
Greaves, J. Sheffield, merchant. (Knowles, and J. and J. Wheat.)
Harrison, J. late of Beckfoot, Kirby Lonsdale, carpenter. (Holme and Co. and Pearson.)
Harvey, B. Rayleigh, surgeon. (Shaw.)
Hatfield, H. Goswell-street Road, merchant. (Jones, and Howard.)
Haviland, R. Cirencester, rectifier and distiller. (Becke, and Gardner.)
Holland, H. L. Coventry, builder. (Corry, and Alexander.)
Hounsfeld, J. Cononly, Kildwick, Yorkshire, calico-manufacturer. (Lowe and Bower, and Newton and Winterbottom.)
Howard, J. St. Martin's-lane, cordwainer. (Jones, and Howard.)
Hutchins, J. Stoke Damerel, Devon, builder. (Raine and Co. and Elworthy.)
Jackson, R. Cannon-street, merchant. (Borradaile.)
James, R. Conderton, Worcester, dealer in horses, &c. (Olive, and Jenkins and Co.)
Jarvis, E. Norwich, carpenter. (Poole & Greenfield.)
Kay, E. Sheffield, merchant. (Thompson and Battye.)
Kay, T. Walcot, Somersetshire, auctioneer. (Noel.)
Kerwood, C. G. Mary-le-bone, printer. (Jones, and Howard.)
Lapage, S. Clements-lane, drysalter. (Griffith.)
Lancastle, J. and Gillard, R. N. the younger, Bristol, carpenters. (Ambury, & Sherwood & Son.)
Levi, H. late of Demarara, now of Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road, factor. (Green and Thorley.)
Litchfield, J. Cambridge, gardener. (Chevell, and Farlow.)
Longrigg, I. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Mawdsley, and Wheeler.)
Longster, G. Islington, merchant. (Smith, and Buckerworth.)
Matson, W. Kelsall, farmer, &c. (Southwell, and Edkins.)
Margetts, T. Wooton, Oxfordshire, wheelwright. (North and Co. and Lowden and Co.)
Marsden, P. Sheffield, grocer, &c. (Blacklock, and Branson.)
Marshall, W. H. Bristol, ship-broker. (Vizard, and Blower.)
Monkhouse, R. New Shoreham, timber-merchant. (Rogers, and Hicks.)
Moore, J. Sowerby, Halifax, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. (Wiglesworth, and Thompson & Co.)
Morton, P. Salford, Lancashire, merchant, &c. (Higson, and Ellis.)
Moyse, W. Saxmundham, Suffolk, baker. (Southwell, and Elkins.)
Mumby, R. Glamford Briggs, mercer, draper, and grocer. (Nicholson.)
Niblock, J. & Latham, R. S. Bath, woollen-drapers. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, and Bevan and Britton.)
Nicholson

Nicholson, J. Cummersdale, Cumberland, iron-founder. (Clennel, and Saul.
 Page, W. Lime-street, spirit-merchant. (Farlow.
 Paine, E. Little Chart, Kent, paper-maker. (Elwyn and Fisher, and Sudlow.
 Parker, R. Whitechurch, Salop, stationer and book-seller. (Stocker and Co. and Brooks, and Lee.
 Parr, J. Strand-lane, Pilkington, check-manufacturer. (Perkins, and Frampton.
 Pattison, C. St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, iron-monger. (Day.
 Potter, T. Manchester, publican. (Shaw, and Smith.
 Rendall, J. Bridport, painter. (Nicholeth, & Allen.
 Rickett, H. Shoreditch, grocer. (Amory & Coles.
 Rirkham, G. Lancaster, merchant. (Chippendall, and Robinson.
 Rivolta, A. Brook-street Holborn, looking-glass-manufacturer. (Jones.
 Ritchie, J. Richardson, F. and Ritchie, J. ware-housemen, Watling-street (Smith and White.
 Saunders, J. Coventry, auctioneer. (Mullis, and Combe.
 Smith, H. St. Martin's-lane, woollen-draper. (Pownall, and Fairthorne.
 Staff, E. and Winson, W. Staff, Norwich, brick-makers. (Bignold and Co. and Holme and Co.
 Staff, H. A. Norwich, soap-manufacturer. (Unthank and Foster, and Lythgoe.

Staff, C. and Staff, W. W. Cheapside, bombazine manufacturers. (Goodwin, and Abbott.
 Staples, G. C. Halifax, woolstapler. (Wiglesworth.
 Temple, N. Fleet-street, wine and spirit merchant. (Bartlett and Co.
 Tippetts, E. and Gothen, E. Basinghall-street, factors. (Pullen and Son, and Brutton.
 Todd, S. Southampton, mercer, &c. (Browne, and Caught.
 Townsend, J. Honiton, Devon, and Brooks G. Whimble, bankers. (Luxmoore and Flood, and Mules.
 Turner, G. Liverpool, merchant. (Taylor & Roscoe.
 Warner, R. Huntingdon, iron-monger. (Maule, and Egan, and Waterman.
 Warner, J. late of Garforth, Yorkshire, maltster. (Battye and Pearson.
 Warner, R. Garforth, Yorkshire, chapman. (Parker, and Wiglesworth.
 Whatley, T. Batcombe, shop-keeper. (Dyne.
 Whitehead, J. Hanley, merchant. (Tomlinson, and Wright.
 Wild, W. Sheffield, merchant. (Blacklocke, and Smith.
 Wildman, J. Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Le Blanc.
 Williams, S. Bristol, apothecary. (Poole and Co.
 Wills, R. Bloomsbury, tobacconist. (Cobb.
 Winch, B. sen. Hawkhurst, farmer. (Gregson, and Formereau.

DIVIDENDS.

Alder and Co. Liverpool.
 Anderson, D. Billeter-lane.
 Aubrey, G. E. Manchester.
 Austin, G. Gregory, J. and Hus-son, J. Bath.
 Barnett, J. jun. West Smithfield.
 Bartholomew, R. Basildon, Berks.
 Belcher, J. B. Hatfield Broad Oak, Essex.
 Bennett, W. Laurence Pountney Hill.
 Bennett, S. Bristol.
 Benson, J. R. Artillery-place, Finsbury-square.
 Betty, W. S. Sculcoates, Yorksh.
 Blackburn, P. and S. Plymouth.
 Bolingbrooke, H. Gt. Yarmouth.
 Bourdillon, B. Walthamstow.
 Bourke, J. Albemarle street.
 Bowler, W. and Warburton, J. Southwark.
 Boydell, J. Bethnall-green.
 Brade, W. Preston.
 Brown, W. Sutton-at-Hone.
 Browne, J. R. St. Pancras.
 Brumfit, T. Bradford, Yorkshire.
 Buckland, J. Strand.
 Bull, W. Banks, W. and Bryson, G. Cheapside.
 Burgess, H. and Hubbard, J. Cannon-street.
 Burn, J. Lothbury.
 Campbell, D. and Co. Old Jewry.
 Cary, J. Fleet-street.
 Canby, W. Leeds.
 Clarke, H. Buckden, Huntingdon.
 Clay, J. Kingston-upon-Hull.
 Clements, R. Coventry.
 Cohen, E. London.
 Cornwell, J. Kirton-Fen.
 Creser, W. City-road.
 Cullen and Pears, Cheapside.
 David, J. Threadneedle-street.
 Davie, G. and Co. Plymouth.
 Dingle, J. Charlestown, Cornwall.
 Dove, T. Malden.
 Dubois, J. & F. Alderman's Walk.
 Duffill, J. Broomsgrove.
 Dufour, W. A. F. Berners-street, Oxford-street.
 Durham, W. Oxnead, Norfolk.
 Dwyer, E. Exchange-alley.
 Fenner, B. Fenchurch-street.
 Fenton, F. Sheffield.
 Force, J. Wimborne, Minster.

Fraser, A. Norfolk-street.
 Fry, E. Newbury.
 Fry, J. Dorset-street, Salisbury-square.
 Garton, S. Cheapside.
 Gent, F. Piccadilly.
 Gilbert, W. R. Leicester.
 Gordon, J. Copthall-court.
 Gratrix and Sons, Manchester.
 Gowland, F. Gt. Winchester-st.
 Green, J. Oxford-street.
 Griffiths, G. Cursitor-street.
 Grose, P. Commercial-road.
 Handley, S. Hilderstone, Staffordshire.
 Hammon, E. Threadneedle-st.
 Harris, J. Redbridge, Hants.
 Hattersley, M. Bilton, Yorkshire.
 Hershaw, J. Gloucester-place.
 Hollis, J. Goswell-street-road.
 Holmes, J. and J. Carlisle.
 Hunt, C. Mark-lane.
 Jarman, W. jun. Knightsbridge.
 Jeffs, J. Coventry.
 Kershaw, W. Halifax.
 King, W. Worcester.
 Kirkman, C. F. Deal.
 Knott, J. Barston, Kent.
 Kruse, A. Broad-street.
 Laddin, W. Levi, Leicestershire.
 Landon, T. Harford, Cheshire.
 Lander, G. Birmingham.
 Leeson, G. Cheapside.
 Lent, W. Bridlington.
 Lewis, G. Llanbister, Radnorsh.
 Little, T. Bodibam, Sus-ex.
 Longridge and Pringle, Durham.
 Lucy, H. Tupsley, Herefordshire.
 Luscombe, N. Kingsbridge, Devon.
 Marr, R. C. Rathbone place.
 Martin, J. Liverpool.
 Matson, R. Barston, Kent.
 Matthews, J. Coventry.
 Nash, J. Birmingham.
 Nedby, W. Lamb's Conduit-st.
 Neville, R. Colchester.
 Newman, J. M. Broomsgrove.
 Owen, O. New Bond street.
 Palmer, J. Rugely, Staffordshire.
 Pardow, G. Coughton, Warwickshire.
 Parkinson, T. and R. Preston.
 Parkinson, A. Duckett, J. and Atrop, S. Manchester.
 Parks, T. and Lawton, A. Birmingham.

Parsons, G. Liverpool.
 Peake, W. Sloane-square.
 Percy, R. Blandford Farm.
 Perfect, G. jun. West Malling.
 Phillips, P. R. Carmarthen.
 Philpot, R. Banbury, Oxon.
 Petbust, J. Cranbrook.
 Pinke-ton, T. Nuneaton, Warwickshire.
 Price, R. Tewkesbury.
 Pullen, W. Leadenhall-street.
 Ratcliffe, R. Southwick, Durham.
 Reed, H. Bermondsey.
 Richardson, A. Mary-le-bone.
 Ritson, J. Carlisle.
 Robinson and Co. Manchester.
 Robinson, J. Birmingham.
 Robson, E. Morpeth.
 Roy, J. Wolverhampton.
 Rudhall, J. and H. Birmingham.
 Sedgwick, T. Clements-lane.
 Sellers, H. Burnley, Lancashire.
 Shakespear, J. Fillongley, Warwickshire.
 Sharples and Daulby, Liverpool.
 Shaw, J. Wein, Salop.
 Sheppard, R. W. Aldermanbury.
 Smith, A. Lime street-square.
 Smith, G. and Sander-son, J. Howden, Yorkshire.
 Snuggs, W. A. J. and Walley, J. Lime-street.
 Stodart, R. and M. Strand.
 Sutton, G. Lambs Conduit-street.
 Taylor, J. Shoreditch.
 Taylor, A. Kent-road.
 Thurkle, G. M. New street-square, Fetter-lane.
 Tidy, M. Southgate.
 Timmins, J. Birmingham.
 Vaughan and Appleton, Liverpool.
 Vice, J. Blackfriars.
 Warburton, G. Northwich, Cheshire.
 Watts and Buch, Bristol.
 Watts, G. Chichester.
 Whalley and Whalley, Friday-st.
 Wheatley, H. Coventry.
 Wildashe, T. R. Aylresford, Kent.
 Wilson, W. Fenchurch street.
 Wood, J. Thomas, and Wood, J. Wakefield.
 Wood, S. Bolton, Lancashire.
 Worsley, J. Liverpool.

POLITICAL

POLITICAL AFFAIRS IN DECEMBER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

SOME accessions to ministerial power have taken place, and some cold-blooded cyphers have retired, or are about to retire. The Marquess Wellesley is appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; the Duke of Montrose, Lord Chamberlain; the Marquess Conyngham, Lord Steward; and the Duke of Dorset, Master of the Horse. The Grenville party are also to receive appointments; but the arrangement which most gratifies the public is the substitution of Mr. Peel for Lord Sidmouth as Home Secretary. A change in this department was devoutly to be wished, as in the liberal and magnanimous performance of its duties depends so much of the happiness of the people.

The following account of the Monies assessed and levied in England and Wales, for the relief of the Poor, will prove the state of pauperism to which high rents and taxes are driving the mass of the people.

YEARS.	Total Sum Assessed and Levied	Sums expended for relief of Poor
1748—19—50..	£730,135	£689,971
1776.....	1,720,316	1,521,732
1783—84—85..	2,167,748	1,912,241
1803.....	5,348,204	4,077,891
1812—13.....	8,640,842	6,656,105
1813—14.....	8,388,974	6,294,584
1814—15.....	7,457,676	5,418,815
1815—16.....	6,937,425	5,724,506
1816—17.....	8,128,418	6,918,217
1817—18.....	9,320,440	7,890,148
1818—19.....	8,932,185	7,531,650
1819—20.....	8,719,655	7,329,594

The following are the amounts expended for the maintenance of the Poor in each county.

Counties.	Year Ending 25th March, 1820.	£.	s.
ENGLAND.			
Bedford	73,465	12	
Berks.....	123,280	1	
Buckingham	133,163	16	
Cambridge...	91,163	10	
Chester	121,169	16	
Cornwall	115,254	3	
Cumberland	59,064	15	
Derby	103,764	—	
Devon	249,968	1	
Dorset	104,825	7	
Durham	101,755	2	
Essex	312,087	14	
Gloucester	182,791	14	
Hereford	81,108	3	
Hertford	100,667	9	
Huntingdon	38,798	2	
Kent	394,619	6	
Lancaster	317,057	19	
Leicester	159,678	10	
Lincoln	172,971	18	
Middlesex	625,665	10	
Monmouth	33,022	19	
Norfolk	272,939	19	
Northampton	162,546	9	
Northumberl.	82,030	14	
Nottingham	105,348	10	
Oxford	143,230	9	
Rutland	12,425	9	
Salop	111,617	8	
Somerset	191,887	11	
Southampton	229,566	12	
Stafford	153,132	7	
Suffolk	245,076	8	
Surrey	277,271	10	
Sussex	296,066	11	
Warwick	181,984	18	
Westmorland	29,412	9	
Wilts	188,808	12	
Worcester	107,260	17	
York { E. R.	105,867	19	
N. R.	91,666	14	
W. R.	346,814	—	
WALES.			
Anglesea	14,836	19	
Brecon	20,270	—	
Cardigan	18,213	19	
Carmarthen	35,942	9	
Carnarvon	18,030	10	
Denbigh	39,920	15	
Flint	23,181	13	
Glamorgan	43,558	9	
Merioneth	16,290	16	
Montgomery	38,402	19	
Pembroke	25,466	17	
Radnor	15,180	2	

Total of England and Wales.....	7,329,594	7
Expended in Towns.....	1,371,495	17
Expended in other Parishes.....	5,958,098	10

An account of the average price of Wheat per quarter, in England and Wales, from the 25th of March, 1811, to the 25th of March, 1821.

1812 — 197	10	1817 — 87	4
1813 — 28	8	1818 — 90	7
1814 — 98	—	1819 — 82	9
1815 — 70	6	1820 — 69	5
1861 — 61	10	1821 — 62	5

Average of 10 Years 84 11

A decision of the Bank Directors to discount inland bills at 95 days, will assist both commerce and agriculture; but the reported reduction of one per cent. on the interest of the funds is a consummation devoutly to be wished; for while it would relieve us from ten millions of taxes, it would place funded and other property more nearly on a level.

IRELAND.

The sufferings of the poor tenantry of Ireland have contributed to excite them to most frightful outrages. They assemble by night in the south western counties, and they rob and murder, or they burn the houses of all whom they consider as oppressors of the people. Every night increases their numbers and their victims. We have not heard of any concessions or commissions of enquiry with a view to cure the disease by destroying the causes; but a legal commission has been appointed to sit at Limerick to try the offenders, and subject them to the penalties of the law. Already four convicted murderers have expiated their crimes; and it is said that a hundred others remain for trial.

The arrival of the Marquess Wellesley is, therefore, anxiously looked for, in the hope that he has full powers to apply his true Irish feelings to the grievances of his country. If our opinion reach him we conjure him to bear in mind that in allaying irritation, gentle means are the only specifics, and that “a spoonful of oil always goes further than a quart of vinegar.”

In our last we alluded briefly to one of the most savage massacres on record, and we now give place to the proceedings relative to it, before the Coroner's inquest.

Nicholas Shea, of Seven Acres, farmer, deposed, that he is brother of the deceased Edmond Shea; knows the bodies of Edmond Shea, Mary Shea, Edmond Shea, jun., Mary Shea, jun. Nicholas Shea, jun., Wm. Shea, and Margaret Shea. Witness was called out of his bed on the morning of the 20th instant, by John Butler, about the

one or two o'clock, who told him that his brother's house was on fire; when he arrived there, the house was on fire, and the roof had fallen in. Witness, about the hour of nine o'clock that morning, went to the door and saw the bodies of several persons lying on the floor, who had been burnt to death. Saw the bodies of 16 persons taken out of the house that morning.

John Mulcahy, of Ballywalter, farmer, deposed, that he knew the bodies of Patrick Mullally, Michael Mullally, and Catherine Mullally; saw them lying dead at the house of the deceased Edmond Shea, on the morning of the 20th instant.

William Williams, of Gurtnapish, labourer, deposed, that on the night of Monday, the 19th instant, he got up to look after a pig; saw Edmond Shea's house on fire; went towards the house, but was afraid to go on in consequence of hearing several shots fired about the house. A man of the name of Phillip Dillon fired a shot towards Shea's house, which was returned by one or two shots from persons about the house on fire, who shouted and desired Dillon to come on if he dared.

Philip Dillon, of Gurtnapish, farmer, deposed, that William Williams called him out of bed on the night between the 19th and 20th inst. who told him that Edmond Shea's house was on fire. He desired Williams to call some neighbours; he then advanced towards Shea's house, which was in a blaze, and fired a shot, and called out, "Oh, you rascals," which was returned by two shots, and he was desired to advance if he dare. Heard several shots about Shea's house.

The Jury found "that Edmond Shea, Mary Shea, Edmond Shea, jun. Mary Shea, jun., Nicholas Shea, jun., William Shea, Margaret Shea, Michael Butler, Patrick Mullally, Michael Mullally, Catherine Mullally, Mary Shea, Margaret Power, and three men (labourers to us unknown,) were wilfully and maliciously burned to death, by some persons, to us unknown, setting fire to the dwelling-house of Edmond Shea, the deceased, on the night between the 19th and 20th of November inst."

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* of the 15th contains an ordinance of the King for the appointment of a new administration, as follows:—

ROYAL ORDINANCE.

Louis, by the grace of God, &c.

We have ordered, and do order as follows:

The *Sieur Peyronnet*, member of the Chamber of Deputies, is appointed Minister Secretary of State for the department of Justice and Keeper of the Seals.

Viscount Montmorency, Peer of France, Minister Secretary of State for the department of Foreign Affairs.

Marshal the Duke of Belluno, Peer of France, Minister Secretary of State for the Department of War.

The *Sieur Corbiere*, member of the Chamber of Deputies, Minister Secretary of State for the Department of the Interior.

The Marquis de Clermont Tonnerre, Peer of France, Minister Secretary of State for the Department of the Marine.

The *Sieur de Villele*, member of the Chamber of Deputies, Minister Secretary of State for the Department of Finance.

Our Minister Secretary of State for the Department of our Household is charged with the execution of the present ordinance.

This event has occasioned great sensation in France, and may lead to a more liberal system, but in regard to great principles of liberty, we ask *CUI BONO?* One benefit has, however, resulted. An insulting proposition of the late ministers, to continue the *censorship* 5 years longer, has been withdrawn.

The new ministers have obtained an anticipation of one-fourth of the taxes, taken at 890 millions of francs, or 37 millions sterling.

SPAIN.

The presses under the insolent domination of *legitimacy*, having laboured incessantly to misrepresent the state of Spain, a committee of the Cortes on the 9th inst. reported on the state of the country as follows:—

The committee state, that they have carefully examined all the documents laid before them, have heard in several different sittings the secretaries of state and the deputies of the province of Cadiz, and have, from all these sources of information, drawn up a narrative of the events in question. They commence with the affairs of Cadiz—the appointment by his Majesty of the Marquis de la Reunion to the government of that city—the fermentation caused at Cadiz by this nomination—the petitions of the inhabitants to appoint another person, and the refusal of the Marquis to accept the office, which rendered it unnecessary for the king to revoke his choice, and his Majesty's nomination of the Baron d'Andilla. The committee then detail all the circumstances of the disobedience of the people of Cadiz to his Majesty's orders, in refusing to suffer the Baron d'Andilla to assume the government of that city.

The report then details the proceedings at Seville, which immediately followed those of Cadiz, and were precisely of the same nature. The committee limits its report to the affairs of Cadiz and Seville, they being the only ones referred in the communication of the government to the Cortes, and regret that they cannot give a less afflicting picture of them. They observe, that the question

question is wholly distinct from the merits or demerits of the ministers, and involves only the disobedience of the royal authority: his Majesty has the constitutional power of filling all civil and military employments, and every Spaniard ought to respect it, though he also has the right to censure the conduct of the minister who authorizes an improper measure, or accuse him if he violates the law.

It is true public offices ought only to be given to those who have given positive proof of their attachment to the political constitution of the monarchy: and nobody can be more persuaded of this than the members of the committee; but from the documents laid before them, it is evident that no objection whatever was made to the Marquis d'Andilla by the people of Cadiz, or to Don Tomas Marino Daoiz and Don Joaquin Alvista by those of Seville. The committee find that there is more excuse for the people of Cadiz than those of Seville, the latter not having any ground of complaint whatever, but only wishing to retain Don Manuel Velano and D. Ramon Luis de Escovedo; so that those two persons have been more regarded than the respect due to the government, the tranquillity of a whole province—more than the reputation of the Spainards among foreign nations—more than the constitution and the sacred empire of the laws. Whereas the people of Cadiz had some motive of dissatisfaction at least, though none that could authorize the mode of conduct which they adopted.

The committee, therefore, does not confound the events at Cadiz with those at Seville, in the latter of which it cannot help recognising a certain character of faction; whereas in those of Cadiz it is persuaded that the whole has proceeded from an error, from an excessive ardour, and a distrust which cannot be wholly condemned in those who love liberty, and have suffered much for it: the error in some points, and the aberration of some persons in others, are not such that the committee attributes them to the will, and they cannot but merit the indulgence of the Cortes. But the national Congress cannot but expressly disapprove in the face of all Europe, the disobedience and illegal proceedings of those authorities, which will doubtless suffice to make them return to their duty, acknowledging that they have erred.

The Cortes may be pleased to examine, in the first place, this point; and above all, let the observance of the constitution, and obedience to the royal authority, in conformity with it, be secured. These two things are inseparable: the question is not of the ministers, but of Government, and of the power which the constitution assigns to the King. The ministers may

be culpable; but the government and authority of the King, when they remain within the constitutional limits, ought to be sacred to all. What would become of liberty if the laws did not govern?—and how shall they govern, if it is lawful to disobey him who is charged to execute them, when he does not act contrary to them? Under pretence of supporting the constitution, it has been scandalously violated at Cadiz and Seville, by creating, under the title of Juntas, authorities unknown to the constitution, attacking prerogatives which the constitution consecrates, and resisting orders which the same constitution commands to be obeyed. Illegitimate organs erect themselves into interpreters of the public opinion, and usurp the functions of all the powers of the state. Weakness and irreflection have yielded to their impulse, and for the first time been precipitated into disobedience. The Cortes may fear that those evils will increase, unless they are stopped at their origin.

For these reasons the committee, though it thinks other measures advisable in our present situation, proposes them to the Cortes in the second part of this report, which it presents sealed, intimating that in its opinion the dignity of the throne, the decorum of the Cortes, the welfare of the nation, and the cause of liberty, imperiously require that no debate be opened till in a future sitting distinct from that in which they communicate to the government the resolution which the Cortes may take on their first part, and confining itself at present to the message of the King, and the exposition of his ministers, "the Congress make a solemn declaration, by means of another exposition to his Majesty, conceived in the terms which it now presents separately, as a part of this report."

Before their departure from Barcelona on December 8, MM. Pariset, Bally, Francois, and Andouard, the French physicians, replied to different questions. They declared that the nature of the evil was the yellow fever, and that the disease was exotic and contagious. They do not point out any effectual remedy against the contagion; but they observe that the best treatment cannot produce any effectual result except by a well-regulated sanatory police. They say the disease is a kind of poison, which attacks from the commencement the interior organs of human life, such as the lungs, heart, stomach, and bowels, which become irritated, inflamed, gangrened, and paralytic. The kidneys are also attacked, and experience acute pains. It has been discovered by dissections, that a deposit of a glutinous oil takes place

place in this part of the body, and that the blood is decomposed, dissolved, and evacuated externally by transpiration. The best remedy known is the *melambo* taken as the *kina*.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Letters, dated the 27th October, have been received from Pernambuco. A great change has been produced in the situation of affairs there, by the arrival of orders from Lisbon, in pursuance of the decrees of the Cortes,—1. For the recall of the Governor. 2. For the formation of a Provisional Government by the votes of the College of Electors. 3. For licensing the militia for a given period. 4. For the removal of the European troops to Lisbon. In consequence of these orders, the election of the members of the Junta took place on the 26th, when the choice, as might have been expected, fell principally upon the native Brazilians. The turn the elections had taken created so much disgust in the Portuguese, that nearly all the families of respectability were preparing to quit Pernambuco, either for Lisbon or for Bahia, a revolution and declaration of independence being inevitable.

SANT IAGO, Aug. 15.—It is not possible to describe the demonstrations of joy with which the people of Chili celebrated the news received of the liberation of the capital of Peru, accomplished by the valour and wisdom of Gen. San Martin.

GAZETTE OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDEPENDENT LIMA, 18th July, 1821.

First year of the Independence of Peru.

By a communication from Bujama, under the date of the 13th inst. we have the following: "The enemy continue their precipitous flight, and leave in their march spectacles which would excite horror in the most insensible minds. From the time of our departure from Lurin we have scarcely gone a step without traces of their barbarity. More than thirty dead bodies, some from weakness, some from disease, and others shot on the way because unable to pursue their march, have presented themselves to our sight, as the food of birds of prey. Rodil, according to unvarying accounts, has been the person who sacrificed the greater part of those victims. During yesterday and to-day we have met with 39 sick, of whom five have died. I do not believe that the half will survive. The whole of these have been found in the open fields, but some remain likewise in this town,

where a small hospital has been formed."

Another letter from the same place, and the same date, is expressed as follows: We have arrived at this place in pursuit of the enemy, who, proceeding in their cowardly flight, leave on the road indubitable evidence of their atrocity. I feel a horror at the crimes committed by Rodil and Valdes, and even endanger my credit by mentioning them. They shoot all the soldiers who, either by fatigue or infirmity, cannot continue their march, saying to them—'Die, wretches, rather than become our enemies.' Their dead are consequently numerous; many fugitives present themselves to us daily, without including the infinite number who escape by bye ways. These cowards, out of terror of our troops, have proceeded by indirect roads to the Sierra, committing at every step injuries and outrages. At this date the loss is not less than 500 men; and, further on, on account of the difficulty of the roads, the loss will be greater."

MEXICO.

On Thursday, the 27th of September, the inhabitants of this capital had the infinite satisfaction of receiving the Liberating Army of the Three Guarantees, with its worthy commander, Don Agustin de Iturbide. The general was received at the principal gate of the Temple by the illustrious archbishop, dressed in pontificals, &c. A solemn *Te Deum* was performed by the whole orchestra, the sublime harmony of which expanded the hearts of the spectators in the great temple, which was illuminated and adorned. The *Te Deum* was followed by a salute of artillery and peals of bells. The procession then returned in the same order to the palace, where a magnificent dinner was served up, which had been prepared by the Ayuntamiento, and of which more than 600 guests partook.

On the following day the Provisional Junta of the government was installed with the greatest splendour and solemnity, when they took the oath, conceived in the following terms:—

"Will you, Senors, . . . swear, by God and the Holy Evangelists, to keep, and cause to be kept, the treaties concluded on the 24th of August, in the Villa de Cordoba, by the Excellent Senor, First Chief of the Tri-guarantee Army, as representative of the Mexican empire, and the Excellent Senor Don Juan O'Donohu, as Captain General, and Superior Political Chief for his Catholic Majesty?"

"Will

"Will you, Senors, also swear to discharge the duty of members of the Junta, for which you have been chosen?"

To which they all replied—"We swear."

PROCLAMATION.

The first Chief of the Imperial Army.

MEXICANS!—You are now in a situation to proclaim the country independent, as I announced to you in Iguala. Already is the immense space which separates slavery from liberty passed over, and motion is given to the different springs whereby every American may speak his private opinion, because the fear which restrained some is dissipated, the malice which warped the judgment of others is moderated, and the ideas of all are consolidated. I find myself in the capital of this most opulent empire, without having left behind streams of blood, ravaged plains, disconsolate widows, or orphan children, covering with execrations the assassin of their fathers. On the contrary, the principal provinces of this kingdom have been examined, and all, uniform in their rejoicings, address expressive salutations to the Tri-guarantee Army, and vows of gratitude to Heaven. These demonstrations give to my heart an ineffable pleasure, and more than compensate the sufferings and privations of the soldiers, who have always been active, steady, and courageous. You already know what it is to be free, and you are on the point of knowing what it is to be happy. The Junta will be installed, the Cortes assembled, and the law, on which your felicity

depends, will be sanctioned. I exhort you to forget the words of alarm, and threats of extermination, and to pronounce only those of union and intimate friendship. Contribute by your knowledge to the grand code; but avoid satire and malignant slander. Obedient to authority, you will complete, in concert with the sovereign Congress, the grand work which you have commenced; and allow me to cast a look behind me to observe attentively the picture which Providence has traced, and which American wisdom is about to fill up. If my labours (due to the country) be considered by you worthy of recompence, all I ask is, that you respect the laws, that you allow me to return to the bosom of my beloved family, and that you sometimes recollect your friend

Mexico, Sept. 27.

ITURBIDE.

It is since understood that all Mexico is in possession of the Independents, except the fort of Vera Cruz. And that Columbia being quite free, an expedition is preparing by the President Bolivar against Panama, and its isthmus. These are glorious revolutions, equal to any in our wonderful times.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

Russia is said to be prepared for war, and to have a million of men in arms. In the mean time, the Prince of Persia has invaded the Asiatic provinces; and the brave Greeks prosecute their cause with success in the Morea.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON,
With Biographical Memoirs of distinguished Characters recently deceased.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE MONTH.

Nov. 19. A BOAT, containing seven men, upset at Staines, and four were drowned in consequence of the rapidity of the current.

— 21. Eight individuals executed at the Old Bailey, viz. four for uttering forged notes, two for highway robbery, and two for felony.

— 23. The following letter was addressed to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex:—"Gentlemen,—As it is evident that a large body of the enlightened and respectable part of the community are decidedly against the severity of the present criminal code, and more especially of that part which relates to the punishment of death for forgery of Bank Notes, it has been thought desirable to call a public meeting, in reference to the cases of the persons under sentence of death, for next Tuesday; and the undersigned request you will have the goodness to call the same."

— 27. Mr. Sharpe, secretary of the Bridge-street Society, tendered another bill to the Middlesex grand inquest,

against Mr. Phipps, proprietor of the *News*, which, like its predecessors, was thrown out.

Dec. 3. The Society, calling itself the *Vice Society*, obtained a warrant against G. Clarke, Mr. Carlile's shopman, for the sale of a libel, and committed him to Newgate for want of bail. Clarke had scarcely been removed an hour, when his place was taken by a young girl, who was also arrested, and held to bail.

— 4. A meeting was this day held at the Thatched House Tavern, of the noblemen and gentlemen connected with Ireland, for presenting an address to the King upon the miserable state of that country.

— 6. A Court of Common Council held at Guildhall, when the report of the committee on the affray at Knightsbridge, was given in. The report stated that a violent outrage had been committed on Mr. Alderman Waithman, and corroborated the whole of that gentleman's statement of the affair.

— 10. Faulkner's *Dublin Journal* of this day contained notices of no less than 18 separate outrages, besides additional ones in other papers.

— 14. The 23rd annual exhibition of fat cattle, took place this morning, at Smithfield, when the respective premiums were adjudged. Several ingenious agricultural implements and machines were exhibited.

— 15. The indictment of the Bridge-street Society against Mr. Dolby, was this day brought on in the Court of King's Bench. Mr. Sheriff Garratt returned the common jury, when at the same time he was a member of the society prosecuting the present indictment. The question was formally put to the triers, whether Mr. Garratt, at the given time, was or was not a prosecutor of the indictment, to which they replied in the affirmative; this and the other prosecutions consequently stand over.

— 16. This morning a fire broke out on board a fine West Indiaman, of 300 tons burthen, moored in the river Thames. The ship was in the middle of a tier when the fire broke out, but by the activity of the sailors they removed every vessel from the ship on fire.

— 28. Two of Carlisle's shopmen were brought before the sitting alderman to give bail on his view, under one of the famous *five bills*; but they refused to give their names, and in such refusal afforded a practical commentary on the impropriety of holding obscure servants responsible for the sentiments of a printed book.

MARRIED.

Mr. G. R. Tucker, of Bread-street Hill, to Miss Anston, of Washfield, Devon.

Lieut. George Bague, R.N. to Miss Yarrow, of Jernyn-street.

Capt. George Harris, R.N. C.B. to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of John Woodcock, esq. of Fern Acres, Buckingham.

Mr. James Christopher Forsyth, of Leyton, Essex, to Miss Waterhouse, of Holloway.

Lieut. Col. Marshall, to Maria Letitia, second daughter of Evelyn J. Gascoigne, esq.

Robert Whitmore, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Miss Eliza Kaye, of New Bank Buildings.

George H. Gower, esq. to Miss Ann Newbury.

J. W. Birch, esq. of the Inner Temple, to Diana, eldest daughter of the late James Bouchier, esq.

Mr. Taylor, of Paternoster-row, to Miss Sarah Birkett, of Cloak-lane.

H. Boldero, esq. of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, to Miss M. Christie, of Hoddesdon.

Thomas Holmes, jun. esq. of Lower Tooting, to Hester Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late John Scott, esq. of Hastings.

The Rev. C. S. Wood, of Paddington-green, to Miss M. Lomas, of Dorset-street, Portman-square.

Mr. Thomas Nunn, of Thayer-street, to Miss Tomlins, of West Ham, Essex.

Astley Paston Cooper, esq. of Cheverell, Herts. to Elizabeth Harriott, only daughter of W. Rickford, esq. M.P.

W.R.K. Douglas, esq. M.P. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Walter Irvine, esq. of Luddington-house, Surry.

Walter Wombwell, esq. to Martha, daughter of the late W. Cockerton, esq.

Mr. W. Dormant, to Miss S. Harvey.

Mr. John Lacey Weller, of Silver-street, to Maria, youngest daughter of M. Foot, esq. of Clapham.

DIED.

At Kennington-green, 38, *Peter Martin Bayley*, esq. after a lingering illness.

At Kentish-town, 14, *Louisa*, fifth daughter of Mr. Daniel Hose.

In Crutched Friars, the infant son of *Quarles Harris*, jun. esq.

In Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, *James Wilson*, esq. F.R.S. professor of anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons, and many years lecturer in the Hunterian school of Windmill-street. A man of great original powers of mind.

At Popham terrace, Islington, *Elizabeth*, wife of Mr. Robert Willis.

In Edgeware-road, 84, *W. Burch*, deeply lamented by his family and friends.

In Camberwell-grove, 89, *Mrs. Eleanor Coude*, sole institutor and proprietor of the celebrated artificial stone manufactory, Lambeth, which invention is now adopted in all our public buildings, and will secure her the applause of posterity.

At Richmond, 71, *Mrs. Greening*.

At Walworth, 70, *Mr. J. Perry*, sen.

Philip Grubb, esq. jun. of the Jamaica coffee-house.

At Newing, 71, *Mr. John Elderfield*.

At Merton, 41, *Richard Dalletti*.

In King's-road, Bedford-row, 68, *Samuel Weymon Wadeson*, esq.

At Edmonton, *Miss Hitchener*.

At Enfield, 69, *George Roberts*, esq.

In Upper Thames-street, *Maria*, wife of John Forster, esq.

In Gloucester-place, New Road, 80, *James Arbouin*, esq.

In Gracechurch-street, *Mrs. Whinfield*.

On Snow-hill, *Mr. John Lloyd*, sincerely regretted by his family and friends.

In Leicester-square, 20, after a lingering illness, *Elinor*, wife of Mr. Joseph Fisher.

At Chertsey, deeply lamented, *Mrs. M. Sewell*, relict of the late Rev. G. S.

In Upper Thames-street, *Mr. S. Colson*.

In Rotherhithe, *Mrs. Castle*.

In Nottingham-place, 34, *Mrs. M. Tew*.

At Kensington Gore, 75, *Mrs. Bentley*.

At Pentonville, *Mrs. Skull*.

In Gloucester-street, Portman-square, the Hon. *Mrs. Fitzgerald*, widow of the late Lieut. Col. F. of the 2d Life Guards.

In

In Guildford-street, *Anna Elizabeth*, daughter of J. H. Booth, esq.

At Clapton, 17, *William*, eldest son of Mr. Gaviller.

In Duke-street, Portland-place, 16, Miss *Harriet Sophia Davies*.

In Upper Cadogan-place, Lieut. Col. *Andrew Hamilton*.

In Queen Ann-street, 82, the Hon. Mrs. *Anson*.

In Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, Mrs. *Sarah Briggs*.

In St. Clement's Church-yard, Mr. *Haddock*.

In Mansfield-st. Sir *Martin B. Folkes*, M.P. for King's Lynn.

At Horton Lodge, near Epsom, in her 88th year, the Hon. *Louisa Browning*, widow of J. B. esq. of the same place; she was the eldest daughter and only surviving child of the Right Hon. Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, and sister to F. Calvert, the last Lord Baltimore.

At Ealing, 12, Miss *Elizabeth Janes*.

In York-street, Portman-square, 73, *Rose Fuller*, esq.

At Ewell, 70, Mr. *Richard Mason*.

At Stoke Newington, 66, *Anne Capper*, one of the Society of Friends.

Mr. *Joseph Bullock*, in the Tower of London, keeper of the Menagerie.

At Brompton, after a lingering illness, 30, *G. A. F. Dawkins*, esq.

At Twickenham, 69, Mrs. *Sarah D'Oyly*.

At Norwood-green, *W. A. Thackerait*, esq. of Fulmer, Gerrard's Cross.

On Croydon Common, 54, *R. Oliver*, esq.

In Old Burlington-street, the lady of *T. Cockayne*, esq. of Ickleford-house, Herts.

In Newington-place, Mr. *W. Dorey*, many years a factor at the Coal Exchange.

At Cranley, Mrs. *Butcher*, late of Park-hatch.

At Cholmondeley-house, Piccadilly, Col. *Seymour*, the son-in-law of the Marquis of Cholmondeley. The colonel had been ill for some time, and had never wholly recovered the fatal effects of the pestilential disease he contracted when on duty with his regiment, the 3d Guards, at Walcheren; he was in the prime of life, and considered one of the finest looking men in his Majesty's service. He has left a wife and child.

The Rev. *Caleb Evans*, third son of Dr. E. of Islington, deeply lamented by his family and their friends.

At Ripley, 79, *R. Harrison*, esq. formerly of Mansion-house-street, banker.

In Russel-square, the Right Hon. Sir *James Mansfield*, Knt. Sir James was bred to the bar, and began to practice in the Court of King's Bench. He first distinguished himself as a junior counsel in Mr. Wilkes's contests, which gave him some celebrity. He practiced afterwards in Chancery, and there obtained a handsome fortune. He was bred at Cambridge,

which university elected him their counsel, which he held many years, and returned him in two parliaments to be one of their representatives, in which honourable situation he continued until 1782, in which year he was appointed Solicitor-General, but lost both at the same time by the powerful influence of Mr. Pitt, who dismissed him to make room for Sir Richard Pepper Arden, as Solicitor-General, and himself and Lord Euston (now Duke of Grafton) stood candidates for Cambridge university against the old members, Lord John Townshend and Mr. Mansfield. Mr. Mansfield continued as King's counsel, but had no other post under government until he was past the age of seventy, when he was called to the degree of Serjeant at Law, and appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; he was at the same time sworn of the Privy Council. At that great age he executed the duties of that high office with considerable ability, and having held it ten years, retired on the usual pension. Sir James enjoyed his faculties to the last, although at the advanced age of eighty-eight. While at the bar, he was considered as one of the soundest lawyers of his day, but not being made a judge till he was superannuated, he dissatisfied, when on the bench, the expectations of his friends.

In Hanover-street, Hanover-square, *John Ring*, esq. an eminent surgeon. He was a pupil of the late celebrated surgeon, Percival Pott, esq. and when he had completed his education, settled in business. He resided and practised with considerable reputation and success, in New-street, Swallow-street, till obliged to remove to make room for the new street, now called Regent-street. Mr. Ring was a member of the College of Surgeons, and member of the Medical Societies of London and Paris. He was, from the first, a warm advocate for the vaccine inoculation, and has published several works on that subject; as a Treatise on the Cow Pox, containing the History of Vaccine Inoculation, 2 parts, 1801—3; and Answers to Mr. Goldson, Dr. Moseley, and Mr. Birch, who violently attacked the vaccine practice. His first work was "Reflections on the Surgeon's till 1790." He has also published on other subjects,—as a translation of Dr. Geddes's Ode to Peace, and a translation of Mr. Anstey's Ode to Dr. Jenner.

At Brighton, 65, *James Perry*, esq. upwards of 33 years conductor, and chief proprietor of the Morning Chronicle newspaper, and in that employment one of the most active and useful men of his age. It was the newspaper of liberty during the whole of the eventful period of the French revolution, and Mr. Perry, as its conductor, had a most difficult task and arduous struggle to maintain; but like Paukoucke, of Paris, who conducted the *Moniteur* through

through the greater part of the same political storm, he maintained his integrity and his principles without provoking persecution, or being questioned by irritated power, except on two trifling occasions.* In truth, Mr. Perry stood dauntless in the front ranks of the advocates of liberal opinions, and seldom flinched in the performance of his duty, although nearly every other public writer on the same side suffered deeply, or was overwhelmed in the conflicts of malicious parties. This success arose from the happy temperament and intellectual acumen of Mr. Perry. Like a great general in the management of an army, he did not always attack the adversary in front, but performed his manœuvres in subordination to the positions and temper of his opponents. He kept up a constant fire in the small shot of wit and humour, of which he possessed an inexhaustible magazine, in his own pen, and in those of his correspondents, as will be manifest to any one who turns over the files of the *Morning Chronicle*, or the annual volumes of the *Spirit of the Public Journals*. At other times he assailed the enemy on their flanks and outposts, and at other suitable opportunities made his attacks in the open field by a powerful cannonade of unanswerable arguments and irresistible eloquence. For his skill in the stratagem of the press, he nevertheless often exposed himself to the taunts of other writers on the same side, who sustained their cause with equal integrity, but with inferior tactics. In some respects, also, Mr. Perry differed in his political views from other champions of the popular cause. He was of opinion that liberty can be protected in England only by a powerful party in the senate, and to such party he constantly attached himself, became its firm advocate, and, by reciprocal feeling, its organ. He was, therefore, in the life of Mr. Fox, a Foxite and a Whig; and since the decease of that great man he has lent his support to his political successors. In this policy he was at variance with other writers, simply as to the means by which liberty could be upheld, but not in regard to the end, for no man was ever more attached to the genuine principles of liberty than himself. If he had a fault in the conduct of the *Morning Chronicle*, it was in too frequently indulging in piques, or sarcasms against partizans of liberty as zealous as himself, and who sought for support in the voice of the people rather than in the ambiguous professions of the po-

* Twice in the course of forty years he was prosecuted by ex-officio informations, and was as often honourably acquitted. In the first instance he was ably defended by Mr. Erskine, and in the second he took his defence upon himself.

litical aristocracy of whom Mr. Perry, on every occasion, was the zealous advocate. He was, probably, right in supporting a well-intentioned aristocracy; but they, on the other hand, are bound to stand fairly before the public, and to render manifest the purity of their principles and intentions. On this basis no man of his age equalled the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* in the consistency of his conduct. Considering, therefore, the onerous duties which Mr. Perry has had to perform during so prolonged a period, and in so eventful an age, in which he has been the recorder of the greatest revolutions that appear in the page of history, and in which he has often come into personal contact with the chief actors of his time, by turns flattering and thwarting their ambition—he must be regarded as one of the most considerable agents of the public press that has appeared since the invention of newspapers.—Mr. Perry was a native of Aberdeen, where his father, of the name of Pirie, was a wright or house-joiner. His first school was at the Chapel of Guriveh, kept by Mr. Farquhar, father of the late Sir Walter. He was thence removed to the Grammar School at Aberdeen, afterwards entered the Latin and Greek class at Marischal College, where he continued three years, and was then articled to Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, an attorney. When his term had expired his genius led him to associate with the actors in a company which visited Aberdeen, and being at that time a good dancer, he was seduced by Digges, Mills, and others of the company, to engage himself in their pursuits. He accordingly appeared on the stage at Montrose, Arbroath, Dundee, and Perth, and according to Mr. Holcroft, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where Mr. H. was of the same company. His performances consisted of Sempronius, and some second-rate characters, and of a hornpipe between the acts; but on the company's return to Edinburgh, Digges, the manager, candidly told Pirie (*Anglicè* Perry) that his brogue was an insuperable bar to his success on the stage. Procuring recommendations hence to Manchester, he was retained as a clerk, by Mr. Dinwiddie, a cotton manufacturer, in whose service he continued two years. From thence he came to London, where, through the friendship of Alexander Chalmers, his townsman, he obtained a precarious subsistence by writing for the booksellers. The "General Advertiser," being then a new concern, it was the practice to exhibit it on boards at the shop window. Mr. Perry being unemployed, amused himself with writing essays and scraps of poetry for this paper, which he flung into the letter box of the printing-house, and which were always inserted. Calling one day at the shop of Messrs. Richardson and Urquhart,

Urquhart, booksellers, to whom he had letters of recommendation, he found the latter busily engaged in reading an article in the *General Advertiser*. After Mr. Urquhart had finished the perusal, Mr. Perry put the usual question to him, whether he had heard of any situation, to which he replied in the negative—at the same time holding out the paper, he said, “If you could write such articles as this, I could give you immediate employment.” It happened to be a humorous essay, written by Mr. Perry himself. This he instantly intimated to Mr. Urquhart, and gave him another article in the same hand-writing, which he had purposed to drop into the letter-box. Mr. U. informed him that they wanted just such a person, and the next day he was engaged at a salary of one guinea per week, and an additional half guinea for assistance on the *London Evening Post*. Such was the incident that threw Mr. Perry into the employment of a journalist. He was most assiduous in his exertions for the *General Advertiser*; and during the memorable trials of Admirals Keppel and Palliser, he, for six weeks together, by his individual efforts, sent up daily from Portsmouth eight columns of the trials, taken by himself in court; which raised the paper to a sale of several thousands per day. At this period Mr. Perry wrote and published several political pamphlets and poems; and in 1782, he formed the plan, and was the first editor of the *European Magazine*. He conducted it, however, only for the first twelve months, as he was chosen editor of the *Gazetteer*, at a salary of four guineas per week, on the express condition that he was to be left to the free exercise of his political opinions, which were those of Mr. Fox. On his commencing editor of the *Gazetteer*, he suggested to the proprietors the plan of employing several reporters to facilitate the publication of the debates in parliament. Up to that time each paper had but one reporter in each house; while Mr. Woodfall, in the *Morning Chronicle*, used to bring out his account of the debate in the evening of the following day. Mr. Perry’s plan was adopted; and by a succession of reporters the *Gazetteer* was published in the morning with as long a debate as Mr. Woodfall brought out in the evening, and sometimes at midnight. In 1780-1, and 2, there were debating societies in every part of the metropolis, where many persons distinguished themselves as public speakers. Mr. Perry was a speaker in these societies, and is mentioned with great praise in the *History of the Westminster Forum*. This talent, so acquired, Mr. Perry exercised at different periods of his life with considerable effect, often distinguishing himself by his energetic eloquence at meetings of the Whig Club, of the Westminster Electors, &c.

Mr. Perry was also for several years editor of *Debrett’s Parliamentary Debates*. Soon after, Mr. Woodfall leaving the *Morning Chronicle*, undertook another paper under the

title of the *Diary*, and Mr. Perry bought his late *Morning Chronicle*. He announced himself, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Gray, as joint proprietor and editor. Gray had been tutor in Greek and Latin at the Charter House, and the head master bequeathed him £500. for good conduct. This he united with £500. which Perry borrowed of Ransom and Co. and Mr. Bellamy, of Chandos-street, lent and finally bequeathed to Mr. P. as much as made up the purchase-money to Woodfall, and enabled them to carry on the paper. Of the political character and conduct of the paper we have already spoken at large; but it is due to Mr. Perry’s management, to state in addition, that he contributed to raise the character of the diurnal press, as well by his political consistency as by his conscientiously abstaining from any indulgence in private malevolence and personal slander, by which he maintained a dignified pre-eminence over all his contemporaries. Gray, who was a man of considerable talent, died soon after, when the property and its conduct devolved solely on Mr. Perry. Besides the *Morning Chronicle*, Mr. Perry embarked in a speculation of Mr. Booth’s for polygraphic paintings, which did not succeed; and he afterwards engaged and sunk a great property in some mills at Merton, by which he was much harassed for a considerable period. The *Morning Chronicle*, however, proved an inexhaustible mine of wealth, netting for many years from six to eight and ten thousand per annum, which enabled its proprietor to live in a style of the first respectability, and keep the best company, for which he was qualified by his mind and manners. In prosperity Mr. P. did not neglect his family. He cherished a widowed sister, who married the celebrated Professor Porson, and supported his mother, who died at Richmond. He was twice married, and has left six children. It merits notice, that Mr. Perry was not less distinguished by the admirers of black-letter literature, than by the public as a journalist; his library of rare books, at his house in Tavistock-square, being one of the most valuable and curious in the metropolis, and estimated to be worth, at least, £1500.

ECCLESIASTICAL PROMOTIONS.

The Rev. Dr. Wilde, to the rectory of Waltham, Norfolk.

The Rev. J. Hodgkinson, M.A. of Brasenose College, Oxford, to the vicarage of Leigh, Lancashire.

Rev. W. Wilkinson, M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford, to the living of Sowerby, near Thirsk, Yorkshire.

The Rev. C. Ford, Clerk, A.M. to the rectory and parish church of Billingford, Norfolk.

The Rev. H. Dawson, M.A. Chaplain to Earl Harcourt, to the rectory of Bunwell, Norfolk.

The Rev. John Jenkyns, LL.B. vicar of Evercreech, Somerset, to the rectory of Horsmonden, Kent.

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The Rev. R. Skinner, A.B. to the rectory of Sampford Peverell, Devon.

The Rev. T. Tattershall, M.A. Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, to the perpetual curacy of St. Matthew's, Liverpool.

The Rev. W. H. White, M.A. of Wadham College, Oxford, to the vicarage of St. Mary Bredin, Canterbury.

The Rev. T. Watson, M.A. to the rectory of Thurlton, and nominated to the curacy of Hardley, with the stipend of 150l. per annum.

The Rev. C. Penrice, Clerk, A.M. to the rectory of Little Plumstead, with Wilton and Brundall annexed, in Norfolk.

The Rev. G. F. L. Nicolay, M.A. Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of York, to hold by dispensation the vicarage of Little Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, with the rectory of St. Michael and St. Martin Vintry, London.

The Rev. J. T. Hurlock, D.D. of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the Prebendal Stall of Husborne and Burbage, in the Cathedral of Salisbury.

The Rev. H. Wilson, vicar of Great Bedwin, and domestic chaplain to the Marquis of Aylesbury, to the valuable living of Colingbourne Ducis, Wilts.

The Rev. E. Davy, A.B. to the rectory of Kirby Bedon, St. Andrew's, Norfolk.

The Rev. R. T. Meade, to the rectory of Marston Bigot, Somerset.

The Rev. J. Spurway, M.A. to the rectory of Pitt Portion.

The Rev. W. J. Birdwood, M.A. to the vicarage of Holme, Devon.

The Rev. M. Vicars, to the rectory of All-hallows, Exeter.

The Rev. I. S. Foot, to the vicarage of Liskeard, Cornwall.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES,

With all the Marriages and Deaths.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been set on foot for Sir Robert Wilson, at Newcastle, and proceeds with considerable spirit; but we are sorry to observe that the parties have indicated no sympathy for the equal pretensions of the unfortunate families of Honey and Francis, here or elsewhere.

The ship *Lark*, of South Shields, from Newfoundland, bound for Leith, with a cargo of timber, lately sprung a leak. The crew, thirteen in number, and five passengers, remained up the rigging eight days, during which four men died. At length they had recourse to the long boat, and were only able to secure a pointer dog and a few potatoes; they remained six days at sea, during which two men died; the crew and passengers subsisted three days on the dog. Their provisions being expended, they kept one of the corpses in the boat, when they were picked up by the sloop *Seagull*, of Lerwick, about thirty miles west of Shetland.

The centenary of the birth of Akenside, the poet, was celebrated on the 21st of November, at Butcher-bank, Newcastle-upon Tyne, by several literary gentlemen.

Married.] H. Smales, esq. of Durham, to Anne, only daughter of the late R. Surtees, esq. of Cronywell.—In London, C. Moreau, esq. attached to the French consulship, to Mary, only daughter of the late R. W. Spearman, esq. of the county of Durham.—At Mellerstein, county of Berwick, John, Lord Glenorchy, only son of the Earl of Breadalbane, to Eliza, eldest daughter of G. Baillie, esq. of Jervase Wood.—At Somerton, in Suffolk, C. Dennis, esq. of Alnwick, to the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Maddy, chaplain to the King.—At Easingwold, G. Horner, esq. of Kilburn, to Miss Wilson.—At Tinsley, J. H.

France, esq. to Mary, 3d daughter of Mr. W. Fleck.—The Rev. H. Fothergill, curate of Ravenstonedale, to Miss M. Wharton, of Ashfield.—The Rev. Oswald Head, Stipendiary curate of Alnwick, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of M. Woodfield, esq. of the college, Durham.

Died.] At Newcastle, 26, Mr. W. Dykes, silversmith of glass plate. He was a young man of considerable promise and of a peaceful unassuming demeanor.—Mrs. Walton.—Capt. J. Bishop.—Mr. R. Armour, master mariner, 31.—Mr. Jones, commercial traveller for Mr. Plympton, of London, 29.

At Gateshead, 56, Mrs. M. Wilkinson.—John, son of Mr. J. Rewcastle, maltster.—Mr. T. L. Robson, 19.

At Durham, 72, Mrs. A. Craggs.—Mr. R. Weston, 74.—Mrs. E. Robinson, widow, 77.

At Stockton, suddenly, Mr. S. Short, innkeeper.

At Sunderland, Mr. R. Adamson, leather cutter.—Mr. W. Emerson, merchant taylor, 79.—Mrs. J. Brock, 63.—Mrs. M. Smith, 59.—Mr. W. Lamb, shoemaker.—Mr. A. Hutchinson, common carrier, to Stockton.

At Bishop Auckland, Mr. J. Simpson, innkeeper.—Mrs. Usher, widow.—Mrs. Sharpe, 45.—Ann, wife of Mr. W. Shaw, 52.

At Morpeth, in her 86th year, Mrs. Nelson, widow.

At North Shields, Capt. J. Duncan, 50, formerly of Seaton Sluice.—Mrs. J. Weatherpoon, widow, 74.—Alice, wife of Mr. R. Cuthbertson, 76.—In her 77th year, the wife of R. Laing, esq.

At Barnard Castle, 58, Mr. J. Adamson.

At Chester-le-street, 80, Mr. B. Nunnington, nearly 50 years sheriff's bailiff for the county of Durham.—In his 85th year, J. Bird, esq.—Mrs. Weatherley, widow, 32.

At Winlaton, 99, Mrs. E. Parker. She lived

lived to see her posterity as mother, grandmother and great grandmother.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

In our market roasting pigs were lately sold for 1s. each, fine ones 1s. 6d. one woman exchanged a pig for a duck. At night, in the butcher-market, legs of mutton were offered at 3d. per lb. and inferior parts might have been bought at 2d. and 2½ per lb. In the poultry market, fine living geese, weighing from 10 to 12lbs. went off at from 2s. 8d. to 3s. each.—*Carlisle Paper*.

J. R. G. Graham, esq. of Netherby, has during the last twelve months, effectually drained and reclaimed 800 acres of land on the domain of Netherby and farm of Croft-head, by substantial stone and tile drains. He has used in this drainage 130,000 tiles, the lineal extent is 6,340 roods—equal to twenty-fives miles and a quarter.

Married.] At the Friends' Meeting House, near Carlisle, Mr. J. Crossfield, merchant of Liverpool, to the eldest daughter of Mr. J. Head, banker, of Carlisle.—At Whitehaven, Mr. Macready, manager of the Bristol and Whitehaven theatres, to Miss Desmond.—At Kendal, lieutenant T. W. Moffit, R. N. to the only daughter of Mr. Alderman Bradshaw.—At Carlisle, Mr. J. Ferguson, of the Bengal Royal Artillery, to Miss J. Peters, youngest daughter of J. P. esq. late of Maryport.

Died.] At Kendal, Mrs. Towers, wife of Mr. T. surgeon, who most unexpectedly discharged two pistols, one at his wife, and another at himself. Mrs. T. expired in a few minutes, but the ball took a slanting direction on his forehead, and did not produce fatal effects on himself. Mrs. T. had nearly completed the 29th year of her age, and was exemplary in the discharge of every moral and religious duty. The memory of the deceased will be ever held dear by her friends. A coroner's inquest was held in the afternoon of Thursday, which brought in a verdict of "wilful murder;" and the wretched culprit will be conveyed to the county goal at Appleby as soon as his wound will admit.

At Cockermouth, 77, Mr. S. Murgatroyd.

At Keswick, 21, Mr. W. Rose.

At Wigton, Mrs. A. Pattinson, widow, 56.

At Annan, 74, Mrs. H. Armstrong, of Battlehill.—In the bloom of youth, Miss N. Dalgliesh, eldest daughter of J. D. esq. of the customs.

At Carlisle, 33, Mrs. M. Read.—Mr. T. Gelthorp, of the Artillery, 29.—Mr. R. Pearson, 58.—In his 82d year, B. W. Wastell, esq.—Eliza, daughter of Mr. J. Port-house.—21, Mr. T. Owen, 57; highly respected for the integrity and uprightness of his dealings.

At Kendal, Mr. W. Donaldson, 65.—Mrs. R. Williamson, 88.—Mrs. E. Hogarth, 80.—Mrs. J. Hopworth, 73.—In the prime of life, B. Hunter, esq. mayor.

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At Maryport, very suddenly, Miss R. Hughes, 21.—Mr. W. Ostley, merchant, a valuable member of society and a friend to the poor.

YORKSHIRE.

The birth-day of Mr. Hunt was celebrated on the 13th of November, by a public dinner at Bradford.

The Leeds Guardian Society lately held their first general meeting, and resolved to proceed in establishing a code of laws.

A committee of public spirited noblemen and gentlemen, has been formed at York in order to carry into effect several improvements in the theatre, by public subscription.

An antique urn, the remains of some lachrymatories, and several Roman coins, have recently been dug up at Micklegate.

The York Whig Club held their annual meeting on the 3d of December, when about 400 members and visitors sat down to a sumptuous entertainment.

Married.] At York, the Rev. T. Jessop, to the youngest daughter of the late J. N. Dagley, esq. of London.—At Hull, Mr. T. Holden, solicitor, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late J. Foster, esq.—J. Haigh, esq. of Royd's Hall, to the eldest daughter of Mr. A. Beaumont, of Sheepridge, both near Huddersfield.—Mr. E. Jackson, solicitor, of High Hoyland, to Miss Hall, of Butcliffe.—The Rev. H. Wigglesworth, rector of Slaidburn, to Mary, daughter of the late T. Brown, esq. of Grassington, Craven.—Mr. J. Stephenson, of Rippon, to Mary, 3d daughter of J. Barugh, esq. of Ruswick, near Bedale.—The Rev. J. Green, of Swinton, to Sarah, 3d daughter of J. Appleton, esq. of Lark Hall, near Northallerton.—At Leeds, Mr. W. Hey, surgeon, eldest son of W. H. esq. to Rebecca, 3d daughter of T. Roberts, esq.—At Barton Blount, Lieut. R. S. Sitwell, of the 29th regt. to Charlotte, eldest daughter of F. Bradshaw, esq.

Died.] At York, in his 69th year, Mr. W. Stables, cabinet-maker. He had retired to his bed-room apparently in perfect health, and while undressing himself, he uttered a shriek, and instantly expired.—Rather suddenly, 60, Mrs. Cobb, mother of Mr. H. C. publisher of the York Courant. She was happiest when administering to the comforts of others, and when she closed her eyes in death, the hope and peace of the righteous were her's.—Mr. J. Robinson, Serg.-Major in the East York Militia. He was present at the siege and taking of Quebec.

At Hull, 79, Mrs. S. Hopkin, mother of Mr. W. H. comb-manufacturer.—Mr. Hickson, formerly an eminent ship-owner.

At Whitby, 67, Mr. J. Ward, ship-owner.

At Leeds, Mr. Riley, flock-dealer.—In her 73d year, Mrs. Harrison, relict of the late Mr. R. H. merchant.

At Halifax, Mr. J. Mortimer, formerly a breeches maker. He had just entered the raff yard of a neighbour, when he dropped down and instantly expired.

At Sheffield, 31, Mr. W. Platts, eldest son of Mr. R. P. of the Black Swan Inn.—John, eldest son of the late Mr. W. Jackson, currier. Three deaths have occurred in the family within the space of a few weeks, (including his father's and sister's.)

LANCASHIRE.

The North Briton's Society of Liverpool held their anniversary on the 30th ult.

Liverpool was on the 30th inst. visited by one of the most dreadful gales ever remembered. Great damage was done to the shipping; and on shore several serious catastrophes occurred. A wind-mill on Bidston Hill, having broken loose, caught fire, from the friction occasioned by its velocity. This is the third mill on the same site, which has, within a few years, been destroyed by the effects of a storm.

Married.] At Liverpool, Mr. R. Gray, surgeon, late of the R.N. to Miss D. O'Neale.—Mr. Bradner, solicitor, to Mary, second daughter of the late Mr. Knowles.—At Manchester, Mr. J. Redhead, solicitor, to Mary, daughter of the late Mr. R. Milne, solicitor.—At Knowsley, the seat of the Earl of Derby, the Right Hon. the Earl of Wilton, to Lady Mary Stanley—

Died.] At Lancaster, 55, Mr. R. Parkinson, chemist and druggist.

At Liverpool, 49, Mr. F. Thornbury, Jeweller.—Mr. W. McGriffith.—In his 67th year, Mr. W. Davenport, of Mount Pleasant.—Mrs. Grayson, 59.—Mr. H. Guy, coach-maker, 55.—Very suddenly, 79, Mr. G. Smart, book-binder.—Edward Simon, aged 101 years and 22 days. He had been employed as a labourer in the docks nearly 70 years; his mother died at the age of 103, his father 101, and his brother 104.—

At Manchester, 67, the Rev. J. Brooks, M.A. He had performed the duty of alternate chaplain at the collegiate church, for thirty-one years, with strict punctuality.—Of a decline, 43, Mr. E. Evans, formerly of the Duke of York public house.—J. Elliott, esq. cotton-merchant.

At Preston, the eldest daughter of Mr. R. Johnson, liquor merchant.—In the prime of life, Miss H. Tipping.

At Blackburn, 91, Mr. J. Bolton, shoemaker. He was generally known by the *agnomen* of Old Uncle John, and lived to see the fifth generation of his posterity.

At Ormskirk, 26, Miss E. Johnson.

At Ashton-under-Lyne, 29, Mr. W. Gibson, solicitor.—Mr. James Newton, bachelor, aged 81. He was a most eccentric character, and was generally known by the name of "Windy Jemmy, or Old Jemmy Newton."

At Leigh, 67, the Rev. D. Birkit, vicar. The Rev. W. Thornton, B.D. parochial minister of Garstang Chapel.—J. Hopkin-

son, esq. of Aigburth Hall, formerly of Demerara.

At Pendleton, M. J. Blinkhorn, 68.—Lately, at the seat of Mr. Shirley, in this county, in her 21st year, Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Chesterfield. She was on a visit with the present Earl, her brother, when she was suddenly seized with a shivering fit and expired soon after.

CHESHIRE.

A daily paper has been printed, during the month, under the title of the *Northern Express*, by Mr. Burgess, of Stockport.

Married.] In the Island of Trinidad, Oct. 1, T. Roxburgh, esq. to Virtue, youngest daughter of Mr. F. Gillaird, of Chester.—At Tattenhall, the Rev. G. Baldwyn, M.A. to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of T. Orton, esq.—At Tarporley, R. Nickola, esq. to Miss A. Rawlinson.

Died.] At Chester, 41, Mrs. S. Dutton.

At Middlewich, in his 21st year, John, eldest son of the late Mr. J. Dunn, supervisor.

At Knutsford, Mr. R. Hewitt, 39.

In his 64th year, Mr. T. Hewitt, of Wingham, near Northwich.—Mrs. E. Mytton, of Burgedding, relict of the late R. M. esq. of Garth, Montgomeryshire.

At Llanydan, Mr. Walsh, for many years the faithful house steward of the Hon. G. Irby.

Mr. G. Gresty, of Bierley, near Middlewich, 52.

Of hydrophobia, John Bastendale, of Cross-street. The poor man was bitten by a house dog belonging to his master.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. C. Poundell, of Holbrook, to Miss M. A. Williams, of Nottingham.—At Egginton, Mr. J. Ashby, of Etwall, to the only daughter of the late Mr. W. Francis.—At Wirksworth, Mr. J. Sherwin, of Sandhall Farm, to Miss E. Layke, of Alderwasley.

Died.] At Derby, in his 51st year, Mr. Hancock, surgeon.—Miss Martha Newton, milliner, 24.—Miss Eliza Pulley, a maiden lady.—Mr. H. Buxton, fellmonger, 75.—Mrs. Heathcote, relict of the late Lieut. Col. H. of the marines.

At Chesterfield, Miss Robinson, eldest daughter of Mr. R. mercer and draper, 18.—Mrs. Taylor, wife of Mr. B. T.

At Buxton, 42, Mr. T. Walker.

At Belper, in her 49th year, Hannah, wife of Mr. R. Banks. She died about an hour after her delivery, but the child is likely to live.

At Hathern, near Loughborough, 60, E. Boyer, gent.

In his 77th year, J. Longdon, esq. deputy lieutenant for the county.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

A steam engine of one hundred and forty horse power, has lately been erected on the Duke of Portland's estate at Kirkby, for

for the purpose of draining an extensive tract of coal. The cylinder of this stupendous machine is seventy inches in diameter, and the beam, which is twelve tons in weight, raises at every stroke fifteen tons of water—and when required, delivers, at the surface, from the depth of the mine which is 170 yards, between 700 and 800 gallons in each minute.

Married.] S. E. Bristowe, esq. of Beesthorpe Hall, near Newark, to Marianne, eldest daughter of S. Fox, esq. of Osmaston Hall.—At Nottingham, Mr. T. Cooper, to Miss E. Thornton.—Mr. S. Cornley, to Miss M. Pendleton.—Mr. J. Thackway, merchant of Leeds, to Sarah, daughter of J. Gill, gent.—Mr. S. White, lace manufacturer, to Mrs. White.—Mr. J. Cook, farmer, of Basford, to Miss S. Knowle.—

Died.] At Nottingham in his 85th year, Mr. J. Smith, formerly a hairdresser and hatter.—J. Shipley, gent. 78.—Miss S. Newton, 37, many years housekeeper to Mr. B. Bagshaw, liquor merchant.—Mr. G. Edson.—Mr. B. Slack, 34.—In her 79th year, Mrs. Northage.—Mrs. M. Fletcher, 42.—In his 71st year, Mr. J. Hewitt.—Mr. J. Mitchell, fellmonger.

At Mansfield, 94, Mrs. E. Haynes, widow.—Mr. T. Wakefield, 68, formerly a publican.

At Newark, 82, Mrs. A. Wright.—Mrs. S. Cummins, 81.—In her 56th year, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. W. Hill, of the Golden Fleece.—Miss M. Winterbottom, 19.

At Stapleford, 75, Elizabeth, relict of the late J. Jackson, gent. lord of the manor.

At Sutton-upon-Trent, near Newark, 66, Mr. Brook, veterinary surgeon; generally lamented for his charitable disposition, and urbanity of manners.

Mr. Kirkman, of Cropwell Bishop.—In his 80th year, the Rev. J. Charlesworth, of Ossington: he was generally respected by dissenters as well as churchmen.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Married.] E. Wilson, esq. of Lincoln, to Miss Mould, only daughter of the late T. M. esq. of Wainton.—In London, Mr. W. Damant, of Bury, Suffolk, to the only daughter of J. Harvey, gent. of Market Deeping, in this county.—At Louth, Mr. S. Harpham, to Mrs. Fiddle.—At Caunwick, near Lincoln, Mr. T. Chettle, to Miss Kitchingman, both of Car-Colston, near Bingham.—At Swaby, near Louth, Mr. J. Thompson, to Miss A. Barton.

Died.] At Gainsborough, 63, Mr. W. Huggins, 37, of the company of comedians in the circuit of Mansfield, Worksop, Louth, Gainsborough, &c. He was respected as one of strict integrity in his dealings, in the places which he annually visited.

At Spittlegate, in Grantham parish, 21, Mr. H. Summerfield, cattle drover. He was much respected by his employers, and in the neighbourhood.

Of superstitious fear, Widow C. Cooks,

of Fineshade, near Stamford. An owl flying three times across her, on her return from church, she considered it as an ill omen to herself or child, became ill, in consequence, and died soon after.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The building of the new church in St. Margaret's parish, Leicester, is to be immediately proceeded in.

The late Leicester fair was well supplied with cattle of every description, but scarcely any met with purchasers, except those of the best quality, and even those at ruinous prices.

Married.] At Loughborough, Mr. Wallis, surgeon, to Miss Heard, of Markfield.—At Saxelby, G. Henley, gent. to Mrs. Manton, of Thrussington.—Mr. W. Jackson, of Leicester, to Miss Gabb, of Birmingham.—In London, C. William, eldest son of C. J. Packe, esq. of Prestwold Hall, in this county, to the only daughter of the late T. Hart, esq.—At Leicester, Mr. D. Corker, to Mrs. E. Johnson.—Mr. G. Windram, to Miss E. Fratchem, of Desford.—At Medbourne, Mr. Bradshaw, farmer and grazier, of Gretton, Rutland, to Ann, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Bentley.—At Willoughby on the Wolds, Mr. J. Bennet, of Nottingham, to Sarah, 2d daughter of Mr. Clarke.

Died.] At Leicester, Mrs. Burwell.—Mr. G. Dawson, trimmer and dyer.

At Loughborough, Mr. Imeson, bookkeeper to Messrs. Ella and Co. wharfingers.—Of a decline, 18, Miss Ann Colton.

At Melton Mowbray, 20, the only son of Mrs. Cole, widow.

At Queneborough, 78, Mrs. A. Clayton.

At Barrow on Soar, the Rev. N. Bramley, master of the Grammar School, &c.

Mr. Elston, of Willoughby.

Advanced in years, Mr. Sumpter, of Lyddington, Rutland.

At Ravenstone, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, 55, Mr. J. Wood, farmer and grazier.

J. Brown, gent. 62, of Ashby Folville.

At Wing, in Rutland, 72, Mr. W. Paddy; he was gifted with a particular genius for making musical bells.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The town of Hanley has just received a valuable and useful ornament to its market place. J. Smith, esq. proprietor of the water works, has caused a beautiful cast iron fountain to be set up to supply the market people with water. Upon the plinth, is an elegant column 10 feet high, with a lantern at its summit.

Married.] Simeon Shaw of Hanley Grammar School and Academy of Sciences, to Harriet, daughter of Mr. Broad, of Brownhill Staff. Potteries.—J. R. B. Cave, esq. eldest son of Sir W. B. C. bart. of Stretton, in Derbyshire, to the youngest daughter and coheirress of the late W. Mills, esq. of Barlaston, in this county.—At Burton-upon-Trent, Mr. Allen, surgeon, to Claris.

sa, daughter of Dr. Chawner.—Mr. J. Whitehouse, of West Bromwich, to Miss S. Smith, of Wednesbury.

Died.] At Litchfield, 47, L. Buckeridge, esq. a liberal patron and promoter of the arts.

At Wolverhampton, Sarah, daughter of the late G. Molyneux, esq.—Mr. R. Paddy, drawing master of the Grammar School, 71.—The wife of Mr. J. Walker, iron founder, 46.

At Bishton in his 85th year, J. Sparrow, esq. justice of peace and late chairman of the Quarter Sessions.

In her 62d year, Miss M. Smith, of Birks-well.—Mr. J. Collier, of Bloore, 69. He is described as one in whom the true old English character was eminently depicted.

In the prime of life, Sarah, wife of Mr. Beet, of Rowley Hall.—Sept. 15, W. Hussey, esq. Inspector of military hospitals at the Cape of Good Hope, and only brother of P. H. esq. of Wyrley Grove, near Litchfield.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Married.] At Edgbaston, Mr. Walton, to Emma, eldest daughter of Mr. R. Steadman.—At Birmingham, Mr. J. Singleton, to Miss F. Booth.—Mr. W. Rainham, of London, to Miss C. Heape.

Died.] At Coventry, 55, Mr. T. Tame.

At Birmingham, Mary, relict of the late Mr. R. Bull.—Julia, youngest daughter of Mr. W. Elkington, solicitor.—Alice, 2d daughter of Mr. T. Martyn. In his 44th year, Mr. J. Gibbs.—In her 71st year, Mary, wife of C. Lloyd, esq. banker. She will long be affectionately remembered, and the poor have cause deeply to lament her death.—Mrs. Court, relict of the late Mr. J. C. coal merchant.—In her 66th year, Mrs. E. Brettel: a kind and sympathising benefactor to the poor and afflicted.—Mrs. E. Juxon, widow, one of the Society of Friends.—In his 53d year, Mr. T. Hollins, artist. He possessed great natural abilities, and his correct knowledge of portrait painting, was self acquired.—W. Bickley, esq. high bailiff.—In his 92d year, Mr. W. Geary, late of Barton-under-Needwood.

At Stratford-upon-Avon, the Rev. J. Davenport, jun. M.A. and curate of Snitterfield.—Mr. G. Withers, of the Star Inn, Northfield.

Mr. J. Wise, of Haymill, 63.—Mrs. Venour, formerly of Birmingham, and daughter of the late Dr. Harvey.

Oct. 23d, at Shannondale, in Virginia, United States, in his 26th year, Mr. R. Piercy Little, late of Birmingham.

At King's Heath, near Moseley, in his 22d year, Mr. Fur, tailor.

At Bagginton, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rev. T. Cox, minister of Deritend Chapel.

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] J. Eaton, jun, esq, of Shrews-

bury, to Mary, 2d daughter of Sir L. Maclean, M.D. of Sudbury.—The Rev. W. Atfield, A.M. of Oriel College, Oxford, to Mary Ann, 3d daughter of S. Cook, esq. of Shrewsbury.—In London, T. W. Brown, esq. of Glazeley, in this county, to Catharine, 2d daughter of the late W. L. Brouncker, esq. of Barford-house, Dorset.—Capt. T. A. Murray, R.N. to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late W. Coupland, esq. of Shrewsbury.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, 75, Mrs. Griffiths, widow, late of Preston-upon-the-Boats.—Mrs. Yeomans, wife of Mr. R. Y. sen. of the George Inn.

At Bridgnorth, 83, T. Nickson, esq. senior alderman of the corporation.

At Oswestry, 46, Mrs. Howell, wife of Mr. H. hair dresser.

At Coalbrooke Dale, in her 70th year, Mrs. S. Darby.

Lately, Mr. G. Perceval, of Beckbury.

At Basschurch, 64, Mr. T. Bromley, builder: his conduct was uniformly marked by principles of sound integrity.

Mr. J. Cartwright, of Hopton, 63.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Married.] The Rev. J. V. Vashon, rector of Salwarp, to Marianne, daughter of the late C. Mayhew, esq. of Ramsgate.—Mr. Russel, of Worcester, to Miss P. Gibbs, of Bath.—Mr. J. H. Mottram, eldest son of Mr. T. M. of Glascote, near Tamworth, to Eliza, 2d daughter of the late Mr. J. Cox, of Stourbridge.—At Bromsgrove, Mr. W. Freer, of Bristol, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. W. Lucas, of Bromsgrove.

Died.] At Worcester, in the prime of life, Margaret, wife of Mr. T. Burrow, sadler.

At Eardiston, in his 76th year, Sir W. Smith, bart. He is succeeded by his only surviving son, now Sir Sydney S.

At Dudley, 79, Mrs. Ann Williams, widow.—At Cugley, near Newent, at the house of his son, Mr. W. White, of the Hawthorns, in Barrow parish, in this county.

Miss J. Robins, youngest daughter of the late Mr. B. R. of Dursley, near Stourbridge.—At Bourn Heath, near Bromsgrove, in his 83d year, W. Wilson, gent.—At the Shrubbery, near Worcester, 72, Mr. S. Linton.

[We have received an anonymous eulogy on the late Mr. Wigley, which cannot be admitted unless accredited by the name of its author. That Mr. W. was at one time of his life believed to be ambitious, cannot be questioned, and there was an anecdote afloat relative to a disappointment in regard to the chief justiceship of India, which may be an idle rumour, but his political bias seemed from that time to change, and perhaps our correspondent can throw some light on the subject. It is nevertheless far from our wish to disturb the ashes of the dead, and there was nothing sufficiently prominent in the character of Mr. W. to justify the appropriation of much space respecting him. That Mr. W. was an amiable man in private life, we are fully persuaded, and the original notice simply questioned his political consistency.]

HEREFORDSHIRE.

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The Corporation of Hereford have recently voted the freedom of that city to the Duke of Gloucester, in testimony and approbation of his independent political conduct.

Married.] The Rev. H. Evans, of Bylitts, in this county, to Marianne, eldest daughter of the late S. Steward, esq. of Stone, near Kidderminster.—Mr. H. Burgum, of Bickerton-court, in this county, to Martha, youngest daughter of the late J. Richards, esq. of Otton-house, Warwickshire.—Mr. J. Shipman, of Belvoir Inn, Leicestershire, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. W. Ravenhill, of Leominster.

Died.] At Ross, 75, T. Best, esq. of Worcester.

Of apoplexy, in his 34th year, Mr. W. Perrins, butler to E. Foley, esq. of Stoke Edith Park.

At Jewry Bridge cottage, Abbey Dore, T. Cotes, M.D. He had long acted as one of the surgeons to Hereford Infirmary, and superintended the Lunatic Asylum. His professional abilities and humane attentions were duly appreciated.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

At a meeting of the Cirencester Association for the protection of agriculture, on the 3d of December, it was resolved:—That it is impossible for the British farmer to compete with the foreigner, whilst labouring under the disadvantage of an annual taxation amounting to 64 millions, besides tythes and poor rates, the principal part of which is paid directly and indirectly out of the produce of the soil.

Married.] C. Wheeley, esq. of Abergavenny, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Capt. R. Saunders.—Mr. J. Forbes, architect, of Cheltenham, to Martha, 2d daughter of the late C. Cook, esq. of Kennington-place, near London.—At Bristol, Mr. J. Biscoe, of Newent, to Charlotte, 2d daughter of J. C. A. Hartland, esq.

Died.] At Gloucester, Mrs. Goodyer, relict of the late G. G. esq. Capt. in the E. I. Co.'s service.

At Chipping Sodbury, 84, Mrs. E. Higgs.

At Clifton, Lieut. Gen. John Lea.—C. Payne, sen. esq. merchant of Bristol.—J. Lewis, esq.—Charlotte, 2d daughter of the late S. Peat, esq. of Mount Pleasant, in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

T. Bagshot de la Bere, esq. of Southam-house, 92. He was the last lineal descendant of a most ancient family, whose name and character he preserved unsullied. Without guile and free from suspicion, he lived beloved, and died lamented.—At Hazel, near Thornbury, 81, Mr. J. Lury, of the Society of Friends, formerly in the cutlery trade, at Bristol.

At Minsterworth, Mrs. L. Hawkins, eldest daughter of the late T. H. esq. of the Green-house.

OXFORDSHIRE.

An extraordinary large silver eel, measuring in circumference eleven inches, and one yard six inches in length, was lately caught at Thame Mill.

Married.] In London, Mr. W. Sedgewick, of the Ordnance department, to Eliza, daughter of the late Mr. J. Williams, of Oxford.—Mr. Parker, of Oxford, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Hitchman, of Chipping Norton.

Died.] At Oxford, in his 68th year, Mr. T. Simmons.—At his lodgings in St. Clement's, in his 79th year, Mr. J. Hey.—Mr. N. Sheldon, 56, brewer, and master of the Crown and Thistle public-house.

At Euston, in his 63d year, the Rev. F. Bishop, many years chaplain to the Earl of Shrewsbury, at Heythrop. In the summary of his character, it is stated that his heart never meditated guile, and that his tongue never gave offence to the present nor attacked the absent.

At Brightwell rectory, Emma, wife of the Rev. J. H. Rendell.

BUCKINGHAM AND BERKSHIRE.

Married.] In London, Capt. G. Harris, R.N. to Ann, eldest daughter of J. Woodcock, esq. of Fern Acres, Berks.—In Bath, Capt. P. Brett, R.N. to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late T. Brookes, esq. of Henwick-house, Berks.

Died.] At Reading, in his 39th year, C. Scott Waring, esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, wherein he was highly distinguished for his talents and integrity.

At Abingdon, in her 30th year, of a rapid decline, Ann, wife of Mr. W. Strange, wine merchant.

At Great Marlow, suddenly, Mr. W. Hickman, jun. a surgeon of great celebrity for his professional abilities and active zeal.

HERTFORDSHIRE AND BEDFORDSHIRE.

Married.] In London, A. P. Cooper, esq. of Cheverells, Herts. nephew and heir to Sir Astley C. bart. to Harriet, only child of W. Rickford, esq. M.P. for Aylesbury.—At Hoddesdon, the Rev. R. B. Cooper, of St. Mary's Beedes, &c. to Louisa, daughter and coheir of the late B. Henshaw, esq. barister of More-hall, in Essex.

Died.] In Old Burlington-street, London, the lady of T. Cockayne, esq. of Ickleford-house, Herts.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Married.] At Stratford-upon-Avon, Mr. W. Armfield, of Northampton, to Caroline, eldest daughter of the late Mr. R. Mander.—At Lamport, Lieut.-Col. Packe, of the Grenadier Guards, to Eliza, only daughter of the Rev. Vere Isham.—At Elvaston, in Derbyshire, Mr. J. Johnson, of Northampton, to Ann, second daughter of Mr. R. Winfield, of Ambaston.—Mr. J. Hawthorn, veterinary surgeon, of Kettering, to Dorothy, youngest daughter of Mr. W. Sharp, of Crawford.

Died.] At Northampton, Mrs. Ratnett, widow, confined to her house for nearly six years from a fall at her own door. She bore her affliction with patience, under the influence of Christian principles and prospects.

At Peterboro', 19, Mary, only daughter of Mr. G. Robertson, printer.—Widow Dowcitt, 97.—Mrs. Muston, relict of the late Mr. M. of the South Lincoln Militia.

At Sutton, near Wansford, 66, Mr. W. Hopkinson, well known for 48 seasons as a sportsman at Earl Fitzwilliam's hunts.

At Ecton, near Northampton, 91, Mrs. M. Orlebar.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

Married.] At Cambridge, Mr. R. Roe, to Miss M. E. Eddlestone.—At March, Mr. W. Brown, to the eldest daughter of Mr. R. Martin.—Mr. C. Cross, of Witchford, to the only daughter of Mr. R. Poole, of Witcham, in the Isle of Ely.—At Thorney, Isle of Ely, Mr. M. Leach, of Wisbeach, to Amelia, youngest daughter of Mr. T. S. Watson.

Died.] At Cambridge, very suddenly, Miss Turtle, endeared to her friends by an excellent heart, superior domestic ability, and urbanity of manners.—After a short illness, in Christ College, 25, the Rev. B. P. Bell, fellow of that society.—Mrs. Kelly, wife of P. S. K. esq.—Mrs. Bennett, wife of Mr. W. B.

At Huntingdon, 32, Mr. H. Perkins, draper.—Mr. E. Haynes, publican, 49.

At March, 28, Mr. J. Sherhood, millwright.—Mr. W. Stafford, gardener, 56.

Mr. J. W. Martin, of Somersham, 64.—Miss S. Cook, of Soham.—At Tid St. Giles, Isle of Ely, Mrs. Mathews, relict of the late Rev. T. M. rector.

NORFOLK.

Married.] At Norwich, R. Herring, esq. of Brancondale, to Miss Ganning.—C. Reynolds, esq. of Thorpe, to Rebecca, second daughter of the Rev. P. Hansell, precentor of the cathedral.—At Swanton Morley, Wm. Way, youngest son of Edw. W. esq. of Newport, Isle of Wight, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Freeman.—Mr. W. Englebright, of Brisley, to Miss M. Webster, of Mattishall.—At Lynn, Mr. Reeve, cabinet-maker, to Miss C. Lightfoot; the bridegroom being in his 82d year, and the bride in her 23d!

Died.] At Norwich, 20, Catherine, only child of the late Mr. J. Cubitt, of Wymondham.—Caroline, eldest daughter of Mr. Phillips, 20.—Mr. Smith, son of Mrs. S.

At Lynn, in her 78th year, Mrs. S. Palmer, widow, late of Congham.

At Yarmouth, 36, Mr. T. Watkins, of London, master in the Royal Navy.—Mr. J. Beckett, 77.—Mrs. E. Forster, 70.

At Thetford, Mr. G. Smith, surveyor of taxes. His conciliating temper enabled him, without individual offence, to execute his trust with fidelity.

At Diss, Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. S. Brooke, iron-monger.—William, third son of the late Mr. Cobb, farmer, of Carlton Rode.

At N. Walsham, in her 81st year, Mrs. E. Worme, widow, late of Frettenham.

At Holt, 35, Mr. J. Oakes.—At Swaffham, Mrs. Riley.

SUFFOLK.

Married.] At Kensington, Lieut. G. Bague, of Folly House, near Ipswich, to Miss S. Yarrow, of Jermyn-street, St. James's.—At Ipswich, Mr. J. Elmy, jun. general ship agent, to Miss Balding.—Mr. Colyer, to Miss E. Palmer.

Died.] At Bury, 85, Mrs. Robinson. She lived many years in the family of the late Sir Patrick Blake, bart.—Mr. Haukes, cow-keeper.—Mrs. Hagreen, straw-hat manufacturer.—Mary, relict of the late G. Leathes, esq.

At Ipswich, Mrs. Scarlett, wife of Mr. S. bricklayer.—In his 82d year, Mr. J. Church, gardener, and the oldest member of the Society of Ringers.—Mr. Is. Bennett, farmer, of Holbrook, 74.

At Sudbury, Mrs. M. Hopkins, 66.

At Eye, 80, Mr. S. Cook, farmer, and senior member of the corporation.—In her 66th year, Mrs. S. Clarke, more than 40 years in the family of the late T. Wayth, esq.

At Melford, 25, Mr. Clark, schoolmaster.

At Woodbridge, the second son of Mr. Fuller, bricklayer.—Laura, youngest daughter of Mr. T. Giles, upholsterer.—Mrs. Syser, wife of Mr. J. S. coach-maker.

ESSEX.

The Essex Whig Club lately assembled at Malden, to commemorate the triumph over the Bill of Pains and Penalties, which had taken place on that day twelvemonth; C. C. Western, Esq. M.P. in the chair.

It is stated that the farmers for ten miles round Brentwood are desirous of giving up their respective occupations; and every one who could do so has adopted that course.

Married.] At Dover Court, W. Brown, esq. of London, to Marianne, second daughter of T. Bridge, esq. of Harwich, commander of the Post Office Packet.—In London, James, youngest son of Mr. W. Pulley, of Sandon, to Miss Mary Fitch, of Sible Hedingham.—Mr. D. Prentice, of Battisford, to Mrs. Phillips, of Dedham.

Died.] At Chelmsford, Sophia, youngest daughter of Mr. H. Walton, grocer.

At Harwich, Elijah, son of Mr. J. Rigby, chinaman.

Mary, wife of the Rev. S. Lacey, independent minister of Plaistow.

In the prime of life, T. Sewell, esq. of Colne Engaine.—Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. E. Morgan, of Mounden.

At Elmstead, the Rev. J. Brooke, M.A. vicar. He was formerly Fellow of Jesus College, B.D. 1795, and M.A. 1798.

KENT.

Married.] At Canterbury, Mr. G. Archer, to Miss M. Hayes.—At Rochester, Mr. T. Bayden, of Brookland, to Mrs. Kingsnorth, of Kenardington.—Lieut. W. Young, of the marines, to Miss M. Lamprey.—Capt. Kemp, of the 55th regt. to Miss Blackstone, second daughter of the late Dr. B.

Died.] At Canterbury, Mrs. A. Philpot.—Mrs. Walkington, 35.—Mrs. Skreates, wife of Mr. H. S. organist of the cathedral.

At Ramsgate, 72, the Rev. S. Vence, M.A. and F.R.S. Plumian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge, Archdeacon of Bedford, Prebendary of Lincoln, &c.

At Feversham, 24, Mr. E. Gibbs, chemist and druggist.—Mrs. Is. Dann.—Mr. Jarvis, late master of the workhouse.

At Chatham, 82, Mrs. S. Harris.—Mr. W. Andrews, late foreman of the mast-makers in the dock yard, 53.

At Broad Stairs, 20, Mr. M. Goodwyn.

SUSSEX.

A meeting of the principal farmers of this county was held at Lewes, on the 3d of December, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present depressed state of agriculture. Lord Egremont presided, and in the course of the discussion, many authenticated facts were stated by the gentlemen present. Mr. Ellman, jun. read a long paper condemning the present corn laws, without protecting duties upon foreign corn, which he proposed to be adopted by the meeting. Mr. Blackman moved an amendment, which recognized an allegation in the Report of the Agricultural Committee, namely, to consider the injustice and injury cast upon all classes of the people, by an unsettled currency. Mr. B. also adverted with great severity to an instance which was stated of Englishmen being compelled from distress to carry barrows from morning till night with bells about their necks. Mr. Ellman ultimately withdrew his proposition, and Mr. Blackman's amendment was adopted.

Married.] At Petworth, Mr. William Henry Witherby, of Birchin-lane, to Jane Frances, eldest daughter of William Hale, esq. solicitor.—W. R. Allis, esq. of Arundel, to Miss Morris, of Brecon.—Mr. G. Hopkin, of Ads Dean, to Martha, youngest daughter of J. Smith, esq.

Died.] At Lewes, in his 91st year, suddenly, Mr. N. Earl.

At Chichester, in her 17th year, Ann, daughter of Mr. W. Hobby.—The youngest daughter of the late Mr. Mowatt, of Kirkwell, Orkney, 40.—Mr. R. Williams, 31, of the White Hart Hotel.

At Brighton, Esther, wife of T. D. Broughton, esq. third son of the late Rev. Sir T. B. bart. of Doddington Park, Cheshire.

HAMPSHIRE.

An estate near Winchester for which

£40,000 was refused a few years ago, has lately been sold for 12,000!

Married.] At Romsey, Capt. J. Nicholas, R.N. to the only daughter of the Rev. N. Fletcher.—At Southampton, Mr. W. Woodman, to Miss Vine, of Otterbourne.—Mr. G. Colbourne, of Lymington, to Miss Emma Newell, of Newport, Isle of Wight.

Died.] At Southampton, 27, Mr. R. Tong, draper and taylor.—Mr. S. Barret, 26.—At an advanced age, Mrs. Fryer.

At Winchester, Mr. R. Harris, formerly of Pamber, near Basingstoke.

At Portsmouth, 58, Mr. Winterbourn.—Mrs. Grossmith, wife of Mr. W. G. jun. pastry-cook.—In his 87th year, Mr. D. Laing, man's mercer. His character stood high for integrity and liberality.

At Portsea, Mrs. Moses, a Jewess, and well known for her extensive charities.

WILTSHIRE.

Married.] At Melksham, Henry, youngest son of the Hon. Col. Seymour, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Sir Saml. Whitcombe.—S. Carroll, esq. of Dublin, to C. Maria, second daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Bennett, of Donhead, St. Andrew.—At Alton, Mr. D. Beames, to the third daughter of R. Pyle, esq.

Died.] At Devizes, G. Sloper, esq. 91.—

The Rev. W. S. Whapshare, vicar of Chiltern, St. Mary, &c. His life exemplified the polished gentleman, and the truly conscientious minister.

At Trowbridge, 36, Sarah, wife of Mr. Cooper, jun. and daughter of the late Mr. Hackett, of Leicester.

At West Field, near Corsham, 71, Lieut. Gen. Kerr, of the E. I. Company's service.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Cheddon, near Taunton, W. Metford, M.D. of Flook House, to M. Eliza, only daughter of the late H. Anderson, esq. of Jamaica.—At Frenchay, at the Friends' Meeting House, J. Harvey, M.D. of Dublin, to Eliza Deaves, of Cork.

Died.] At Bath, 76, Mrs. Carey.—Mrs. Dow, relict of the late D. D. esq. formerly of Bombay.—Mrs. Ironside.—J. Copner, esq. 78. Through life, he "kept the even tenor of his way," so as to secure the good will of all who knew him.

At Taunton, in her 76th year, Marianne, Dowager Baroness de Palavicini, relict of the late Jean Baptiste, Baron de Palavicini, lieut. col. commandant of the regt. de Vigier, Suisse, in the service of Louis XVI.

DORSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Weymouth, G. Steel, esq. of the 1st royal dragoons, to Georgiana, 2d daughter of the late R. Barwell, esq. of Stanstead Park, Sussex.—H. Delamotte, esq. surgeon, of Swanage in this county, to Miss Martin, of Kingswood.

Died.] At Poole, in her 40th year, Mrs. Camel.—James, 3d son of Mr. J. Manton, 19.

At Sherborne, Mrs. Lawrence, wife of Mr. B. L. grocer.

At

[Jan. 1,

At Wimbourne Minster, 55, Mr. N. Robinson, late of the customs at Southampton.

At Lyme, 65, W. Peterson, esq. chief magistrate.—L. Juen, esq.

In the Island of Jersey, Major P. Hawker, of Sherborne.

At Lytchet House, Lady Amelia Trenchard, wife of W. T. esq. and sister to the late Marquis of Clanricard.

DEVONSHIRE.

Married.] At Ottery, C. Venn, esq. to Miss G. Warren.—At Exeter, at the Catholic Chapel, Monsieur Martin, French master, to Mademoiselle Le Petit.

Died.] At Exeter, in his 54th year, Mr. J. Jones, solicitor. From his having relinquished the bar for the office, the present attorney-general, disappointed of an eligible partnership, determined on forensic pursuits.—The youngest daughter of the late Mr. Alderman Bate, 36.

At Plymouth, 31, Mr. T. Harvey.

CORNWALL.

Married.] The Rev. E. Rogers, vicar of Constantine, and prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral, to Catherine, daughter of J. Boulderson, esq.—At Morval, Mr. T. Collins, to Miss M. Oliver.

Died.] At Falmouth, suddenly, Mrs. Pellew, wife of S. P. esq. collector of the Customs.

At Penzance, 31, Mr. T. Richards.—Miss S. Harvey, 27.—Mrs. C. Hosking, 75.

WALES.

Married.] D. Harries, esq. of Penrigr

Goodwick, to Jane, eldest daughter of W. Symonds, esq. of Hennylys: both in Pembroke.

Died.] At Haverfordwest, Mrs. Williams, wife of J. W. esq. solicitor.

At Hakin, near Milford, Hannah, wife of W. Harries, esq. merchant.—At Bath, Jane, wife of J. Harris, esq. of Llandunwas, high sheriff for the county of Pembroke.

SCOTLAND.

Died.] At Auchintrig, county of Stirling, in his 88th year, Mr. W. Lachlan, lieut. on the half-pay of the 25th regt. He had served as gentleman cadet, in the Scots Greys, in the battle of Minden.

IRELAND.

Died.] In Dublin, the Rev. J. Barrett, D.D. Vice Provost and Professor of Oriental Languages, in Trinity College. His property, worth considerably above £100,000, has not been disposed of.

ABROAD.

Died.] At Paris, the celebrated Count Rapp, one of the military heroes of the age of Napoleon. He commanded the French auxiliary troops in Switzerland, in 1801: was afterwards one of Napoleon's aid-de-camps; and in the great picture of the battle of Marengo, is the officer approaching Napoleon, with his hat off. After the disastrous Russian campaign, he commanded in Dantzic, and defended that city during many months, till the garrison was reduced from 30,000 to 5,000, by a pestilence which raged within its walls.

At the close of the FIFTY-SECOND volume, a series of almost unparalleled extent in the hands of one Editor and Proprietor, thanks are sincerely tendered for the liberal and unabated patronage with which this Miscellany continues to be honoured. If a light-minded few have been seduced by the blandishments, the puffs, and the meretricious pretensions of worthy and unworthy competitors, the solid and consistent part of the nation have compared, and have discriminated; and we have year by year had to boast of accessions to the number of our correspondents and subscribers. Our FIFTY-THIRD volume will be commenced on the first of February, and instead of making promises, we appeal with confidence from the evidence of the past, to the future.

To our obliging correspondents we have much apology to make for delay, but as we always prefer the useful to the speculative, and matters of fact and practice to wire-drawn essays and fine-spun meditations, the latter unavoidably accumulate for months, and often for years. For the conveyance and deposit of HEAVY GOODS of this nature, there, however, exist other Literary Caravans and Receptacles in which we often see the refuse of our drawers displayed with whimsical ostentation; and we repeat, for the hundredth time, that few communications are acceptable to this Miscellany besides those which have some useful end in view, which record some interesting fact, or, which in some manner "come home to men's business and bosoms."

The Supplementary Number will appear on the 31st, filled, as usual, with the essence of the best books of the half year, with Indexes, &c.

In the present Number we have introduced the first of a Series of Original Letters from Persia—the account of the New Street will be read with interest in distant parts of the empire—the extraordinary Journey through Africa, merits notice—a pleasing number revives an old favourite, the Enquirer—the continuation of the elegantly written tour in Wales, will be read every where—an article on the literary claims of Miss Edgeworth, continues an interesting Series—the News from Parnassus does justice to a poet in humble life, but of superior genius—military men will appreciate the observations on Carnot and Douglas—the recent ascent of Etna is one of the most detailed accounts of that wonder of nature which has appeared—Mr. Oldfield draws a fearful picture of our domestic condition—the Italian Bee, will gratify our British and Italian readers—In our Poetry we are glad to contribute a mite to the cause of Greece, and to resuscitate a lost piece of Dr. Hawkesworth—the Stephensianian will be read with its usual interest, and many persons will cherish the relic of Nelson, which we give merely as such—the MSS. of Napoleon continue to increase in importance, and we are sorry that Santini's budget is exhausted, but we promised others from the vast magazine which he has left behind.